

The Future of The Salvation Army

February 1913

Price 6^d

THE QUIVER



NOEL HAROLD

HEALTH IN EVERY BOX.



BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Mellin's Food

Rosy cheeks and plump chubby limbs mean proper feeding. Cow's milk alone is not the proper food for a baby. **What cow's milk lacks** as a proper food for babies Mellin's Food supplies. Mellin's Food is the ideal nutriment for the hand rearing of healthy vigorous infants.

Free Sample and interesting 96-page Book, "The Care of Infants," on application to—Mellin's Food, Ltd., Beckenham, London.

If baby is fretful after his bath try Wright's Coal Tar Soap and note the peaceful content which will follow.

THE Nursery Soap.

4d. per Tablet.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA



is the Best Remedy for
**ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,
GOUT and INDIGESTION,**

Safest and most Effective Aperient
for Regular Use.

Q-Ed., 1913.]



Corner of Handkerchief marked with
Cash's Woven Names.

W. W. JACOBS

Style No. 4.

J. & J. CASH, Ltd., COVENTRY.

CASH'S NAMES

for Marking Linen.

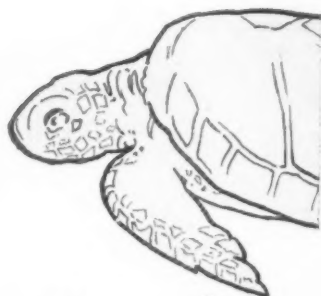
Prices of Full Names:
3/9 for 12 doz.
2/6 .. 6 ..

Woven on fine
cambric tape in
fast colours.

Illustrated Pattern
Book sent Free on
application to
(Please mention)
The Quiver.

Freeman's

made from
real turtles



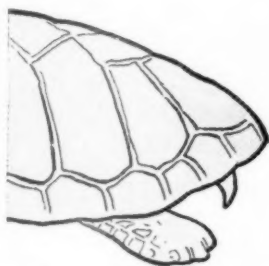
6 portions for 1/-

The housewife can now add Real Turtle Soup daily to the family menu, thanks to **Freeman's Turtle Soup**, which enables her to prepare a plate of delicious, nourishing turtle soup in one minute at a cost of only 2d.!

Real Turtle Soup is the most nourishing food in the world, but it has hitherto been a prohibitive luxury only served at public banquets. Owing to the unique facilities at the command of the famous old firm of Freeman & Hildyard, the price is now brought within the means of all, and the genuine delicacy is presented in a most economical and convenient form—ready for immediate use.

A large, stylized, handwritten-style signature or logo that reads 'use' in a cursive, flowing script.

REAL Turtle Soup



1/- Carton contains 6 portions of solidified and concentrated Real Turtle Soup. Simply pour a half pint of boiling water upon a portion, stir, and the soup is ready. Try it; you will find it the most delicious and satisfying soup you ever tasted:

rich, appetising, and wonderfully strengthening.

Freeman's Real Turtle Soup is sold by grocers and stores in 1/- cartons (containing 6 portions) or may be obtained direct (and post free) by sending the attached coupon with P.O. or stamps 1/- to

FREEMAN & HILDYARD,
12 Henry St., Bloomsbury, W.C.

this coupon

Q.,
Feb., 1913.

To
Messrs. Freeman & Hildyard,
12 Henry St., Bloomsbury,
London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,

I enclose P.O. Stamps value 1/-, for which
please send me, post free, a carton of 6 portions of
Freeman's Real Turtle Soup. My local grocer is

(Sign)

Address

EVERY WOMAN'S WISH FULFILLED

A Glorious Growth of Natural Hair Assured to Every Lady in the Land.

FURTHER FREE DISTRIBUTION OF VALUABLE TOILET OUTFITS.

EVERY WOMAN'S WISH.

Every lady in the land wishes for a glorious growth of natural, gleaming hair.

But how many, with sighs of regret, look upon shining tresses as unattainable, and endeavour to hide the poverty of their hair with fringes and transformations which deceive few? How many more are ashamed of the scantiness of their locks and are conscious of the loss of charm and power which accompanies hair poverty?

For hair poverty is increasing in England to-day at an alarming rate.

To one who has made a lifelong study of the hair, as Mr. Edwards, the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," has done, this state of affairs, however much to be regretted, is not surprising. For the hair calls aloud for proper treatment, just as the flowers in the garden must be intelligently tended to give the choicest blooms.

Even if your hair is strong now it cannot remain so unless you give it the treatment it demands. Unless you nurture your hair it will sooner or later begin to fall out, split at the ends and show signs of hair poverty and distress. This is the effect of neglect.

NOW THE WISH MAY BE FULFILLED.

But there is no need for hair poverty at all.

And however you may have neglected your hair in the past, and however weak and straggling it may have become, if you will accept the offer of Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, you may start to-day to grow natural hair, long and vigorous and gleaming with the glow of health.

And this you can do without cost.

Mr. Edwards, in his great "Harlene Hair-Drill" campaign, has shown over 5,000,000 people how to grow vigorous hair, but he is not satisfied with this magnificent achievement.

It is his ambition to see every lady and gentleman throughout the land in the possession of a fine head of hair, and therefore he makes the astonishingly generous offer printed at the bottom of this article.

The wish of every woman to possess a magnificent head of hair is here fulfilled in "Harlene Hair-Drill."

NATURE'S SECRET REVEALED.

For "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the sure method of growing hair—the only certain way. No other method and no other preparation carries Nature's secret as does "Harlene."

If you follow the simple rules of "Harlene Hair-Drill" you may rest assured that you will quickly possess a magnificent head of hair which will be the admiration of all your friends.

And, what is more, your hair will be naturally grown, and therefore vigorous—not forced by unnatural means and, like all forced growths, weak and

sickly, and susceptible to the slightest change in temperature.

THE WONDROUS RESULTS OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

Start your "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day, and day by day you can actually perceive the improvement in your hair.

There is no condition of hair ill-health which "Harlene" will not remedy and no case so stubborn that it will not quickly yield to this wonderful achievement of the scientist.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders:

- Total Baldness (even of years' standing).
- Partial or Patchy Baldness.
- Thinning of Hair over the temples.
- Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
- Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
- Hair which splits at the ends.
- Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
- Dry, brittle Hair.
- Greasy, inelastic Hair.
- Deposits of Scurf and Dandruff.
- Discoloured Hair.
- Irritation of the Scalp.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following

free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:—

1. A trial bottle of that delightful Hair-food and tonic-dressing, Harlene-for-the-Hair.
2. A packet of Cremex for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the Hair for the Hair-Drill Treatment.
3. Mr. Edwards' private book of Hair-Drill Rules which shows you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell "Harlene-for-the-Hair" in 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; "Cremex" in 2s. boxes of 2 shampoos, single shampoos 6d.; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

This COUPON entitles YOU to ONE WEEK'S "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT FREE
To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return of post a presentation Toilet outfit for practicing "Harlene Hair-Drill." I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world. Foreign stamps accepted.

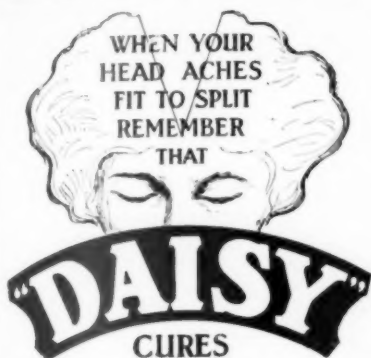
NAME:

ADDRESS:

THE QUIVER, Feb., 1915.



Every lady in the land may possess a glorious growth of hair by the steady practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" for two minutes every day. Mr. Edwards, the inventor, wishes every lady who has not yet tested "Harlene Hair-Drill" to do so today at his expense. Fill in the Coupon below and post to-day, and by return the Complete Outfit will be yours.



the severest attack in a few minutes.

Why suffer such distressing pain when a "Daisy" will cure it? When the attack comes on, just take a "Daisy" and sit down quietly for a few minutes. The pain will quickly disappear.

During the last 20 years, millions of sufferers have been saved countless hours of misery by "Daisy." Medical Science knows no better cure. "Daisy" is the best, and it is wonderfully cheap, too. All Chemists, etc., sell packets of 20 "Daisies" for 1s and single powders 1d, each.

HEADACHE

OKTIS

A fashionable corset may cost you anything from half a guinea to six guineas. The Oktis costs you less than a shilling. The Oktis double the life of your corset. What is the deduction? Why, most certainly that the Oktis is the means of a big saving every time it is purchased.

And all sorts and conditions of women wear Oktis—titled ladies and economical housewives. It is a good, sound article which many women regard with affection, because they know it never really costs them anything—it saves its own cost during the first fortnight.

Say "OKTIS" when you ask for it.



The 1913 GARDEN

The coming of Spring arouses in millions of minds the important annual consideration of seeds.

Whether one's garden be large or small, this is a matter of paramount importance, for on the quality of the seeds depend both floral excellence and vegetable abundance.

Nowadays there is no need to experiment or worry. Simply order direct from RYDERS of ST. ALBANS, and you know you will receive the finest seeds procurable. **ALL IN PENNY PACKETS.**

RYDERS fame is universal, and has been built up on the firm foundation of "One quality only—the Best."

Order now, and be in readiness for early sowing.



The Finest Seed Catalogue in the World

RYDERS draw special attention to their new 1913 Catalogue—a perfect encyclopedia of seed information.

And this year many new features are incorporated.

Not only is it the ideal seed index, but it contains exquisite coloured plates, choice photo blocks, and superb engravings of many new and old garden favourites.

RYDERS will present one to all applicants, **FREE OF CHARGE** and post paid.

You must not miss this year's issue. From its pages you can select all you want.

Send a post card to RYDERS, ST. ALBANS, now, and go carefully through it. Ryders have no agents, and but their own address,

RYDER & SON, Ltd.,
Seed Specialists, ST. ALBANS.

**"If the public
wants my
Hair Grower
the public
shall have it"—**

quoth Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, "but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. Moreover, I was led to that determination by the frequent evidence of non-genuine preparations that purported to be the same as mine, but in reality were nothing of the sort."

From a few dozen bottles originally distributed gratuitously by Mr. Geo. R. Sims to friends and correspondents, Tatcho has so grown in public favour that over three million ounces are now compounded annually by the chemists associated with the Tatcho Laboratories.

The sovereign virtues of Tatcho have demonstrated themselves to hundreds of thousands of distressed persons in every part of the world. Daily the Company is receiving the grateful thanks of users of Tatcho, who have averted the hideous tragedy of baldness by a proper use of the true, tried and trusty Hair Grower, Tatcho. The underlying tenor, the predominant note of all is the same—unvaryingly, consistently the same—"Tatcho is all that its name implies."

Tatcho
"GENUINE," "GOOD," "TRUE."

TATCHO'S ALLY: WHAT IT IS.

The new-style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, the Hair Grower's ally, differs radically from the dangerous old-style brush, which harbours masses of germ-laden accumulations brushed from the scalp and hair and retained in the bristle tufts, to be returned to poison the hair each time the brush is used. The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, on the contrary, has the bristles so cleverly arranged that each bristle is self-cleaning. By simply drawing the hand across the bristled air cushion, all impurities immediately jump off the vibrating bristles, leaving the brush for further use as sweetly clean as a brand-new brush.

HOW TO GET IT FREE!

To obtain one of these brushes all you have to do is to become a user of Tatcho, Mr. Geo. R. Sims' trusty Hair Grower. Send 2/6 to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, for your supply of Tatcho in double strength, with a further 5d. for carriage and packing. By return the two greatest aids to hair-health and hair-wealth will be dispatched to you, namely, Tatcho and its valuable ally, presented free, the new-style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

Chemists and Stores, 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6, the two latter being double strength.

TATCHO LABORATORIES, 5 GREAT QUEEN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON.

**This Valuable Brush is
FREE**

To Users of
TATCHO
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
True
Hair Grower.



Mr. Geo. R. Sims, who has cured the multitude of hundreds of thousands of people by his discovery of Tatcho, the Trusty, Honest Hair Grower, assisted by its valuable ally, the new-style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulae recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

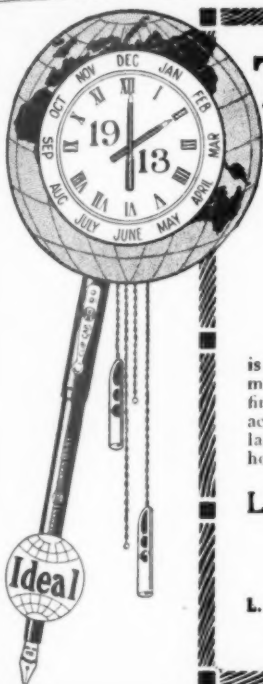
FREE BRUSH COUPON.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the February issue of *The Quiver*.

*The Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co*

Name of Applicant.....
Address.....



The Great Time-saver!

Waterman's (Ideal) FountainPen

is a great time-saver. The most energetic writer can find no fault with its rapid action. The ink-flow is regulated to a nicety, the pen holds sufficient ink to write

many thousand words; there is no leaking, spurring or blotting, and no breakdowns. You can get an iridium-tipped gold nib exactly suited to your hand.

Lasts a Lifetime. Every Pen Guaranteed.

In Four Styles—Regular, Safety, Self-Filling, and Pump Filling. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. Booklet, post free, from

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London.
(New York: 173 Broadway.)

RUBWEL OINTMENT

WHY WASTE WORDS

in extolling the merits of this popular-priced household necessity, when you who are best qualified to judge, can, for the small outlay of 2d.,

TEST IT FOR YOURSELF

Cracked and Chapped Hands, Abrasions, Chafes, Roughness and Irritation of Skin, Blemishes, Tender Feet, etc., yield to the influence of RUBWEL like magic, the first application giving instant relief. RUBWEL contains the very best ingredients; that is why it may be used on the most delicate and tender skin with absolute safety.

FOR THE SKIN

OF ALL CHEMISTS, GROCERS,
AND STORES

6d. AND 1/- Trial Tin 2d.

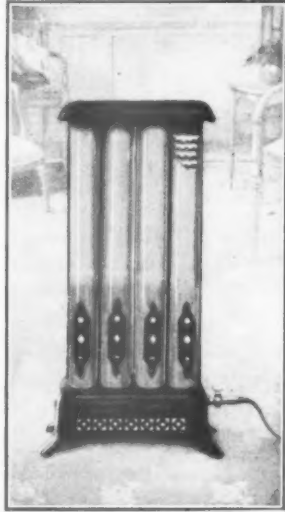
The Rubwel Co., Pendleton, Manchester.
London Depot: 4 Redcross Street, E.C.

My mother once said to me: "My boy, never marry a woman who blushes at the mention of a pair of stockings." I wrote last month on the three things I saw on my desk. I then got up from it and took off my slipper, and saw, what I have seen over and over again, a hole in my stocking. "Ah!" I said, "the man who made a stocking that would wear a bit would do humanity a service, for I hate to see these holes, and I hate more seeing you slave to mend them." "Well, I saw an advertisement the other day, down in a corner of one paper, which said that some firm sold stockings that resisted toes and nails. I will fetch it," my wife replied. It was headed "Darn No More." "I am having some," I cried, although I had my doubts.

I wrote to the address of Messrs. Vaughan and Heather, and told them if the goods they advertised were genuine I would give them a free advertisement. They sent me, in addition to socks and stockings I ordered, some under-socks which help to keep the feet warm. I have worn both together. They have proved to be all the advertisement says they are, and if I wrote for a month I could say no more.

Send for some. They are ridiculously cheap. The firm has other novelties, all of which are good.

My best advice this month is this: write to Messrs. Vaughan and Heather, Dept. 28, The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, Brighton, and ask for a complete list of their goods. You will find that for a few shillings you can purchase several valuable household necessities. I am glad to be able to say I do not regret my purchase. It is a joy to me to recommend anything that saves our women work and expense.



The DUPLEX. A Perfect Gas Radiator.

Here is Splendid Winter COMFORT for You!

THE dainty, effective, and wonderfully economical DUPLEX GAS RADIATOR offers you complete comfort on the coldest Winter days. Just think how nice it would be to have this cosy, cheery DUPLEX in your bedroom these chilly nights and dark, cold mornings! Think of the coughs and colds and doctor's bills it would prevent!

The DUPLEX needs no flue, for it produces neither smell nor fumes, and its patent construction ensures that *every particle of gas is burnt*. This, of course, is one reason for its wonderful economy.

Being light and strong, the DUPLEX can easily be carried about the house and used in any room.

There is no trouble about tubing, for six feet of the finest flexible tubing is given with every radiator.

Hundreds of famous firms have tested the DUPLEX GAS RADIATOR, and find it superior in every way to its competitors.

Amongst other well-known users are Messrs. Jay's, Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., Dickens & Jones, The Prudential Insurance Co., Swan & Edgar, and many others.

Dr. Claude Wockes, of Harley Street, London, W., writes: "I have had much experience with gas radiators, and have found yours the *best in every way*—no fumes, no smell, no trouble. It should have a great sale."

NEW BOOKLETS FREE.

We have just prepared an elaborate and interesting booklet about the DUPLEX RADIATOR. It is full of useful information on gas heating: it gives full details about our radiator, and contains many striking testimonials from physicians, heating experts, and well-known people. Will You Write For Your Copy, Please?

THE DUPLEX RADIATOR COMPANY,

16 Boar Lane, Leeds.

THE QUIVER

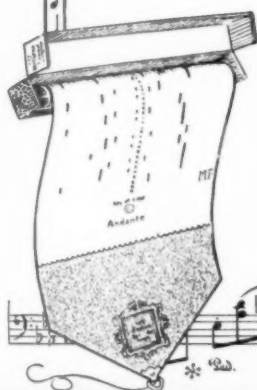
Andante.



"I don't seem to be getting satisfactory results
from my Player-Piano."

No! Because you are NOT using

LINENIZED MUSIC ROLLS.



These Rolls are by far the best for all Player-Pianos. They track correctly, are musically perfect, practically indestructible, climate-proof, and mounted on patent STEEL SPOOLS, which are lighter and stronger than wood.

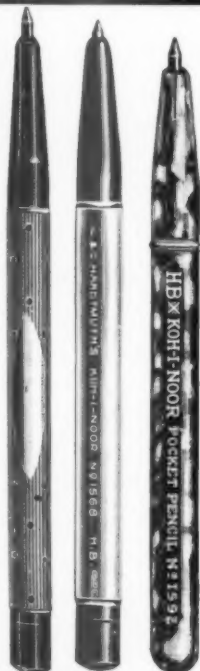
9d. to 6/3 each.

Send for Catalogue 24 to

THE PERFORATED MUSIC CO., Ltd.,
94 Regent Street, London, W.

Agents in all large towns.

Names on application.



L. & C. Hardtmuth's

'KOH-I-NOOR'

POCKET PROPELLING PENCILS.

If you have not yet seen the charming series of "Koh-i-noor" Pocket Propelling Pencils call at any high-class Stationer's or Jeweller's and ask to be shown each style stocked. You will be well compensated for your trouble. When you have seen these pencils you will be **pleased** to buy one. They will appeal to you not only by their charm of design, but also by their extreme usefulness.

From 9d. each.

Made in many novel and dainty styles, and various sizes. Also in Silver and Gold for presentation purposes. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. List free

from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingway, London (Paris, Vienna, Milan, Dresden, Brussels, Barcelona, Zurich, New York).

Twenty Works of Reference in One Volume

A Book that ought to be in every house and every office, for there is information of value in it for everybody. Each section is brought up-to-date.

Nearly 700,000 Copies issued

Over 1,000 Pages and
1,500,000 Words

Pears' 1/- Cyclopædia

Compiled by
**ONE GENERAL AND
TEN SPECIALIST EDITORS.**

The Twenty Sections comprise the following:

- I. **DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.** 20,000 words.
- II. **DICTIONARY OF GENERAL INFORMATION.** 5,000 Subjects.
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- IV. **CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.** Greek and Roman, Mythology, etc.
- V. **OFFICE COMPENDIUM** of Everyday Information on Everyday Matters.
- VI. **ATLAS OF ALL COUNTRIES.** 45 Beautifully Coloured Maps.
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The BIGGEST SHILLINGSWORTH in the WORLD.

Can be bought everywhere, or obtained direct from the Publishers.

A. & F. PEARS, LTD., 71-75, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.

Who will send postage paid to any part of the United Kingdom for 1/4, or abroad for 1/6. If desired to be registered, 2d. extra for home or abroad.

To facilitate the sorting of letters, envelopes should be marked in the left hand top corner with the word

"Case."

THE QUIVER

"For Health and Beauty."



"MY IDEAL OF PERFECTION."

Fry's

**PURE
BREAKFAST**

**300 GRANDS PRIX,
GOLD MEDALS, etc.**

Cocoa

"THE-TIN-YOU CON-TIN-UE."

4½d. per ¼lb. Tin.

Manufacturers by Special Sealed Warrants of Appointment to H.M. the King, H.M. the Queen,
H.M. Queen Alexandra, and to the People for nearly 200 years.

THE QUIVER

W. HARBROW, Iron Building Works, S. BERMONDSEY STATION, S.E.

Telegrams "Economic, London."

Telephone—Hop 17.

Design 1033.

BUNGALOW, containing Drawing-room, Dining-room, Three Bed-rooms, and usual Offices. Constructed of timber framework, roofing red diagonal asbestos tiles, walls "Rough Cast" plastering.

Price £295, including foundations, chimneys, and fittings.



Design 1054.

PAVILION, containing Club, Refreshment and Dining rooms, Two Dressing rooms, Lavatory and Front Verandah.

Price £130, delivered and erected on purchaser's foundation.



110 PAGE CATALOGUE of Churches, Chapels, Mission Halls, Bungalows, Cottages, Billiard Rooms, Stables, Hospitals, Sanatoria, Stores, Club Rooms, Farm Buildings, Sheds, Gymnasiums, Aeroplane and Motor Garages, Skating Rinks, and Electric Theatres, &c., **POST FREE** on mentioning this Publication.

SPECIAL EXPORT CATALOGUE.

THE LARGEST ACTUAL MANUFACTURER IN THE TRADE.

"N" POLISH
(BLACK OR BROWN)
For BOOTS & SHOES.
Tins 3d., 6d., and 1s.
To be obtained of all Bootmakers, &c.
Manufacturer, G. H. NELSON, Clarke Rd., Northampton



Without Spectacles

Without Operations

If you suffer from old-sight, near-sight, far-sight, or astigmatism, and the headaches caused by these eye defects, if your eyes are weak and sore from strain or are affected in any way, don't neglect them, or resort to spectacles, but send for Dr. C. G. Percival's Eye Book. This explains all about "EYES"—their functions, care, use, and a simple home treatment that has restored faultless vision to thousands.

Its action is a gentle massage that stimulates circulation and gradually restores the eye to its normal condition. Old-sight (Presbyopia) in particular is nerve degeneration of the ciliary muscle and the crystalline lens, and Dr. Percival's Treatment restores normal refraction by restoring the circulation and strengthening the muscles. It is perfectly safe and absolutely harmless. Five minutes daily will, in a short time, render eyeglasses unnecessary. Everybody should learn about their eyes, and how to preserve their sight, and can have a **FREE** copy of this instructive book published price 4d. by sending their full name and address, and enclosing a colored foreign postage stamp to pay expenses. Don't fail to get your copy, while it is in your mind. Address **G. J. PERCIVAL**, Non-Vita Eye Institute, 35-36 Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London. Established 1892. (See page 10)

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

BLESSINGS IN EVERY FAMILY

THE OINTMENT is the greatest healing agent known for Old Sores and all Skin Affections, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, &c. Used in conjunction with the Pills it are a sure relief in cases of Stipitation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Head-ache, Dizziness and other complaints which arise from a sluggish condition of the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, by stimulating these organs to natural activity.

Of all Chemists, 1/4 & 2/6 per box or pot.
SILVERN IN PRICE GOLDEN IN WORTH



The British Maid

"My name is Onoto. My business is to simplify writing. My character ('quick, reliable worker, 'very clean, gives no trouble whatsoever') speaks for itself. "I never take a day off."
"Why not let me simplify your writing?"

The Onoto simplifies writing because:—

1. **It needs no filler.**—It fills itself in five seconds from any ink supply.
2. **It cannot leak.**—Once closed, the Onoto becomes a sealed tube, and can be safely carried at any angle. Get one to-day.

Onoto

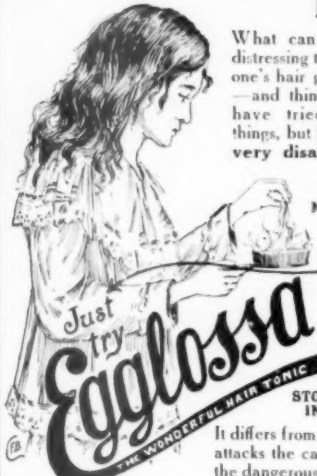
British and best.

GUARANTEE.—The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a lifetime: but, if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right, free of cost.

Price 10/6 and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOS. DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., 235 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

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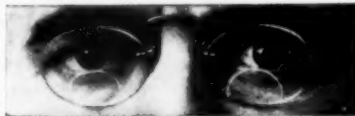
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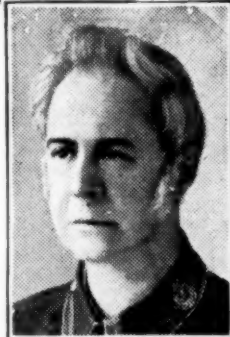
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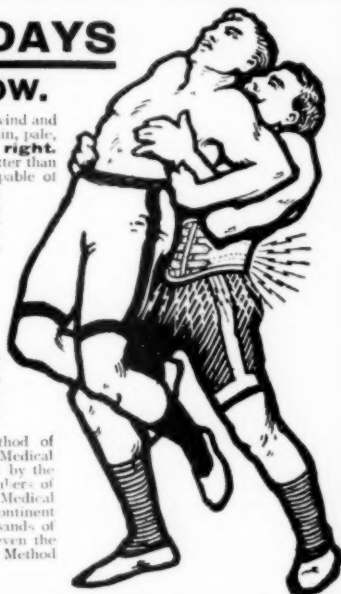
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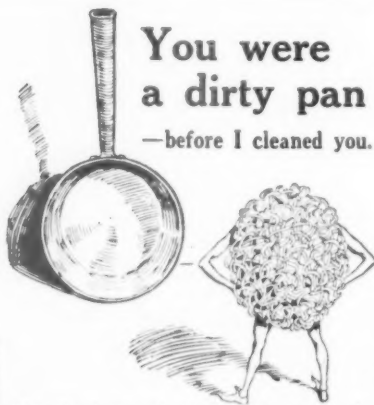
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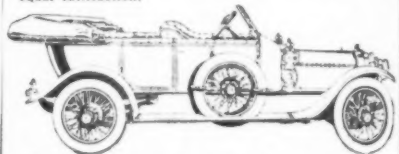
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CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1913

Frontispiece: General Bramwell Booth. Photo by G. R. Cleare.

	PAGE
The Future of the Salvation Army. By the Special Commissioner of "THE QUIVER." <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>	361
In the Wilderness. Complete Story. By OSWALD WILDRIDGE. <i>Illustrated by W. E. Webster</i>	367
A Reasonable Faith. No. 4 in the Series "Religion and the Crisis." By HAROLD BEBBIE	373
PRAIRIE FIRES. Serial Story. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Chapters VIII.—X. <i>Illustrated by Harold Copping</i>	378
Dare to be Yourself. By KEITH J. THOMAS	394
Beside the Still Waters	397
Dear Heart. Complete Story. By FLORENCE BONE. <i>Illustrated by Elizabeth Earnshaw</i>	399
PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES. IV.—The Mid-Air Rescue of a Steeplejack. As told to WALTER WOOD. <i>Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson</i>	407
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—	
Laundry Hints. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR	413
Ornamental House-Linen. By ELLEN T. MASTERS. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>	416
The Women's Work Bureau. Passe-partout Work. By "WINIFRED"	421
"Trifles Light as Air." Complete Story. By RUBY M. AYRES. <i>Illustrated by W. H. Humphris</i>	423
The Valley of Pines. By C. T. BATEMAN. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>	430
Ice-bound Labrador. "QUIVER" Help for Sister Bailey	436
Conversation Corner. By THE EDITOR	437
Our Motto Competition	439
Companionship Pages. Conducted by "ALISON"	441
The Crutch-and-Kindness League. By the REV. J. REID HOWATT	447
Sunday School Pages	449

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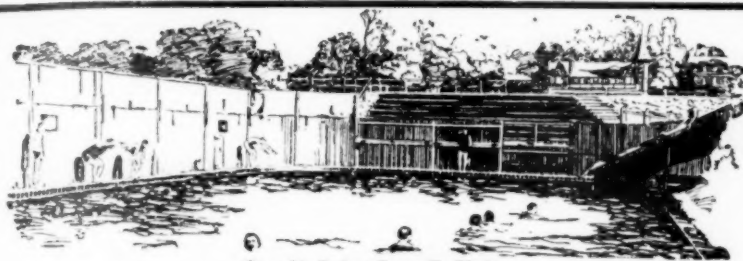


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bring clouds and rain,
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and will come again.





GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH,
Head of the Salvation Army.

Photo: G. R. Chase.



THE QUIVER



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FEBRUARY, 1913

THE FUTURE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

In view of the new situation created by the death of General William Booth, I asked a Special Commissioner to make a critical examination into the Future of the Salvation Army, particularly in regard to such questions as the "autocratic method" of government, the chances for and against the continued prosperity of the Army in the new generation, what dangers the Army is specially liable to at this time, and what measures should be adopted to avoid such dangers. Here is his report.

GENERAL BOOTH has passed away, honoured by the English nation and by rulers and peoples of many States and Dominions. Will the great organisation that he established renew its strength under the new General, or will it lose virility and propagating force?

Some parallels exist in the world's history to the mission and influence of William Booth. He preached a gospel of self-denial, of simplicity of life, and of intense religious zeal. So also did Francis of Assisi, and founded an Order that became world-wide. At the Reformation Franciscans numbered 100,000, and to-day their numbers are 26,000. The history of the Order from the thirteenth century until the present time is one of storm and division. Throughout the intervening years the question of the rule of the founder has arisen time after time and caused endless controversy. To-day the Order cannot claim to hold the position that once belonged to it. Critics of the Salvation Army point out this analogy

and raise the question whether it may not expect a similar experience.

If not now, then presently, they say, the Salvation Army will arrive at the parting of the ways. The new leader is expected to stand for new policies and new presentations of the old faith, for which the Army was formed and for which it has contended for nearly fifty years. With a religious organisation, just as with a political party, things are never exactly the same after the leader passes away. A dominant personality, like General Booth, for instance, leaves an immense void at his death. Everything grew up around him. His brain planned much of the success of the Army, and his indomitable faith surmounted difficulties. His successor need not expect the early experiences of his father, when scorn, ridicule, bitter opposition and rowdy oppression met him at every step. He lived to see this opposition decline and the Army on the fair way to solidarity and popular esteem.

THE QUIVER

Mr. Bramwell Booth, as the new General, has been acclaimed the rightful successor by every responsible officer. His loyalty to his father, his knowledge of the organisation, and his undoubted ability, marked him out, above everyone else, for the office. Trained in the Army, he has never deserted his post; but when his father suffered the loss of one eye—followed later by total blindness—saved him an immense burden of detail and general oversight. Secure in the knowledge that a strong hand grasped the wheel, General Booth went forth to all parts of Great Britain, to the Continent, and, in fact, to the world, as the missionary plenipotentiary of the Army and its social and religious plans. During these frequent tours his eldest son held the power of attorney.

Concerning the future of the Salvation Army the Editor of *THE QUIVER* requires answers to two or three pertinent questions. He asks, first, "How far is the autocratic method suited to the present circumstances of the Army?" Second, "Will the Army prosper in the new generation?" Thirdly, "What dangers must the Army avoid?"

The "Autocratic Method"

Before answering the first, some explanation should be offered of the term "autocratic method." To apply the strict dictionary meaning to the word "autocrat," as an "absolute irresponsible governor," would not be correct in connection with the Army. To imagine, as some people do, that the General rules the organisation with a rod of iron, regardless of advice, appeal or consideration, is a curious misunderstanding of facts. Military terms have their significance and involve discipline, but a rigid militarism has long ago succeeded to a devolution of authority and responsibility. Next to the new General and his wife there is, for instance, the Chief of Staff, whose responsibility extends to the development both of the Army's spiritual progress and financial resources. Of necessity he works through the officers on his staff. They advise on all kinds of questions. In characteristic fashion the late General used to say that it was the duty of the junior officer to present his case with as much skill as

he possessed to his superior officer, and without fear push every argument concerning the particular policy under discussion to its fair limits. Then, whatever the decision of his superior officer, to obey and carry it out without hesitation and with the utmost loyalty. In this way were secured initiative, the creation of intelligent officers, and loyal obedience to authority. Only by such combination, General Booth declared, could the Army prosper.

Experience has suggested many developments in the Army organisation that provide a wider basis for departmental oversight than formerly existed. Practically speaking, the work is divided amongst boards of control, upon which sit the most responsible officers at the Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street. One of the General's private secretaries is usually a member of each board, but week by week the important duties resting upon such boards are carried out without the General's actual presence. Many of these officers are highly educated, capable men, and conversant with the principles of public business as well as ardent Salvationists. They undertake work involving thousands of pounds, and affecting policies that concern crowned heads as well as Governors of Overseas Dominions. The General, by virtue of his office, is supreme, and utters the final word; but the necessity of the case has demanded devolution, both as regards inquiry and development of action.

Upon the question of finance these boards wield considerable powers. The members scrutinise expenditure with an eagle eye. Every new project is subject to this scrutiny from whatever source it emanates. No officer, despite his eminence, possesses authority to use Army funds without adequate safeguards. Autocracy, if it existed in certain forms, would include the disposal of moneys upon individualistic lines. But a careful study of the Salvation Army finances assures me that the restrictions instituted both by the new General and by his chief officers, are designed to protect every halfpenny with as much care as if it belonged to a private undertaking. Autocracy on £300 a year—for that was the limit of Mr. Bramwell

THE FUTURE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Booth's drawings as Chief of the Staff—is an autocracy that permits little opportunity for corrupt motives.

When General Booth commenced the military system of governing the Christian Mission he told his evangelists quite frankly that he could not be saddled with committees in the position which he occupied. In the first place it had been found impossible to institute really representative committees, and, again, the evangelists did not wish to go to a committee, because they preferred to leave

matters in his hands. As an evidence of the failure of representative government it may be stated that in the early days of the Christian Mission Mrs. Booth started a prosperous mission at Brighton, over which an evangelist was placed in charge. After a time he proposed a scheme of home rule, by which the adherents should separate themselves from London and run the organisation on an independent basis. The temptation was too specious to be resisted by them, and his proposals were accepted. Mrs. Booth hurried to Brighton in order to avert the disaster. She had considerable influence with the treasurer, but on this point could not convince him, for he had already made up his mind to the joys of an independent position. "Well, I predict," said Mrs. Booth, in concluding the interview, "that your evangelist will finish in a ditch, while you stand upon the bank and share in his disgrace, with all Brighton looking on." In a figurative sense Mrs. Booth's words came true less than a year later.



Mrs. Booth.

Photo: Clarke.

It must be remembered that the Salvation Army differs from all the other religious organisations. It was not established as a result of the rupture of one large section of the Church from another, nor as a fusion of two smaller bodies. The Army was a creation. Men and women were rescued by the presentation of the Gospel in terms understood by them, and collected into communities. Drunkards, thieves, the demoralised, the submerged, and the half-educated were swept into the Army's net in those early

days. After conversion and a sharp probation, numbers of men and women from these classes volunteered as officers at the first General's invitation.

In the large majority of cases these candidates were inexperienced in most of the duties relating to the development of a sound organisation for a great religious and social work.

Supposing that in the early days of the Army General Booth had called together a Council of such men and women and given over its control to the will of the majority! Such an act, whilst quite democratic, would have proved suicidal. All of them were probably good men and women in their way, but unfitted to supply the dynamic to a new society of the character indicated. On the whole the "autocratic method"—using the term as here qualified—was, and is, best suited to the peculiar conditions of the Army.

When will the right moment arrive for the Army to adopt a representative system of government? That is a ques-

THE QUIVER

tion difficult to answer with approximate accuracy. Convocation, unreformed and unrepresentative, still exists in the Church of England. Wesleyan Methodism remains restive under its itinerant system, and Baptists and Congregationalists are labouring to complete their sustentation schemes in order to pay a living wage to every accredited minister. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll on one occasion urged his readers to "Sow your Sweet Peas," but such advice can only be given with appropriateness to those who have already prepared their gardens. The evolution of a Christian Society is a process slower than the culture of Sweet Peas and cannot be hurried. Again, it must be remembered that the Army—junior to all the Christian denominations—is a youth of less than fifty years, and has from the beginning accommodated itself to special work amongst the masses that previously were much neglected by the ordinary Churches. No man or woman enters the Army as an officer without understanding the exact position. Candidates are supplied with sets of questions that explain in the fullest terms the relationship between the Army and themselves. They are admitted after testing and training for service in any part of the world. I have talked with officers who having had considerable experience of foreign work are glad to settle in England. But I have found that they are quite prepared to start off to-morrow to Timbuctoo if that were the new scene of Salvation operations. "Amen!" they would say to such an order, though personally they might have wished it far otherwise.

But one saving clause should be mentioned. Even where instructions have been given, these are not considered so cast iron in their character as to prohibit consideration being extended to personal appeals, under special circumstances, for a revision of the appointment.

How will the Army Prosper in the New Generation?

That query can only be answered by the evidences already supplied by the Army itself. Prior to the late General's death an opinion had gained ground that when that occurrence should happen the Army would pass through a time of trial

and testing, if not of difficulty. Many observers—amongst whom were some subscribers—took a pessimistic view of the whole situation. But events quite falsified their prophecies, and they were unprepared for the whole-hearted manner in which Mr. Bramwell Booth was welcomed by public opinion at home and abroad as the new General.

Further, the memorial suggested by General Bramwell Booth to his father struck the popular imagination by its intense practicality. It did reverence to the first General's memory, for he had long desired the establishment of such a Training Home, and, moreover, met the demands of the future. That scheme will provide for a better equipped officer. Both as regards education and relation to the actual necessities of the work the Salvation candidate of the coming generation will start ahead of his predecessor. The training is to include subjects that were impossible at the beginning, and which are now demanded by cumulative experience. Religion will, as now, form the basis of the officers' operations, but other duties must devolve upon them through the expansion of opportunity.

Increased attention to the training of officers will invite a superior class of men and women. I desire to make it quite clear that the officers in the Salvation Army to-day must not be underrated, either in relation to education or general ability. An enlarged curriculum and improved facilities for teaching will, however, secure candidates of still stronger calibre. In this respect the evidences strengthen the Army's hopes for the future.

In the possession of property, valued at three to four million pounds sterling, in all parts of the world, the Army holds valuable assets. Not only is the realisable security of this substantial character, but, in addition, the amount represents an equipment already established and capable of great usefulness. Extensions may be necessary from time to time, but the foundations have been well and truly laid. No longer is the spiritual side of its work or its social agencies the subject of an experiment, but mission halls, training homes, hospitals, crèches, orphanages, farm and labour colonies, refugees, etc.,

THE FUTURE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

testify to accomplished results. Under normal conditions these are stepping stones to still greater achievements.

Dangers to be Avoided

The most potent source of possible trouble to the Army is the department of work which has brought recognition from the State, both at home and abroad, and the good wishes and support of the press throughout the world.

Danger lurks in its social activities. Not that these are ill advised or wrongly directed, but because of them the religious side may be obscured or belittled. Feeding the hungry is a respectable business. Preaching the Gospel is an antagonistic influence which conflicts with the conventionalities of a materialistic age. The converted tailor or plumber is apt to prove a zealot, especially if he wishes to impart his new-found joy to his mates. You may give a painter a job and society rejoices that a starving man is kept off the rates; but real downright conversion is something of a shock to our preconceived sentiments. It presupposes that the Gospel implies regeneration. The everyday world prefers a milk-and-water evolution in the shape of a full stomach and a new suit of clothes. If the Salvation Army is, therefore, to keep true to its early ideals, Salvation must remain first and last its vital work. Failure here will rob it of pristine purity and real objective.



Commissioner Howard
(The New Chief of Staff).

Photo:
Cleare.

Fortunately the danger was realised by the first General, and he spoke and wrote on the subject often and at length to his officers. In his orders to Territorial Commissioners he gave this pregnant advice:

(a) By reminding themselves of the purposes for which the social operations are carried on, they should repeatedly ask themselves, "Am I aiming at that? Is the spiritual benefit of these poor sufferers my chief business? Am I actually bringing it about?"

(b) By continually stirring up their subordinate or comrade officers with such questions as, "Brother, Sister, are we saving the souls of the people, or are we content with merely feeding their bodies? It is good to do work for time, but our business is to labour also for eternity."

(c) By continually calling attention to those on whom they operate to their higher nature, and striving to bring them to their true senses, to Christ and to His Salvation.

The new General is equally insistent on the subject. But from top to bottom of the now world-wide organisation Conversion and Salvation must be interpreted in the actual and daily experience of every officer, if the Salvation Army is to go from strength to strength in the coming generation.





"That was all. Seventeen tiny words,
but words of volcanic power."

Drawn by
W. E. Webster

IN THE WILDERNESS

The Story of a Man and a Crisis

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

HE had reached the last of his letters when the page-boy crossed the floor with silent tread and laid a dull yellow envelope on the writing-table.

"Telegram for you, sir."

Richard Carston gave a careless glance at the missive and went on with his writing: this was a letter of importance that he was engaged upon, and he must catch the North mail. Besides, telegrams with him were only telegrams: part of the bustling routine of his life, the medium of much of his conversation, the tongue that talked to him of stocks and shares, of iron ore and steel rails, of coal and coke and shipping freights. Of course, he had not achieved this indifference without serving an apprenticeship. In the days when he was not yet an iron-master, but only a servant, the delivery of one of those envelopes would have quickened the beat of his pulse and stirred his wonder, but that was in the pinching time before his meteoric rise to place and power, and now all such weaknesses were behind him. At this hour, moreover, the world of business had locked the office door and gone home, and telegrams could safely wait. He rarely thought of anything but the business side of life now.

There! His letter was finished. He added it to the others and rang for the page-boy. Then he leaned back in his chair and passed his hand wearily over his brow. He had had a tiring time, a day of London rush and flurry, with many men to see and hasty meals to snatch, but now commerce could lie by till morning. Yet, before he began to idle, he must have a turn with the evening papers, if only to get a thorough grip of the closing prices—he wondered how Spanish ores stood. They had been a trifle shaky lately, and he was heavily loaded. Yes, that was it, a spell with the evening papers, and then he would go down to the House of Commons. Meredith would be sure to find him a seat. It would be a pity to miss the chance now that he had an evening in London on his hands, and the occasion was one that made a strong call on his fancy.

The House would be discussing the Budget, that measure which touched him at a score of points. His face gloomed angrily as he recalled some of its proposals and remembered how deeply they threatened to dip into his purse.

Once more he glanced at the table and again became conscious of the telegram. He stretched out his hand and picked it up. No doubt it was from the works—probably from Jefferson, asking for instructions about that Argentine rail contract. He sliced the envelope open, the thin slip crackled in his fingers, he read its message, and—became another man! Swiftly his face flushed, as swiftly paled. A mass of clammy beads burst out upon his brow, a misty veil billowed about him, and when he read the telegram again all its words seemed to run into each other. This was not business—it was Home! It was not shares and sovereigns—it was Love. The sender was not his secretary, but his wife, and this was what she said:

"Kathleen not very well. Please do not worry, but I would like you to come home. Mary."

That was all. Seventeen tiny words, but words of volcanic power. The witchery of commerce was suddenly slain, the Budget forgotten. All that remained was a pair of hazel eyes and a head of nut-brown hair. Life had become a pain. What did anything matter when Love called?

For a third time he read the telegram: "Kathleen not very well." After all, that suggested nothing serious; a touch of warmth glowed in his heart. "I would like you to come home." He toyed with time no longer, but swung himself out of the room and down to the office.

"My bill, please! Send a boy up for my bag, and call a taxi! Euston. Yes, just time to catch it! No, thanks, I'm not ill; only do hurry!"

With two minutes to spare, he flung himself into a first-class carriage on the North-bound train, and again pulled out his tele-

THE QUIVER

gram. It had nothing more to tell him, and yet its words were biting deeper than before. At first they had simply stunned him, but in that hot dash across the city they had gathered a new power, and now they were flaying him. Kathleen ill! And he was half-a-day's journey away from her. All through the night he must travel, and even when he reached Penrith, there would be a bunch of worrying hours before the first of the morning trains went out to the West.

The slip of crinkly paper rustled in his grasp. It betrayed the trembling of his hand, and ages seemed to have passed since he was guilty of that weakness; not even had he shown it when those ten men were gassed at the top of a blast-furnace, and all through an awful night he helped the doctors to fight for their lives. In Allerdale, that town of flaming furnaces and boiling steel, on the shores of the Solway Firth, he was known as one of the hard-headed men, one to drive a bargain or carry through a great enterprise, free from all emotional foolishness. Other men who were well able to appreciate character had placed on record their belief that an earthquake would not move him, and when the saying was passed along he had accepted it pleasantly as one of the tributes worth having. Yet here was the real measure of his strength. A child was ill—and a telegram form rustled in his uncertain grasp; he himself was even as one of the children.

Upon the first movement of the train he pronounced a broken benediction; as the station lights fluttered by he closed his eyes and turned the demand of his life into a passionate prayer: "Dear Lord, be merciful and spare her unto me." And again: "Be merciful and spare." This from the man who had not prayed for years!

It was an act of magnetic power. It opened the floodgates of memory. The forgotten past descended upon him and overwhelmed him with all its virile array of accusing circumstance. Like the swift procession of London lights outside the carriage window, his life paraded before him. He had found himself out at last.

Life was different with him in those other days when he was at the beginning of his career, his feet a long way down the ladder of success. Then he reckoned in shillings where now he counted in pounds. Commerce had not laid its chilling fingers on his heart,

nor the lure of power dazzled his eyes, but the life was wonderfully real and the roots of joy were planted deep. His house was a very modest one then, but it was satisfying, and when Kathleen and he were at their play it was a place of elfin laughter and riotous mirth. For anything he knew to the contrary, it might still be a house of laughter; the one fact of which he had assurance was that he had no part in it. He had fenced himself round with a thorn-hedge of his own concerns. The Best Beloved he had left outside.

It was all coming back now to condemn. All the bundle of trifles took shape and form again, to every one there was given its old magnitude. Once more he beheld the holly bush by the bend in the road. In the Good Days that holly bush was his landmark; every day when he left the steelworks in the season of the flowers and the summer sunshine, it was the point by which he steered his course, he knew always that the moment he rounded its glistening branches he would see his brown-haired mite by the garden-gate, that he would hear a gleeful cry of child-joy: "Farver. My farver! My farver!" And then a scamper of tiny feet, and just as he reached the Outgang stile, Kathleen would hurl herself into his arms.

Those days were dead now, his own hands had dug their grave. He had exchanged the modest house for a mansion, but the little maid no longer watched for him by the garden-gate. He had put away such childish things for more substantial thoughts of blast-furnace products, the test of his steel castings, the mounting total of his banking account, and the concerns of the big world in which, as a man of influence, he felt called to take a controlling part. It is true that occasionally he missed her; sometimes, too, he felt a touch of impatience because she had withdrawn herself, but always he soothed his conscience with the reflection that his devotion to money-making was the best proof of love. Was not his work all for his wife and his child?

A shriek of the engine broke in upon his dream. With grinding rattle and jerk, the train swept across a set of points. A string of lights flashed by. He pressed his face to the window and then drew back with a groan of disappointment. Willesden! Only Willesden! Not yet had he left London behind, though he seemed to have been travelling

IN THE WILDERNESS

for hours; and in that dainty little room under the pointed gable of his home, Kathleen was lying ill, so ill that Mary would like him to come home. Under the pointed gable! There was also a gable window in that other house, the modest one, and its outlook was straight down the road.

Memory was moving on a new track now. The holly bush belonged to the summer-time when the world was warm, but the window was for the winter when there could be no waiting by the gate. What a business they made of his going to work in the morning! First of all, Kathleen must give him her good-bye kiss in the hall, her warm little arms clasped tightly round his neck, and then he would hear the patter of her hasty feet as she raced to her own room, so that she might wave her handkerchief to him until he was no longer in sight. As for himself, he always made his first salutation when he reached the garden-gate, and after that it was his plan to turn again and again all the way of the townward road, and, with handkerchief fluttering aloft, he would greet the watchful mate waving the love of her heart to him behind the window-pane.

Even the exceptions carried a biting sting. There was one winter when Kathleen had a serious cold, bad enough to keep her in bed; but though the window was vacant, its demonstration suffered no interruption. This was Kathleen's own idea. When he went to her room he found her lying with handkerchief ready, and when he stooped for his kiss she gave him her command: "Course, I'se not going to stop waving 'cause I'se poorly, farver, and I spects you'll want to wave as well." And so, all the way down to the holly bush he had signalled to a window that was horribly empty, and there was granted unto him a perfect vision of the greeting that Love was sending him from her bed.

Across the page of those days also he had splashed an effacing blot.

Clearly, as though it did but happen yesterday, he saw himself on that morning when he struck the first chilling blow. He didn't mean it, but in a moment of great commercial daring he had accepted a contract which would test his machinery to the last ounce of its power, and so Kathleen was forgotten until he had passed the holly-bush bound. It was at this point that he blundered; a few steps retraced would

have set the matter right, but instead of taking them he chided himself for childishness, impatiently argued that "it was not good for Kathleen to be considered so much," and after a brief halt in the road he went upon his way feeling rather sore and angry with someone, though his anger was really directed against himself. He forgot again soon afterwards, and again was angry, but now anger made him cruel. At the end of a month the window was always empty, and he went down the road with never so much as a backward glance.

It was about this time also that he took away one half of "Kathleen's hour," the hour that was filled with play at the end of the day's work, when the lights were lit. What a wonderful time they had together! Sometimes their choice was a game of Bears, and sometimes fancy ran to hide-and-seek, but best of all was a game of home manufacture wherein he masqueraded as Grandfather Grump, and Kathleen, as Little Miss Mischief, did all the things that a really good child ought not to have done. A mad, merry, noisy romp it was, a regular whirlwind of fun, a game against which not a room in the house was sacred. It was notable also for the fact that Miss Mischief always achieved the victory, for, however desperately Grandfather Grump might threaten, however hotly pursue, whatever unlikely hiding-places he might pounce out of, there was always the refuge of mother's arms to fly to, and safely snuggling there, the madcap maid would cry her defiance at him: "Oo tan't det me now, Dandfarver Dump; oo tan't det me now."

Such was Kathleen's hour, the one on which she set such store. It was an act of sheer brutality that swept it away. To the word he remembered how it began, his own reluctant: "Only half an hour's play to-night, little woman, for daddy has got some work to do," and the next thing: "Sorry, but we can't have any play to-night, Kathleen. You see, daddy's fearfully busy, and he must go to his room and work." Yet he knew full well that an hour devoted to that work after go-to-bed-time would have given him ample compensation. Now, as he crouched in his corner of the hurrying train, his soul clamoured for a new chance, so that he might make some amends for the drooping of the baby eyes, the tearful quiver of the baby lips. Strange that tears and looks and

THE QUIVER

words should be so endowed with haunting life.

He had won regard as a model among men, one of the perfect fathers, a husband with whose conduct any wife might be satisfied. If anyone had suggested that he neglected his home, those who knew him best would have denounced the accusation as an unpardonable slander. Indeed, he had rather prided himself on his virtues. His wife, with her modest demands on life, he had dowered with gold; the little house he had replaced with one of the most imposing homes in Allerdale, to Kathleen he had given treasures of great price, but—he had robbed them of himself. His real self he had been giving to his works, his library, his manifold meetings, and his club. Mother and child had gone their way and he had gone his, grubbing for gear and gain and fame, and ever he had sought refuge in the delusion that for their sake and their advantage he was choosing the better part.

Thus did he deal with himself as he sped through the night, harassed by a spectral crowd of regrets, a legion of nameless fears. Rugby he reviled because it was not Stafford, Crewe because it was not Preston, and even when the train lifted to the stiff ascent of Shap, and he realised that at last he had reached the gateway of the Hill Country, the spirit of the place chilled him and completed his sense of desolation. Henceforth, if—if—this was the end—his life would be barren as that bleak expanse of fell, over which the railway wriggled its snake-like form. He would be an explorer engaged upon a vain quest, marching through a world of empty rooms, looking for the Might Have Been, borne down by the grim form of the Unfinished Task.

It was all over at last—the long wait at Penrith, where hungry and cold and anguished he paced the platform from end to end with the restlessness of a beast prisoned behind iron bars, ended, too, the swift dash by the heights of Blencathra and Latrigg, Skiddaw and Barf; and so in the raw murk of a November morning he came to his own place. As he left the train a heavy hand descended on his arm, and a gruff voice beat upon his hearing.

"That you, Dick Carston? I thought this train 'd fetch you."

It was Dagleish, the doctor, the big, masterful autocrat, who could storm at a

gang of colliers as hotly as though he were one of themselves, and yet had won the love of all the town. It was just like him to follow the watching of a long night by trailing down here with the news that a sore heart was hungering for. But Richard Carston was obsessed with the selfishness of love; he had no room in his thoughts for any but his own, and he turned upon the doctor fiercely with a question:

"What is it, doctor? Tell me! Is she—is she—?"

"Your lassie's alive, man, and, please God, we'll pull her through. There's a hard fight in front of us, but bairns are terrible tough. She got through the operation nicely. Aye, we've had to operate without waiting for your word. If we hadn't, she'd not have been here now. I wired to Carlisle for Ferguson. London hasn't a safer man for a job like this, and now the fight rests with her mother and you and me. One thing that ought to tell is this—there isn't a finer nurse in Allerdale than Mary Carston, and I mind the time when you also showed your mettle."

The stricken man leaped at the words. He put his hand out blindly in the dark.

"Let me prove my mettle again, doctor. I'll do anything—if only it's work—for her. I've been making mistakes too long."

Dagleish gave his head an understanding little nod. "Aye, you've been a good bit of a fool, Dick Carston," he said. "I've had my eyes on you for a year or two, but it was no use speaking. You'd got to be hurt before you could be cured. You've been gathering money and starving love. A little less money would have given you a lump more joy. But now—well, we'll see! First of all, you've got to get away to your wife. She needs her man at a time like this. Here's your carriage; get in—and I'll be up again in a couple of hours."

Mary was listening for his coming, listening and watching the fragile face, white now as the pillow on which it rested, and as the first grind of the carriage wheels on the gravel path reached her she gave a glance at the nurse and hurried from the room. She was in the hall when her husband entered, her face strained and pinched, dark rings round her dry, tearless eyes. Bravely she tried to meet him with a smile, but now that she had someone to lean upon all the resolution that had sustained her in her



"Her round wonder eyes were fixed intently on her father"—p. 372.

Drawn by
W. E. Webster

THE QUIVER

loneliness suddenly broke down, and she threw herself into his arms and burst into a passion of weeping.

Not for a king's ransom could Richard Carston have spoken just then, but he held his wife tightly in his arms, held her as he had not done since the days of the little house and the modest means. His manner indeed perplexed her as well as gave her comfort, he seemed to have come back to her a different man, there was something about him that even sorrow and dread would not fully explain. Again and again she scanned his face, but failed to read the signs aright. Not long had she to wait, however, for the full light of revelation beat upon the mystery when she insisted that he must eat and rest and he as resolutely refused. "You must, dear," she pleaded, "for my sake and Kathleen's. You are making yourself ill, and I shan't have time to nurse you as well. That railway journey must have been awful for you—all those hours—quite in the dark and utterly helpless. I made the telegram as easy as I could, but it left such a lot unsaid—and you didn't know."

He crossed to the rug and knelt down by her side. "I did know," he said. "I knew the thing I ought to have done and the thing I had left undone. I've been before the looking-glass all the night. I've been seeing the man that I was and the man that I've become. Mary, I'm wanting the holly-bush days again. I'm being haunted by an empty window, by a face that isn't there, by the laughter that I've silenced and the smiles I've ceased to charm. It's the dead days that hurt. The chance I've had and thrown away."

Through her mist of tears she smiled upon him. Even in her sorrow, she felt a thrill of joy, the joy that welcomes the return of the prodigal.

"There's another chance yet, Dick," she whispered.

"Do you mean it, Mary?"

"There's nearly always another chance. Not the one we would have, perhaps, but the best we leave it possible for God to give us.

God is always giving men new chances, but they are so often looking for something else that they pass them by."

"Then you think——"

"I think," she said, and there was assurance in every word, "that Love has been wandering in the wilderness, but now it has come home again, and Love is the greatest wonder worker in the world."

Now there are ever so many people in Allerdale who believe that they know the whole story of Kathleen's illness, and her father's devotion in the battle for her life, but it is only the half that has been revealed to them. The secret of the other half is held by Mary Carston and James Dagleish. One day, it was full six weeks after the delivery of that telegram in a London hotel, the doctor confessed to Mary that he had had a most complicated case to deal with. "For it strikes me," said he, "that I've had three patients in hand, and I'm counting the cure one of my grandest successes. I'm soon going to have Kathleen about again, and I'm thinking that her mother's as happy as she was on her wedding-day, and as for Dick, why, bless us all, he's a man made over again! He's younger again by years!"

After this the doctor went upstairs to the room where Kathleen was sitting propped up in bed with her hair streaming over her shoulders, "cause farver likes it best that way," and her round wonder eyes fixed intently on that father who was just then spinning out a glorious fairy-tale. Nowadays, "nobody could tell such beautiful fairy-tales as farver, and farver's sensible 'cause he b'leaves them, and he says he's certain sure that fairy rings are where the fairies dance, and he says there are fairies all about us, only we can't see them."

Dagleish broke into her chatter with a word of banter about the foolishness of being ill, but she silenced him with a confession for which the wisdom of years had no reply:

"Does you know, doctor," she said, "that I rarver like being poorly? It's been berry nice—'cause I've had so much of farver."



A REASONABLE FAITH

No. 4 in the Series "Religion and the Crisis"

By HAROLD BEGBIE

"To restore to humanity its natural attitude of humility, of reverence, of wonder, of worship, even of fear, this must be the first work of religion. And religion can only avoid failure if it proclaim a reasonable faith."

LOVE conquers sin. To save a very bad man, someone must convince him of love. A lecture on morality would effect nothing. A look of the eyes alone might restore his soul. And everyone is agreed about this. "General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army," says Professor William James, "considers that the first vital step in saving outcasts consists in making them feel that some decent human being cares enough for them to take an interest in the question whether they are to rise or sink." No one can question it. Of all the means whereby a bad man may become a good man, love is supreme.

But few perceive that if love can save a man who acts wrongly it may also save a man who thinks wrongly. In controversy we employ argument, satire, bitterness, denunciation, contempt. Our persuasion takes a logical form. We become professors. We are so eager to destroy the false thesis of our adversary, that we forget the adversary himself, whom it is our business not to destroy, but to save. We are even proud of our sarcasms, and take delight in the sharpness and energy of our invective.

This is most true of Christians. Between the various schools of Christianity there has always been much hatred, malice, and uncharitableness; but the Christian's attitude towards the man who is sceptical of Christianity is usually an attitude of frank, arrogant, and contemptuous superiority. He treats every man who disagrees with him as an enemy of God; he is ready to clap "Antichrist" on any soul that expresses doubt of his belief; he attacks with the military and un-Christ-like fury of a crusader every school of philosophy that is in the least sceptical

about his version of religion. I am sure there would now be more virtue and less misery in the world if Christians had sought from the first to save sinners only by love; and I think there would be less atheism and less indifference to religion if love had always characterised the controversy of Christians with their philosophical antagonists.

What is the first necessity of a heart that seeks to save sinners by love? It is sympathy. No one who throughout his appeal is conscious of moral superiority can save a very bad man. There must be no antipathy. A perfect understanding of the sinner's state of mind is essential. One has to see life from that particular point of view before one can lead the soul to a less partial, a truer, and a more saving comprehension of existence.

The Spirit of Controversy

And so with controversy. We must not be angry and disdainful, we must not be ironical and contemptuous, we must not seek the applause of those who agree with us and forget the need of him who is attacking our position. We must not aim to overcome, but to win; we must not endeavour to destroy, but to convert.

We do not often reflect upon the enormous demand which Christianity makes upon the minds of men—men, for the most part, living entirely out of contact with nature, surrounded on all sides by the achievements of mechanical science, men in whom civilisation has almost totally destroyed the poetic and imaginative faculty. We ought to remind ourselves, too, that the very struggle to live is now so fierce, obsessing, and exhausting that millions of our fellow-creatures find it almost impossible even

THE QUIVER

to get into the mere frame of mind which is essential to religious consciousness. And, above all other considerations, we ought to go over in our own minds, with unsparing honesty, those things which we ask men to believe, searching our souls to discover whether we ourselves truly and perfectly believe them, and whether also those things are of absolute necessity to our spiritual life.

The Problem of Fatherhood

Now I think that many Christians do not see that the most difficult, the most doubtful, the most confusing dogma in their theology is the first dogma of all, that dogma which asserts the goodness, the actual Fatherhood, of God. And I think, too, that if they realised the transcendent importance of this fundamental dogma, they would seek to establish it first of all, before proceeding to establish minor and less urgent dogmas, dogmas which depend for their reality upon the absolute truth of this first dogma. If I could persuade mankind really and truly to believe in the existence of a good God, a Father in Heaven, I should have no misgiving at all about the salvation of the world, and little anxiety concerning the progress of Christianity.

Do we really and truly believe that God is *our* Father? Do we believe without one shadow of doubt that He is mindful of His own, that He remembereth His children, that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered, that not one sparrow falls to the ground without His sanction, that even as a human father pitieth his children so God pitieth us? I mean, do we believe these things as vitally as we believe that food is necessary to our bodies, that autumn is followed by winter, that four added to four makes eight, that men grow old and feeble and die? We may hope that there is such a God, we may long for such a God to be true, at certain moments in our lives we may be sure of such a God; but do we believe in His existence as we believe in our own, are we absolutely and utterly convinced that the first dogma of religion is the reality of life? If not, how can we use irony against those who attack us, how can we be scornful with those whose disbelief is more thorough than our belief?

If we are quite honest, I think we must begin by a confession of our own doubt. We must say, "It is not obvious that there is a God; it is not clearly and manifestly apparent that God is good and loving; but our contention is, if you will hear us out to the end, that the evidence in favour of the existence of a good and loving God is greater than the evidence for His non-existence." I have never found a child who did not appreciate this position, and who was not willing to listen and be convinced.

The Problem of Faith

Let us begin by meeting the first and natural question of an intelligent child. "If there is a God, a Father in Heaven, why does He not tell us so with certainty? Why is there any doubt at all? What is the object of all this mystery?" The answer to this question is the most helpful guide into the region of faith.

We say to the child, "If it were quite obvious and certain that God existed, if on looking up to the sky we always saw legions of angels looking down at us like spectators in an amphitheatre, and on rising every morning a Voice said to us, 'I am God: I love you, I care for you, and in heaven I wait to give you everlasting joy and blessing,' surely no man would do any work, surely we should all think of nothing but the next world, surely we should all be longing impatiently for death. In other words, if it were perfectly certain and manifest that God existed, we should all become monks and nuns, ascetics and fakirs, hermits and anchorites; for who would think it worth while to bother about this trivial and transitory earth with an immortality of perfect bliss and perfect knowledge waiting visibly for our inheritance? You would think it foolish to learn to read and write; history and geography would seem to you absurd and frivolous; you would laugh at anyone who suggested that you ought to learn botany and astronomy. Men would not trouble to examine the earth, to labour after discoveries, to advance the kingdom of knowledge. Builders would not attempt to give us better houses. Merchants would not scheme to bring us food and clothing. In brief, life as we now know it would

A REASONABLE FAITH

cease to exist. And what would be the consequence? This: that the divine reason of man would wither and perish for want of employment. Instead of rational men, we should be a world of brainless fakirs. Instead of unresting movement, there would be a deadly stagnation."

The Use of Reason

Do you perceive the corollary of this argument? It is obvious and convincing. God has ordained that man shall use his reason and develop his understanding. The doubt of God's existence is God's own method. He does not mean us to spend life, like hermits and fakirs, in dream and reverie, not even in prayer and worship, but in the hard and glorious work of subduing the earth: "Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do." We are to approach Him through the reason. To the soul of man He has given this divine organ for its expression and for its manifestation; by using the reason we become souls worthy of eternal life; by neglect of it, we can become only maniacs, idiots, or fools. God does not dazzle our eyes or stun our understandings by presenting Himself before us; He rather withdraws from the world, and leaves us to the tremendous education of our own responsibility.

There are people who will shrink with horror from this idea, people who regard with alarm any insistence on the glory of reason, people who love to abase themselves, who feel that they are only safe when they rely solely upon God.

But in practice they live as I have said. They do not expect God to sow for them, they do not expect God to cure them when they are sick, they do not expect God to provide for their children. They invest their money carefully; they insure their lives, their houses, and their servants; they send for the doctor when they are ill; they consult the oculist when their eyes trouble them; they lock their doors and bolt their windows at night; they call the fire-brigade when their houses are ablaze; they are careful as to what they eat and drink; they wear warm clothing in winter; they are active in the political life of the nation, watching every move

of statesmanship with apprehension and criticism, and saddling every man with responsibility.

When the *Titanic* went down, public speakers, preachers, and writers of leading articles said that the disaster staggered the imagination of mankind; some of them declared, rather pompously, that humanity was face to face with one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence which bewilder faith. How pathetic and how childish and how ignorant!—in some cases, how hypocritical! If I put my hand in the fire and scorch it, will men drag God into the matter, will they fly up to heaven to express their feelings? If I ride a horse over a precipice or drive a motor-car into a stone wall, will they say that my death is one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence which bewilder faith? Is God to pluck my arm from the fire, to turn my horse from the precipice, to remove the wall from the path of my motor-car? Is it not manifest that by a denial of my reason, by the madness and folly of my own action, I have burned my arm or destroyed my life? And was there, in honest truth, any other reason for the sinking of the *Titanic*? If men drive a great ship at a furious speed in the neighbourhood of icebergs, is it God's fault, is it a decree of Providence, that they perish? All accidents, all calamities of this kind, are surely no more the work of Providence than the death of a man who drinks poison. It is to me quite as absurd to hold that God should have guided the *Titanic* from the iceberg that destroyed her, as that He should restore the health of a man whose tissues are saturated with alcohol. If God interfered in this manner, the sense of responsibility, which alone can guide humanity, would either be impaired or destroyed. We should not act; we should always be waiting for God to act. And this would mean a universal paralysis.

The Divine Balance

There is another matter to be considered in our answer to the question of the child, "If there is a God, a Father in Heaven, why does He not tell us so with certainty?"

He does not tell us so with dogmatic certainty because He does not mean to distract us from our duty of subduing

THE QUIVER

the earth and from our destiny in developing our souls. But, mark, if it is not demonstrably certain that God exists, it is not perfectly certain that He does not exist.

This is what we may call the Divine Balance. Man, poised between faith and doubt, develops his understanding and masters his lower nature. He dare not commit suicide either in impatience for heaven or in disgust of existence. He is sure neither of Paradise nor of non-existence. He is aware, dimly and uncertainly, of immortality. His conscience inclines him towards goodness. He knows that to sin is bad and dangerous. He apprehends the superiority of virtue. He is mindful of excellence. And as his reason grows, he perceives that life is definitely grand and august, that holiness is a spiritual condition greatly to be desired, that, for a soul so marvellously enabled to perceive the glory of an infinite universe, physical death can carry no doom of extinction. Enabled neither wholly to believe nor wholly to disbelieve, he develops his rational faculties and enlarges his understanding until at last he *knows* that the God of all grace has called him unto His eternal glory.

It is because for so many centuries organised religion discouraged the development of man's reasoning powers and encouraged only his primitive powers of credulity, that civilisation is troubled at this hour by multitudes of human creatures lower in the moral sphere than animals. When the reason of all men is regarded as the veritable organ of the soul, when all learning is consecrated to the divine work of bringing to this earth the kingdom of heaven, we shall have solved the problems which bewilder politicians and the difficulties which puzzle theologians.

Mankind's Need

It is a pressing duty to give mankind at this present juncture a religion to which they can yield their devotion and a faith in which they can believe as rational beings.

St. Augustine said, "Love God, and do what you please." If men can be brought to love God, we may safely leave the commandments of morality and the definitions of theology to take care of

themselves. But can we persuade men that this God Whose very existence is in shadow deserves our love—in other words, can we convince them that God is a good God, that He is indeed our Father in Heaven?

I can persuade my child that the balance of argument is in favour of God's existence. "While the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered," says Bacon, "it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." It is very easy indeed, I think, to convince a child, or any rational being who is as honest and unprejudiced as a child, that this marvellous and orderly creation is the utterance of a Creator. But is He a good and benevolent Creator?

Love, the Solution

The answer, while it appeals to the reason, goes to the heart. "In your own nature," one says to a child, "are you conscious that love is your highest expression? Do you think you are your best when you love people, when you are kind to people, when you seek to help people; or when you hate people? Where does that idea of love begin? How came it in your heart? Who created it? Do not trouble at present about the world, do not at present concern yourself to discover whether there is in nature more love than hate; remember that you yourself, in your invisible reality, in your unbroken solitude and loneliness, are part of creation. Ask yourself, then, whether love seems to you beautiful and fine; ask yourself whether in your own soul the balance of your inclination is towards love or hate. You yourself can decide."

Before Christianity is approached, as the supreme revelation of God's love towards men, we must persuade men to believe in the love and goodness of God. But we must admit the element of doubt, we must sympathise with their difficulties, we must avoid the spirit of dogmatic authority. There is reason to believe—by the witness of the world's noblest men and women and by the beauty and majesty of the visible universe—that God

A REASONABLE FAITH

exists; our conscience, whenever it is directly and honestly appealed to, assures us that love is the supreme excellence. Let a man dwell upon these two thoughts, and then, living the life which conscience alone approves, studying the extraordinary beauty and forethought of creation, accustoming himself to the idea that no misery or affliction comes to any man by the Will of God, he will feel his heart drawn towards reverence, worship, love. He will seek to know the Will of God. He will come to Christ.

This is a reasonable faith; this is the faith confirmed by human experience.

Atheism in Being

I think it is evident—nothing, indeed, seems to me more evident—that all the elements in this crisis to which humanity is now moving have their origin in practical atheism. Mankind, asked to believe in Christianity, does not yet believe in God. Civilisation, if you consider it well, is definitely attempting to handle human existence without reference to immortality. The result is a welter of social problems; the end may be anarchy. Nothing in life is intelligent without the religious explanation. Marriage laws are not only questionable, but positively indefensible without the religious sanction. Debate these marriage laws, or any of the laws which express the commandments of religion, as politicians debate a question of party politics, and they have no foundation in reason, they are merely conventions without any authority for a generation self-confident and self-assertive with the little learning of materialism. Problems and only problems confront the mind that ignores the existence of God. And problems and only problems can confront a nation that attempts to organise its existence without any relation to the Will and Purpose of God.

Because the peril is so charged with calamity, it behoves the Church to proclaim with one voice the existence of God. Sectarianism at this juncture is a sin of the greatest magnitude. A torn, a distracted, a quarrelling Church cannot interfere in this national crisis. It must be a veritable Church of England—a Church which represents and expresses the religious conscience of the whole

nation. And its main business is to proclaim the existence of God. It must recall to the mind of civilisation the central fact of all being—the actual existence of an actual God. Men have forgotten God. They are in a trance of materialism. They are under the spell of unnatural living, their minds are filled with the fumes of the narcotic of illusion, they cannot even imagine a God.

The Mission of Religion

To restore to humanity its natural attitude of humility, of reverence, of wonder, of worship, even of fear, this must be the first work of religion. And religion can only avoid failure if it proclaim a reasonable faith. To wake men out of their sleep, to drive illusion from their minds, religion must emerge from her theological shadows and give to mankind the everyday God of the workaday world. A reasonable faith will save humanity; an irrational faith will only urge men at a more furious and angry speed towards the precipice of materialism.

What, then, are the postulates of a reasonable faith? First, a God Who has created all things for a purpose, and Who has given reason to men that they may enlarge their understanding and grow in wisdom, power, and virtue. Second, the seriousness of life and the responsibility of the individual soul: the certainty of disaster here and hereafter for all such as consciously elect for evil. Third, the help, the blessing, the complete satisfaction, and the practical wisdom of Christ's teaching.

These are the three great postulates of a reasonable faith, and the first is the greatest and the most essential because the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. Until the creature humbles himself, bows himself before the majesty, might, power, and dominion of his Creator, there can be not even a beginning in wisdom, not even a glimpse of truth. Crisis confronts us, and calamity must overwhelm us, unless to the conscience of the human race is restored that solemn sense of responsibility which can only exist through faith in God. It is the task of religion to make the modern democracy of England as conscious of God as Mussulmans are conscious of Allah.

PRAIRIE FIRES

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

Robert Merrick has all things on his side, youth, health, an honourable name, but no money. He has won the love of Hilary Craven, a beautiful, warm-hearted, though inexperienced and impulsive, girl. But her mother, cold and ambitious, has other ideas for her, and determines not to let the match come off. Merrick goes to Canada to seek his fortune, and Mrs. Craven makes him promise that he will not write to Hilary for a year. Mrs. Craven schemes to attract the Squire's son, young Lydgate, to Hilary, during her lover's absence, but to her surprise finds that the Squire himself is a suitor for the young girl. However, she does her best to forward the Squire's suit, with the result that one Sunday afternoon he proposes to Hilary. Of course the girl has to reject him, explaining that she considers herself engaged to Merrick.

CHAPTER VIII

OUT WEST

ON that eventful Sunday afternoon, when, in England, the girl he loved was being harried and torn by so many hostile forces, Robin Merrick was sitting on the veranda of a green and white frame-house three thousand miles away trying to make a calculation.

It was a soft and lovely afternoon, the air as balmy as that of an English summer, the sun shining in a dappled and fleecy sky with a sort of chastened and remorseful radiance, the miracle of spring abounding everywhere.

It had been a winter of stupendous severity, which had penetrated and been felt even in regions beyond the Arctic zone. On these rolling prairies, sheltered by the rising foothills of the Rockies, there were patches of snow here and there, indicating that winter had but newly departed.

Hilary would hardly have recognised her trim, fastidious lover in the lean, hard, brown, weather-beaten person wearing the unconventional garb of the bachelor settler out West. This consisted of a pair of old battered tweed trousers tied under the knee with a small strap, a flannel shirt of nondescript hue, collarless and guiltless of a neck button, a slouch hat, greasy and much the worse for wear, pushed well back on his handsome head. He had a short black pipe in his mouth.

In England Robert Merrick had been particular about the cut of his clothes and his personal appearance generally, but out West a man gradually parts with a good deal of his fastidiousness. There is no help for it. For the greater part of the winter Merrick had been without domestic help of any kind, and he had had to put his hand to everything. Nothing came amiss to him, however. He had learned to cook fairly well, and he tried to keep the place in some semblance of decent comfort.

In some respects life in Canada had acutely disappointed him. He had been hampered, it is true, from the outset by having to act as sponsor—if not actually as warder—to his lazy, dissipated and most aggravating cousin, who, in spite of all Merrick's effort, was sinking to the lowest level.

Robin realised now that the venture, looked at from the standpoint of the Gregory family, had been a mistake. Perfectly aware that Merrick had the control of money, that they had, in a sense, equal rights to the place, Horace simply wasted and proceeded to enjoy himself in his own way.

The temptations for the man on the down grade to sink lower are increased by fifty per cent. in the Far West. He has thrown off the trammels, he is outside public opinion as he has known it in his own country and environment; the standard is lower altogether. The only chance for such

PRAIRIE FIRES

wastrels is to discover that, unless they work, they must starve.

That is the law of the new country—a law necessary for its preservation and progress. No man capable of a day's honest work need starve in Canada; but Horace was not minded either to starve or to work. Never was new settler more heavily hampered at the outset than Merrick, and it did not take him long to discover that the Gregorys had the best of the bargain, and that he was likely to pay dearly for the chance they had given him.

That would not in the least have dismayed him had he not thought incessantly of Hilary.

As he leaned back in his cheap deck-chair and looked over the veranda steps with dull eyes, he confessed that the prospect was not bright and that he had actually nothing to offer Hilary Craven that would satisfy her mother or even make it worth Hilary's while to come out. He could offer her nothing but himself and his faithful, honest heart, which ached intolerably over the downfall of his hopes. If not actually quenched, at least their fulfilment was indefinitely deferred.

He concluded his financial calculation, rose heavily, laid down his pipe, and went indoors. In the living-room, furnished in the odd, nondescript fashion characteristic of the settler's home out West, he stood still for a moment and glanced around, trying to picture the dainty English girl as its central figure.

It was a big, wide place, whitewashed, with two large windows, one of which opened on the veranda, and the other, situated in the gable of the house, looked towards the alkali lake, which, though it added a picturesque touch to the landscape, was certainly not an asset to the estate.

The floor was bare and sadly in need of scrubbing, and the kitchen table in the middle of the floor was covered with a piece of white baize not scrupulously clean. A few bentwood chairs, a sort of dresser-cupboard for crockery, and an American stove standing well out in the middle of the floor, with a pipe running up through the roof, thus serving to warm the room above in winter, furnished the *tout ensemble* of a typical Western kitchen. The lounge must not be forgotten—that is, a common wooden couch, covered in cheap tapestry, and very uncertain in the matter of springs, stood in a warm corner, and on it at full length

lay the joint proprietor of Brackens in deshabille, sound asleep.

A look of strong disgust overspread Merrick's face as he beheld the unlovely vision, and, though he had a letter to write, he felt that he could not do it in that sleeping presence, which struck a sinister note. For Horace was, in a sense, the fly in the ointment. So long as he was at Brackens, he would be a bar to progress or success.

Merrick gathered his writing materials from one of the cupboard shelves and carried them out to the veranda, whither he brought a chair to set them on. Then he essayed to write his first letter to his sweetheart, the untold bitterness at his heart putting a certain restraint on his pen.

He wanted her mightily. He had often in dreams, both by day and night, pictured her sweet presence making a home of the dreary little framehouse, but the vision had to be thrust away. He could not be had not the right to ask Hilary to come yet. They must wait at least another year, until things were more firmly established at Brackens, until he had something better to offer her as a home.

It was not an easy letter to write. Poor Robin's face wore rather a wrung expression as he tried to pour his heart out on paper to the girl he loved. He had been silent so long that it was as if the great deeps were stirred. His pen flew over the paper. Sheet by sheet was torn off the writing-block of thin foreign paper which, among other things, he had bought at a stationer's shop before leaving London.

And when it was all written, when the whole rather pathetic story was told, he feared so greatly to repent him of it that, without so much as glancing at it, he folded it up, put it in an envelope, and closed it down.

Then he rose with the air of a man who has accomplished a task he dreaded, and once more he went indoors.

Such a restlessness possessed him that he felt inclined to awaken Horace, just for the privilege of quarrelling or arguing with him. Anything to break the dreary silence! Instead, however, he proceeded to make a hasty toilet, dressed himself in one of his English tweed suits, shaved, and put on a linen shirt and collar, which restored his self-respect. In the garb he had been wont to wear he looked like himself, though the clothes did not fit so well!

THE QUIVER

as when they came home from the Bond Street tailor, and his lean, brown face, clean shaven, had an odd, tired, even a hunted look.

With another glance, half of contempt, half of pity, at Horace, he left the house and cut across the fields in a westerly direction, keeping in view a homestead which looked very near in the clear, uninterrupted light, but which was really two miles away.

Here abode his nearest neighbours, Scotch people, named Ingram, with whom Merrick had become very intimate in the last six months. They were not gentle people, but already Merrick had proved their worth. Alec Ingram was a farmer's son from the Carse of Gowrie, and he had married a daughter of the schoolmaster of his native village, a girl who had been trained as a teacher to earn her living and prepared by a wise and thrifty mother for all womanly duties, should she ever have a home of her own. They were ideal settlers for the new country, and they were as happy as the day was long. They had two little children, whom Merrick idolised and who idolised him, and he was on a footing of such intimacy in their house that he was free to enter it when and how he liked.

But for the precious friendship of the Ingrams he must often in these first months of strain and anxiety and disappointment have sunk into despair. The Ingrams had in the last year built a new house, in which there were many improvements.

Carrie was eminently a housewifely person, possessing the home making instinct in a great degree. She was a small, plump, active, bustling woman, very strong physically, and having a cheery, well-balanced mind. She simply adored her big, slack, six-foot husband, and thought everything he did was right.

Working hard, shoulder to shoulder, accepting everything as it came, and eminently adaptable to the new country, they had not a fault to find with it.

As Robin walked with his long, swinging tread across the last breadth of the field, he could see Mrs. Ingram standing at the veranda door watching him. She had a blue frock on and a large white apron, such as most Canadian housewives wear.

When she recognised him she waved her hand, and she was on the steps to meet him when he arrived. Her bonnie face

was all smiles, and her brown hair, blowing in the wind, and merry grey eyes all helped to make a very pleasant picture. There were a good many men in the neighbourhood of Brailsford township who frankly envied Alec Ingram.

"I thought it was you in the distance, Bob," she said, with the frank, easy familiarity of a friend and neighbour as she bade him good-afternoon. "I'm sorry Alec isn't in. He has taken the bairns into Brailsford to see old Mrs. Macpherson. I had a bit of a sore head, and thought a sleep would do me good. Now I've had it I'm ready for a cup of tea. They'll have theirs with Mrs. Macpherson."

Merrick was not very sorry for their absence; he was just in the mood to have a talk with a woman. Never had he felt more keenly the need of a woman friend.

"You seem down on your luck," she said kindly, when he did not speak. "Where's your cousin?"

Merrick made a gesture of strong disgust.

"I left him sleeping. Don't let us speak about him. He hasn't shaved for a week, and he's been drunk the best half of it. Let me help to get tea."

"All right."

They went together into the cheery living-room, which was bright with plants in bloom that she had managed to keep alive through the winter.

When he exclaimed at the beauty of her window-box, she nodded.

"They've done not so bad at all. But here's the biggest treasure of all—a wee scrap of heather my Aunt Christina sent me from Tombain—that's the hill behind our house in the Carse—and this morning Alec found a fresh shoot on it. If it really begins to grow, I'll believe that father and mother will come out this year in spite of everything."

"You're not home-sick, are you, Mrs. Ingram?" asked Bob rather anxiously, as he bent over the little brown branch in the pot to look for the microscopic shoot.

She shook her head, but turned rather quickly away towards the cupboard, where she busied herself for a moment with the cups and saucers.

"No; but when a body is not feeling very well, they begin to think of old times. You know where the knives and spoons are. Just get them out. So Horace is not behaving a bit better?"

"Worse. He's never out of Tim Scanlan's

PRAIRIE FIRES

bar in Brailsford. I'm feeling pretty sick of my life."

"Oh, don't," she said, nodding brightly at him. "You'll get over it. Bless you, I've had heaps of days like that, and so has Alec. My! It was awful when we came out first. The trouble about your cousin is that there isn't anybody to compel him to work, and I'm afraid you let him eat whether he works or not, so he isn't anything but a common or garden kind of remittance man, after all."

"You are right. If you could tell me how I am to mend matters, Mrs. Ingram, I'd be uncommonly grateful."

"There isn't any way except to chuck him out. Give him neither shelter, nor meat, nor money."

Merrick looked perplexed.

"Don't let's talk about Horace. I get enough of him. I want to tell you something, Mrs. Ingram, and to ask your advice."

"Yes; fire away," she said, with the odd freedom of speech which sometimes startled Merrick a little, but which, somehow, seemed part of herself and was never in the least offensive.

"I suppose you guessed that I left a girl behind me in England?" he said as they drew up their chairs to the table.

"I did guess. It isn't likely a big, fine chap like you wouldn't have somebody. Perhaps you left more than one?" she added coquettishly, for she did not like the extreme gravity of Merrick's face.

"No, no; only one. I'll tell you about her."

He began his tale, waxing eloquent regarding Hilary's charms. And Carrie Ingram, a very woman, listened with a breathless interest that was most flattering and encouraging to Merrick's starved heart and eager tongue.

"The year will be up on the thirteenth of next month, so to-day I wrote a long letter to her."

"And what did you say?" inquired Carrie breathlessly.

"Well, I said I didn't see how she could come out just yet. Do you think she could?"

Mrs. Ingram leaned her plump elbow on the table, dropped her chin on her hand, and surveyed him thoughtfully.

"I'm seeing her in my mind's eye, and yet I don't get her quite," she said critically. "Some of the things you tell me

make me think she would make a first-class settler's wife, and as they haven't been rich she would not miss so many things."

"If I could give her a place like this——"

"Well, you'll give her the raw material, and she'll make it," said Mrs. Ingram shrewdly. "That's where wives come in in Canada. Nobody expects the poor beggars who are batching to have any embroideries about their places."

Merrick smiled ruefully.

"But the material at Brackens is so very raw. Then there's Horace——"

"But I think that if your wife were at Brackens"—Merrick's ears tingled at the word—"it might be very excellent for Horace. He can be a gentleman sometimes yet. Did he know her in England?"

"He has only just seen her. You see, since we grew up, Horace was never very welcome at Hale End. My people are rather particular, and he did some things in London my father wouldn't overlook. He forbade him to come down until just before he left."

"Oh," said Carrie, pursing up her lips. "Well, on the whole, if I were you, Bob, I'd risk it. What have you told her in the letter—about your prospects, I mean?"

"There isn't much wrong with the prospects. Brackens is bound to pay sooner or later; and, since Alec has been backing me up, I seem to see light," said Merrick; "but if we were to wait another year, I could have the place ever so much more comfortable for her."

"That's true, of course; but, after what you have told me about her mother, aren't you afraid, Bob, that somebody else gets her?"

"I think she will wait; and, honestly, I haven't got the money to marry with this year. I would have to go to Quebec or Montreal to meet her, and I would like to do it properly."

"Yes, of course. I understand that. It's a difficult problem, Bob, isn't it? I wish I knew how to advise you. You deserve to have the very best. I often say that to Alec, and I do hope and pray that the right kind of wife will come to Brackens. It just makes all the difference in a country like this, where it is so easy to feel stranded."

"And that's the God's truth," said Merrick with such passion in his voice that Carrie rather regretted that she had spoken so plainly.

THE QUIVER

Truth to tell, she was by no means sure of the wisdom of Merrick's marrying Hilary Craven at all. It was rather difficult to picture her acting the part of a Canadian housewife, doing the hundred-and-one chores required of that versatile person in a day.

"She might pan out splendidly," she said cheerfully, however. "Just look at that Lady Florence Belfield over the other side of Truscott. Ever seen her, Bob?"

"Never; but I've heard Alec speak of her."

"It's perfectly marvellous, they say, what she can do. Alec was over there at a ploughing match, and fifteen of them sat down to dinner—every bit of it cooked by Lady Florence herself. And she's perfectly happy. Of course," she continued, reverting to Merrick's affairs, "I would do what I could for her in every way, Bob, if she came. I'd help her. And she could never feel so bad as I did or be quite so helpless, for when we came out our nearest neighbour was twelve miles away, and we couldn't afford a buggy."

"I know you'd be a friend to her, Mrs. Ingram," said Merrick gratefully. "It's the only gleam on the horizon."

"Right-o," said Carrie, nodding across the table at him. "Well, then, what's it going to be? Will you post that letter, or will you not? Heads or tails?"

She was trying to hearten him, because she was so truly sympathetic and so sorry for him that she felt she dared not let herself go.

She did not in the least minimise the discomforts and drawbacks of the prairie life, nor did she feel at all sure, after Merrick's description of his sweetheart, that she was the woman who could tackle them successfully.

She herself had shed many tears on the long, dreary days in the little shack, which still stood—shrine of many memories—at a little distance from the fine new house, but nobody had ever known of them except God. Had Alec Ingram ever found his wife in tears, he would have expected the heavens to fall. Alec knew of several wives who made their husbands' lives a burden to them with grumbings and wailings, who demanded all the attributes of the old civilisation from the new, and who were resentful because they could not get them. Scanlan's bar owed a large part of its prosperity to these wives, for whom Carrie

Ingram had pity not unmingled with contempt.

"I think I'll post it. I ought to. I haven't kept anything back. Then I must just wait and hear what they decide. I wish to goodness I'd never given that promise to her mother about not writing. If letters had been passing between us all the time, Hilary would have got to know things gradually. I don't think it was fair."

"No, it wasn't, and I shouldn't have agreed. You were soft there, Bob," answered Carrie without a moment's hesitation.

She did not understand the standard of honour under which Merrick had been reared, the too delicate sensibility, the pride that was his. They have their place, doubtless, in the scheme of things, but they complicate life.

Saddened by his gloomy face, she leaned across the table and gave his arm a little kindly pat.

"Perhaps she'll take the law into her own hands this time and come without asking anybody's leave. It's what I'd like her to do, what I hope she will do. What a welcome we'd give her! What's the good of a wife that waits till every bit of the road is made easy for her? To stand by her man's side and hearten him, and for the two of them together to watch the thing growing—that's life, Bob, the only life worth living out here. Where would Alec Ingram have been without me—tell me that?"

"God knows," answered Merrick fervently and promptly. "But there aren't many like you."

"Oh yes, there are. Canada's full of them," she answered bravely, refusing to remember all the women she had known who had gone under in the struggle. "The only thing that matters, Bob, is that she should get love enough. That's what keeps us at it—nothing else. Have you made it clear to her that you just can't do without her? Be a little majorful, like Barrie's 'Tommy.' Just order her to come out. I know from your face you've been far too meek. Go home and write a postscript, or do it here."

Merrick rose to his feet, laughing slightly.

"You're a witch, Mrs. Ingram. But I think I will add a bit."

And he did!



"Saddened by his gloomy face, she leaned across the table and gave his arm a little kindly pat."

Drawn by
Harold Gossing.

THE QUIVER

CHAPTER IX

NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY

MRS. CRAVEN, though anxiously observing the signs, could not make up her mind whether anything of a definite nature had passed between Hilary and Mr. Lydgate on that important Sunday afternoon at Clampsey Manor.

There was no diminution of the attentions from the Manor. Baskets of fruit and flowers still came to "The Folly," but the donor made no more visits.

Two weeks passed away, and, after endeavouring by every roundabout means to discover the truth, she simply put a straight question to her daughter.

"Hilary, neither Mr. Lydgate nor Francis have been here for over two weeks. I wonder what has happened to them?"

"Well, Francis has been most of the time at Cawthorpe, and Mr. Lydgate went to a conference at Berlin this week."

"Oh, I had forgotten that. I dare say he will be calling one of these days. I should like very much to see him and to hear from him how Tom is doing at Cawthorpe."

"Tom is enthusiastic enough," said Hilary dryly.

"Rightly so," said Mrs. Craven primly. "I am thankful that one of my children, at least, has the common sense to understand the real value of such a chance. Chances come to very few, Hilary, and, once offered, they don't come back."

Hilary made no reply, but went on busily with her sewing. She had done a great deal of late, chiefly in plain sewing, to augment the stock of her personal belongings. In her own mind she called it her trousseau, though her mother had neither countenanced it nor taken the smallest interest in the work. She had no objections to Hilary's industry with her needle—that was a small thing; the only thing that mattered was the use to which it was going to be put. Mrs. Craven was determined that none of that womanly work should go to grace a Canadian prairie home. But that was still the goal of Hilary's hopes.

"Hilary," she said suddenly, "I met Winnie Merrick at the Vicarage yesterday, and when I asked what news they had from Canada, she said, 'only middling.'"

"Oh," said Hilary, "have they had recent letters?"

"This week. It seems that Horace Gregory is sick of the life already, and is threatening to come home; and Mr. Gregory is naturally a little put out with his nephew."

"With Robin, you mean? But why?" asked Hilary steadily.

"Winnie admitted that he doesn't think Robin has carried out his part of the bargain. He hasn't been able to keep poor Horace's nose to the grindstone, and there has been trouble of some kind—trouble about money. Winnie said her Uncle Gregory has been down at Hale End, and is talking about going out to Canada himself to see the actual state of affairs."

"Oh," repeated Hilary shortly, "how ever did you get all that out of Winnie, mother?"

"Don't be vulgar, Hilary," said Mrs. Craven loftily. "I don't try to get things out of people. I am simply interested and sympathetic, and then people tell me things. It's a gift worth cultivating, I can tell you. It has helped me over a good many rough places in the road. If it had not been for my tact, though you despise it, we would have been even less comfortable than we are."

Hilary, well accustomed to these self-laudatory speeches, took no notice. She was thinking of the indiscretion Winnie Merrick had been guilty of in telling such intimate matters to her mother. At the same time her anxiety was distinctly deepened, for if all this had actually happened—and there seemed no reason to doubt it—why, then, things were not going well with her lover at the other side of the world.

"The year is more than up, Hilary," said Mrs. Craven boldly, "and as Robert has not written me, we may infer that he has nothing of a satisfactory nature to communicate. I ought to have had a letter this week. It was our agreement."

At the moment the garden gate clicked, and the evening postman came up the path. He was an innovation in Clampsey, brought about by the influence and exertion of the new Squire, and was much appreciated by the few to whom letters marked the importance or otherwise of their daily lives.

Bowly brought three letters on a salver to her mistress, not having taken the trouble to look at the addresses. The first one Mrs. Craven handled was addressed to Hilary, and bore the Canadian stamp.

"This appears to be from Bob Merrick,

PRAIRIE FIRES

Hilary. But I don't know that I am justified in giving it to you. He ought to have written to me. He has not kept to his bargain."

Hilary sprang forward, and with flushed face and eager eyes, signs which her mother noted with fresh disapproval, secured her letter and walked out of the room. It was not possible for her to read it under her mother's critical and hostile gaze, but when she reached her own room she sat down for a few moments by the window, almost afraid to open it. So much depended on it—so very, very much.

At last she summoned her courage, very carefully slit the envelope with a pair of small scissors, and opened out the big thin sheets. When she saw the length and the opening sentence of the letter a little thrill of joy possessed her. For Merrick had not addressed himself as to a task in writing to her; it had been a joy. He still loved her with all his heart and soul. It was impossible to read it without knowing and feeling that precious certainty.

Thus did Robert Merrick pour out his anxious, throbbing heart to the girl he loved:

"Brackens, near Brailsford, Alberta,

"April 3rd.

"MY DARLING,—I hope I still have the right to call you that, though it seems as if centuries had passed and oceans rolled between since that day we parted in England a year ago. Sometimes I ask myself whether I'm a different man, there has been so much crowded into that little year. I wonder, too, whether it has left you unchanged?

"Nobody will ever know, except myself, how hard it has been to keep my promise to your mother, and the long silence makes this a difficult letter to write. Almost it seems impossible to bridge the distance. I can only hope they have told you something at Hale End, so that you can fill up any gaps for yourself.

"Before I say a word about myself, or about you, darling, or about our love for each other, it is my duty to try to give you an idea of things here. And to do that I must begin at the beginning.

"We had a beastly voyage. No doubt some of them told you that I was ill most of the time, and not able to give an eye to Horace, who distinguished himself in

the smoking-room by making a lot of card debts. He had several rows. Though he was out of health when we started, he was as fit as a fiddle all the way across the Atlantic.

"We got here, to this place, seven days after we landed. It is rather a ghastly journey across the prairies, and we took it in instalments. Horace flatly refused to stop more than twenty-four hours on the train at a stretch. I found him a lot more cantankerous on the journey than I expected. When we left England he was meek enough.

"I'm not going to attempt to describe Canada to you, dearest. Any man or woman who attempts that after a hurried rush across it is a fool. It's tremendous—that is the word that really describes it. Only its size, and possibilities, and difficulties have the effect of making a poor mortal feel a kind of worm. He is inclined to think he is so small that he'll be swallowed up in immensity.

"The ranch seemed to me at first a God-forsaken spot.

"Brackens himself stopped to receive us, and we just took the place over from him, and he remained a week to show us the ropes. He wasn't half a bad chap, and straight, I think.

"The place was as he represented it to be, I suppose; only, English and Western standards differ, that is all. Can you imagine seas and oceans of rolling grass-land, with a low range of hills in the far distance towards the horizon, the foothills of the Rockies, a green and white framehouse and a barn, and a few odd sheds and things plunked down on a little knoll in front of a handful of trees, which look like an oasis in the desert? That's Brackens.

"There's a big lake close by, which filled me with joy when I beheld it until I discovered that it was alkali. That's the odd thing about this country—it's full of unexpected things, and the settler has got to reckon with every one.

"The house is not half bad inside, but wants a lot doing to it. The furniture was of a primitive order, and Brackens had batched in it at first, which means—unless a chap is half a woman—that he has no comfort under heaven. Latterly an old Chinaman from Vancouver had looked after him; but Lo Sin—which was his charming name—hooked it after Brackens,

THE QUIVER

to whom he was devoted. So we haven't had anybody since the first month we came here.

"Plenty of work awaited us. Brackens told us what we had to do first on the land. Beholding in us such greenhorns, he very considerably got a hired man for us who knew how to handle a plough, and he taught me. Horace gave up after half a day—said it was too hard work. Then I bound him down to do the house chores and to cook the food, which he did by fits and starts. Mostly Tim Devlin and I had to lay to at the cooking after we got in at night.

"Through course of time and after much travail of soul we got the seed in, and then we had an easier time, waiting for it to come up. I started to clean up about the place, and I liked the work and took a sort of pride in it, which you would perhaps find it hard to understand if you saw the place.

"Devlin left us in June, promising to come back for the harvest after he had had a look farther West. He was a good lad, and, unlike most of the Irish, he had saved a bit of money. But he never came back, and we had to get help for the harvest off the train that came West, laden with all sorts and conditions seeking harvest work.

"You never saw anything more wonderful than the miracle of spring out here. If I were a writing chap, I should give you reams of description, but I must content myself with saying that you can simply see things grow. From the moment the Chinook wind—that's the herald of spring—begins to blow, simply the whole earth wakens and begins to hurry up to show what it can do.

"We had the promise of a glorious harvest, and it went all right till the drought began to worry us. Then a thing called rust appeared on the wheat, and it damaged it to such an extent that we got a very low price. In plain words, the harvest was a failure this year, which was hard on us. So we've been a bit hard-up, and will be until another harvest puts us right. They tell me one good thing about this country is that you never get two bad seasons running. So you have a chance to recuperate.

"And now, my own precious girl, having tried to give you just a brief idea of the situation, I come to the thing of most

importance—the only thing that matters—our future, yours and mine.

"I came out here with a hope high enough to reach the skies. I won't say it has completely toppled over, but the reality has—well, taught me a good deal I didn't know before. I was very angry with your mother that day at 'The Folly' when I thought her so hard on us, but I am obliged to admit that, in some respects, she was wiser than I, and that she knew what she was talking about.

"Sometimes, when I am struck poignantly with the sordidness of our life here at Brackens, I feel that this is no place for you, that it never will be any place for you, with your dainty ways and your beauty. And then again, when I see other women—I've got some good friends here, Hilary, and I'm hoping you'll meet them one day—I feel that you might come and make it a success. Everything depends on what you think.

"I feel I have hardly the right to bias you, for it is a life of stress and hard work, and I can't offer you as yet any of the things which are yours by right. I've little more than when I left you, Hilary; I have only my love, and I can't write about that. Distance and separation have deepened and strengthened it, and it simply has possession of my whole being. I shall never care for any other woman, and if life parts us—why, then, I'll go unmarried to my grave. But when I think of that blessed day on Clampsey Downs, when you told me with your own dear lips that I had won you, I feel that God will never be so cruel as to take you from me. But I'm afraid it means waiting, Hilary, a year, or perhaps two years, for I haven't the right to bring you to this. Even with the best will in the world we can't get service, and all the single men on the land out here are doing for themselves. It's a rough life, which makes men of some, and brutes of others.

"Horace is not a success. I don't want to write about it. I feel so sick of the whole business. Uncle Gregory is angry, and thinks I haven't done my duty, but he forgets that Horace isn't a kid. And then, he has money. That's the curse of the wasters out here the little money which keeps them from work. It's a problem, I can tell you.

"Now, darling, will you write to me one little dear line, just telling me you

PRAIRIE FIRES

haven't forgotten? At your leisure, when you've reviewed the situation, you must tell me your whole heart and mind about it. I ought to say that I don't hold you bound; but, Hilary, I can't—I can't—I want you too badly.

"After I hear from you I'll write to your mother. Perhaps that wasn't exactly the bond, but it's near enough. And, anyway, we are not children, but man and woman of full age to judge for ourselves.

"I have glossed over nothing, and kept nothing back. There are other women here, some of them refined, like you—some of them even with handles to their names—doing a servant's work, and seemingly finding the world well lost for love. If you could think like them—well, there would be one more happy man in Canada, darling, the very happiest of them all.

"I'm sending off this letter in fear and trembling, writing it on a Sunday afternoon, twelve miles from a service. So you see what you would be cut off from.

"For heaven's sake send me a line soon, Hilary. You don't know the hunger and thirst that is on me to hear from you. I treasure up all the scraps Winnie tells me about you. If it's true what they're saying—that it's a neck-and-neck race between Clumpsey Manor and the Canadian shack then the shack, I'm afraid, will have to go to the wall. But I'm now and for all time, whatever happens,—
Your devoted lover,
"ROMX."

Many expressions chased across the girl's flushed face as her eager eyes perused these living words, and as she was about to turn to the beginning again she saw that some-



"Laying her lips to the precious postscript, she held it there a long time"—p. 388.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

thing had fallen to the floor—another scrap of paper with some words written on it. She picked it up hastily, hungering for more, for, though it had been a manly letter, full of assurance for her who could read between the lines, she could have wished it more lover-like.

But the postscript satisfied her:

"MY PRECIOUS GIRL,—I have read this over, and it doesn't say half I mean. If

THE QUIVER

you don't gather from it that I want you—heavens! I want you as the parched earth needs the rain from heaven—I'm telling you now! Throw everything to the winds and come, Hilary. Come and help build the home I'm trying to make for you. Its foundation never will be well and truly laid until you come. There are women here who have done it, and who are waiting to welcome you. And there's me—me, Robin Merrick, who worships you and the ground you tread on, and can't get along without you. It's a great country, a glorious country full of youth and hope. It's only love it needs. Come to Brackens, and it will blossom like the rose.—ROBIN."

Her eyes filled with tears. She let the other closely written sheets flutter to the floor, and, laying her lips to the precious postscript, held it there a long time. Perhaps love was powerful enough to bridge the dividing seas, and waft that kiss to the man who was so hungry for it.

After a time she read the whole letter through once more, weighing each sentence in her heart in infinite content. Not one of the rather dreary and discouraging items had the power to depress her now. She knew Robin cared and had never forgotten her. For the moment nothing else mattered. Almost she was as happy as she had been that day in the little wood on Clampsey Downs, when Robin had first told her of his love, and they had plighted their troth. The sweet, soft April dusk was deepening into darkness when the tinkling gong in the lower hall summoned her to supper. She laid the letter in her jewel-box. Then, as if loath to part with it all, she took out the postscript, and slipped it inside her blouse. Then she went down with such a sweet and sunshiny look on her face that her mother, sharply anxious, felt a sudden fresh foreboding at her heart. If, after all these months, Robert Merrick had the power to call forth that look by his written words, then there was still part of the campaign to be waged.

"I thought you were never coming down, my dear," she said, as she took the cover from the little dish of grilled fish which comprised their frugal supper. "Well, have you good news?"

"Yes, mother; I think so."

"Has he any message for me?"

"No, not any."

"Does he not even say he is writing?"

"No, mother."

"Then you will have to tell me what he does say for himself."

"Give me a little time, mother. It is rather a long letter, and there is a great deal in it. I haven't had time quite to digest it myself."

"Has he a satisfactory report of things out there?"

"Only middling," answered Hilary truthfully.

She was in such an uplifted frame of mind, so frankly, genuinely happy that for the moment nothing could dim her contentment. Robin had not forgotten, Robin still cared, nothing else mattered.

But Mrs. Craven's shrill, rather shrewish voice harped on the one continuous note.

"And is he making his fortune?" she asked dryly.

"Oh, no; he is a long way off that. I will read you bits of the letter by and by, mother, when we go back to the drawing-room. Horace is giving him a good deal of trouble."

"That was to be expected. We don't get rid of our undesirables altogether when we ship them to Canada. I ventured to tell the General that one day when I met him, and he quite agreed. Well, what else?"

"They had a bad harvest, and didn't make anything off the farm."

"Doesn't sound encouraging, since that may very easily be repeated. Well, what next?"

"They haven't anybody to help them in the house. Horace does the cooking. Can you fancy Horace Gregory cooking food that anybody could eat?" she asked, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"No, I can't. Well, after all these details, it is to be hoped that Bob Merrick has not had the temerity to ask you to go out and share his lot."

"Oh, but he has," answered Hilary quietly, "and I should like to go to-morrow."

Mrs. Craven pursed her lips.

"Is he actually asking you to go when the conditions are such as you tell me?"

"Yes. He asks me, and I think I will go," answered Hilary, meeting her mother's eyes quite unflinchingly.

"I will never give my consent, Hilary. Indeed, nobody could expect it."

Hilary made no answer.

"Besides," continued her mother, "Robert has not treated me with proper respect."

PRAIRIE FIRES

Until he sends me a full and unvarnished statement of his affairs and prospects, I'm afraid I must refuse even to discuss the subject with you."

"Yes, mother."

Hilary's tone was exasperatingly absent.

"You simply don't know what you are talking of, Hilary, and what you purpose facing," she went on. "If Robert Merrick had time to write only one letter, it ought to have been either addressed to me or fit for me to peruse."

"It is quite fit for you to peruse, mother," said Hilary quietly. "In a few minutes' time I'll bring it down to you. I don't mind if you read it. There is nothing in it either Robin or I would wish to hide from you or from anybody."

Mrs. Craven was plainly a little nonplussed by this ready acquiescence on Hilary's part. They got through the rest of their meal in silence, and Mrs. Craven saw that Hilary's thoughts were far away.

After they had retired to the little drawing-room, and Bowlby had brought in the coffee-tray, Hilary slipped upstairs, brought down the letter, and laid it on the little work-table by her mother's side.

Then she left her to digest its contents in peace.

CHAPTER X

THE CONFLICT

"ARE you there, Hilary?"

Hilary, who had left the door of her own room a little ajar, immediately ran out.

"Are you sitting up there in the dark? It is ridiculous," her mother's voice said.

"Come down. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, mother; coming."

Hilary only waited to bestow one more kiss on the precious postscript which had finally decided her future, and then came running down the stairs. There was such a blithe look on her face when she entered into the soft light of the drawing-room that her mother looked the surprise she felt.

"You seem uncommonly well pleased with yourself. Come and sit down here, and let us talk over this letter. I want to do it in a kind, just, and right spirit. Do you believe that, Hilary?"

"Oh, yes, mother!"

"And you must believe, too, that I have nothing but your very best interests at

heart. Indeed, how could I have any other? I have only Tom and you to live for now."

"Yes, mother."

The crinkled sheets lay smoothly evened out on the little table, with the soft glow from the yellow lamp-shade lying athwart the written words.

"In some respects I am pleased with this letter, dear, and I will do Robert the justice to admit that he has been very honest."

Hilary said nothing.

"You see, he glosses nothing over. In fact, if anything, he has taken pains to point out the dark side of things. There is only one inference to be drawn from that, of course."

"What inference do you draw, mother?"

"Why, that it would be a relief to him if you were to release him from his promise."

Hilary laughed suddenly—a sweet low laugh that was full of music.

"I don't see anything to laugh at. Pray, what conclusion did you come to after you had read that letter?"

"That the poor boy is badly in need of somebody to make a home for him."

"That, of course, is obvious, and is nothing but what he had to expect. But, Hilary, you don't mean to say that in face of that luke-warm epistle and in spite of all the unheard-of and practically insurmountable obstacles he puts in the way, you'll still hold him to his word."

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Craven's temper, though well under control, was rather passionate, and Hilary's tone of quiet assurance exasperated her.

"It's not decent or womanly. Why, the man doesn't even want you, Hilary."

"Oh, yes; I think he does. We understand each other, mother, and it is my destiny to marry him. Why should we talk any more about it?"

Mrs. Craven was speechless. She had now actually come up against a wall of obstinacy in her daughter which, though she had sometimes suspected its existence, had not heretofore asserted itself. And, frankly, she did not know how to deal with it.

"And if I refuse, as I most certainly shall do, to allow you to take such a foolish, wicked, and disastrous step, would you still persist?"

"Yes, mother; I'm afraid I should."

There was a moment's strained silence.

THE QUIVER

"I can not only forbid you; I can refuse to give you passage-money. You could not go out to Alberta under fifty pounds."

"You will not do that, mother," said Hilary, in a low voice.

"I am very much afraid that I shall."

"In that case I must try to get the money somewhere else," said Hilary simply.

Mrs. Craven, her pretty face grave and pleading, suddenly bent forward and fixed her eyes keenly on her daughter's face.

"Think what you are doing, Hilary. Throwing everything away—your youth, your prospects, your looks, probably your happiness."

"Oh, no; it is my happiness that I am going to find," said Hilary, in a tone which vibrated with the passion of her soul.

"But the man doesn't even want you," she reiterated. "I should like to submit this letter to a committee of experts."

Hilary burst out laughing.

"Robin and I understand one another, mother. Don't let us talk any more about it. And, above all, don't be angry. What's the good? We've only one life. Everybody has a right to some choice as to how it shall be lived."

"But youth is foolish, headstrong, without sense," cried the woman of the world, still earnestly, for she fully believed in the justice of her claim to be heard. "When I think of all you are letting pass by you—why, I am sure you might be mistress of Clampsey and have a millionaire at your feet. Mr. Lydgate himself would marry you if you would give him the slightest encouragement. He is a splendid man. There is no limit to his ambition. He is the sort of man who will enter Parliament, serve his party, and be rewarded with a peerage. Has nothing ever whispered to you that all this is yours for the taking?"

On the spur of the moment Hilary answered: "Oh, yes; Mr. Lydgate himself has offered it all to me."

"Offered it to you! You don't mean to tell me, Hilary Craven, that Mr. Lydgate actually proposed to you and that you refused him?"

"Yes. It happened that Sunday we were at Clampsey. I'm very sorry if you are disappointed, but even if there had been no Robin in the case, I wouldn't marry Mr. Lydgate—not if he were the last man in the world."

Mrs. Craven, now in a towering passion,

was about to pour forth the vials of her wrath when Hilary rose rather wearily.

"I would rather not talk any more about it to-night, mother, if you please. Neither of us is in a fit state to discuss anything impartially. And all the talking in the world won't do any good, or alter our opinion. It's a thing on which we can never hope to agree, I'm afraid; but don't—oh, don't let us quarrel about it! That would be hateful, and there isn't anything in life worth it."

Mrs. Craven, now ominously quiet, folded the letter and handed it over.

"There's your precious letter. I shall write to Robert Merrick, and tell him what I think of it and of him. As for you, Hilary, if you will persist in going out to this man, who obviously does not want you, or who, at least, will not be ready for you for years to come, I positively wash my hands of you. I will not make the smallest attempt to provide your passage-money, or to get you ready for your marriage."

Hilary, now in tears, rushed out of the room.

She felt so unutterably wretched that she longed for the wings of a dove so that she might fly away and be at rest. The night and the silence seemed to beckon her, and, taking down her covert coat from its peg in the passage, she went out by the garden door. Immediately the soft night air kissed her cheek she was conscious of relief, and when she raised her eyes to the sky, where the stars of promise shone, she was comforted by the thought that the same sky beamed beneficently upon her lover so far away.

Of late Hilary Craven had been obliged, through stress of her own experience, to ponder much on life. Often she was saddened by its injustice, its inequality, its ineffable and insolvable mystery. She beheld the good suffer, and the wicked flourish like the green bay tree; and often the heavens seemed adamant.

The form of religion had not been absent from the home in which she had lived all her life, but its spirit had never exercised that beneficent sway which brings order out of chaos, and which guides and directs humanity in the way of righteousness and peace.

Hilary sought a long time at the gate which entered upon the meadows, across which the path led to Side Peveral Station.

PRAIRIE FIRES



" 'There, it's just like life! Wait long enough and study the moves, and everything clears up as it by magic.' "

*Drawn by
Harold Copping.*

Looking down the village street, she saw the twinkling lights, and, as she stood, nine o'clock rang out clear and loud from Clampsey Church steeple. Suddenly she bethought herself of Miss Adeane. She knew that she did not go to bed early, and the need to tell someone, to get a little bit of human sympathy for her own side of the case, as well as some impartial advice, was so strong upon her that she presently found herself speeding by the well-beaten path in the field to the back of Miss Adeane's cottage.

Arrived there, she found the back gate locked, but without a moment's hesitation she climbed over it and made her way through the garden to the front, where she knocked lightly at the door. Miss Adeane's Keturah looked rather astonished at beholding Miss Craven standing in the porch without a hat on.

"Miss Adeane hasn't gone up to bed, has she, Keturah? I just want to speak to her for a moment. Ask her whether she'll see me."

"I'm sure she will, miss," answered Keturah, with whom both the Cravens were favourites, though she did not like their mother. "She's sittin' in the dinin'-room to-night, the drawin'-room carpet bein' up for the spring clean."

Hilary nodded, stepped across the passage, and knocked lightly at the door. When she opened it, she beheld Miss Adeane sitting at the table, playing a very good and engrossing game of patience.

At sight of Hilary she smiled and held up a warning finger, without the slightest hint of surprise.

"Just a moment, my dear. It's on the point of coming out. I've been at it off and on for a week. Glad to see you. Just make yourself at home."

Hilary drew in her chair to the side of the table, and in dead silence watched the progress of the game.

Finally, Miss Adeane achieved her purpose and pushed back her chair, clapping her hands.

"There! It's just like life! Wait long

THE QUIVER

enough and study the moves, and everything clears up as if by magic and in a moment of time. Well, my dear, how are things?"

"Bad—worse than any game of patience you've ever tried, Miss Adeane. I just simply had to come."

"Oh, shall we have a cup of tea or coffee? I incline to tea, and I didn't enjoy my dinner to-night. Ring the bell, and it *shall* be tea," said Miss Adeane cheerfully. "I am glad to see you. Well, and so the game's getting on your nerves. What is the latest news?"

She kept up her playful banter of a set purpose, for she saw that the girl was not herself. The red was burning in her cheek, her eyes were restless, her hands moved nervously to and fro.

"Tea, Keturah, and some anchovy sandwiches," she said, when the door opened. "Keturah's anchovy is a thing to be proud of, Hilary, and I'm sure you haven't sampled it. Anything fresh happened? My favourite, Tom, is well?"

"He's very well, and going strong," answered Hilary, with a fleeting smile. "I've had a letter from Robin, Miss Adeane."

"Oh, you have, have you? Well, and what does Robin say?"

"Robin says a great deal. He has told me practically everything about his life out there. I wish I had brought the letter, but I'll bring it to-morrow."

"But isn't it a love-letter, my dear?" asked Miss Adeane, with a little smile.

"It is, and it isn't. Anyway, I'm sure Robin wouldn't mind your seeing it."

"Well, and what is the outcome of it? I hear things at Hale End, but the last time the General talked to me about Robin I thought he seemed depressed. He has had some bad luck, hasn't he?"

"Heaps of it," answered Hilary quickly, and she forthwith proceeded to furnish Miss Adeane's sympathetic ears with the facts.

The old lady listened with the most intense interest, and she had not spoken a word when the tea-tray was brought in.

"The trouble is, I don't know what to do now, Miss Adeane, and I thought that perhaps you could tell me, or at least help me. I want to do the right thing."

"I'm sure of it," said Miss Adeane slowly. "Drink your tea, and let me think just for a moment. You have told your mother all this?"

"I gave her the letter to read."

"Oh, you did. Well, what happened?"

"Oh, she was most frightfully upset. First of all, she says Robin has broken faith, for he ought to have written to her first. Then she says that he isn't ready for me, and that he doesn't want me," said Hilary, with a little choking in her throat.

"We may leave that out of the count, my dear. Robin talked very freely to me before he went away, and it is a true love you have won, my dear, from one of the best of men. See that you treasure it."

"Oh, that's just what I feel!" cried Hilary, in a great burst of love and longing. "I feel to-night as if I could simply fly to him and help him to make a home out there."

Miss Adeane nodded.

"I'm sure you do. Treasure it. There is so little of the real sort in this world, my dear, that when a woman comes across it she should shut it up in her heart as if it were the most precious thing in the world, which indeed it is. But, as it happens, this very precious ointment is sometimes poured out at the feet of those who don't understand it and can't appreciate it, of those who, in fact, have nothing worthy to give in exchange."

As she spoke these words her keen eyes dwelt rather mercilessly on the girl's eager, changing face.

Miss Adeane was not sure of any Craven, though she liked Hilary, and hoped that she was going to turn out well.

"And your mother won't hear of your going out?"

"She absolutely forbids it. She said she would not help me with the passage-money, or give me anything. What am I to do? What is the right thing to do, Miss Adeane?"

Miss Adeane sighed, and looked perplexed.

"That is a problem, my dear. About the passage-money there would not be much difficulty, because I would just as lief give it to you as to Tom. But to go without your mother's consent to fly absolutely in the face of it well, my dear, I don't know."

"If there was the remotest chance of her ever changing I wouldn't mind waiting. But she doesn't want me to marry Robin. She never has wanted me to. She said horrid things to him when he came to ask her before he went away."

PRAIRIE FIRES

"What is her objection? It can only be that he is poor. In every other respect he is impeccable," said Miss Adeane hotly.

"It is his poverty, of course. Could you advise me, dear Miss Adeane, about Canada?" said Hilary, leaning her elbows on the table and looking across with wistful eyes into the old lady's shrewd, handsome face.

"I could. But then, you see, I'm not a disinterested party, Hilary. I'm on Robin's side."

"But that's just what I want," cried the girl feverishly. "I want somebody to look at the situation through Robin's eyes and mine."

"Well, then, everything depends on what you think of the life out there as pictured by Robin, and whether you are prepared to rough it with him."

"Yes, I am. There is nothing I wouldn't face just to be beside him."

Miss Adeane's eyes grew very kindly. She saw that the girl spoke from the depths of her heart, and, had she obeyed the instincts of her own, she would there and then have advised her unreservedly to go in spite of all the opposition in the world. But she had seen a good deal of life, and she was fully aware of all the conflicting forces in such a case. She liked Hilary Craven, but then she loved Robin Merrick, and her chief concern was that nothing should happen to spoil his career.

"I've seen a good many of Robin's letters to his mother, Hilary, and it is a rough life. How do you think you will like being entirely without domestic help of any kind and having to cook, bake, and wash for your household?"

"It would only be for Robin, and I should love it."

"There would occasionally be others. He will have to stick to his cousin, I fancy, and there is help needed on the farm now and then. In one of his letters in the late autumn Robin spoke of having to cook for seven or eight men in the thrashing time. You have to face all that, Hilary. They are not pleasant facts, but they are facts, and will have to be dealt with in your scheme of things."

"That's just how mother talks," said Hilary bitterly. "I want someone to help and encourage me."

Miss Adeane smiled faintly.

"I'm thinking of the future, and of all the tests your love is going to endure. It is

so altogether different from England, but if you feel that you're ready to face all these tests and come out triumphant—why, then, God bless you, my dear. Your happiness will be sure."

"But there's mother. Can I go against all her wishes, Miss Adeane? Unless something happens to alter her completely, she will never give her consent. It will simply mean getting my few things ready as best I can, and leaving her without her consent. It is very hard."

"If I were in your shoes, Hilary, I should wait just a little while longer. This is the best time for settlers to go out to Canada, but, so far as I can judge from Robin's letters, it is the very busiest time of the year for him. I should wait until the autumn—after his harvest is over. Then he would have time to get ready for you, and could come to the boat and meet you. You could be married at Montreal, and go on together to Brackens."

Hilary's face became smooth again as this definite programme was unrolled before her.

"I should just wait quietly for a few days," continued Miss Adeane, "and don't discuss the matter any more than is absolutely necessary. Believe me, there is far too much talk in the world. Talking just complicates life. Silence is the best healer as well as the most wonderful arranger of destiny that we have. Therefore, be silent."

"You think that is queer advice from a woman who likes the sound of her own voice? But there is no harm in tattle about little things. It undoubtedly is the big things of life that want silence and meditation. Be quiet, my dear, and try to do your duty each day, and the way will open up."

Hilary, comforted, leaned over the table suddenly and, with a little gesture of grace and humility, kissed the slender white hand lying on the table.

"Thank you very much," she said softly. "That is just what I will do. I'll wait till the autumn. The time will soon pass, now that I've heard from Robin and know that he has not changed."

"The Merricks don't change; they are true to their motto of fealty, Hilary," said Miss Adeane, as if a little wounded.

Long before the autumn, however, events had rapidly developed in Hilary's life, and the momentous step was taken which was to make or mar her life.

[END OF CHAPTER TEN]

DARE TO BE YOURSELF

The Factor in Personality which Decides Success or Failure

By KEITH J. THOMAS

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul."

W. E. HENLEY.

LIFE is not to be treated casually. If ever there was a saying more often misquoted than another it surely is, "Take no thought for the morrow." It means, "Do not meet trouble half-way, like the people who can never be happy because they fear that something unpleasant must happen to counterbalance it." It would be better if we altered the quotation to indicate the spirit of its context: "Take no thought for the evils and cares of to-morrow." They may never come, and if they do you can see to it that you are strong enough to support them.

While you are not to think about the bad things which may, or may not, happen to you, you must keep ever in your mind the ideal of what you wish to become. Let nothing turn you from your purpose of seeking perfection in all your undertakings, and in all your talents. Take yourself in hand, and rule yourself, so that you may become strong.

Rely upon Yourself

Most people fail because they do not learn to rely upon themselves. They take their thoughts from cheap newspapers and from their friends. You remember the story of the invalid who consulted specialist after specialist until he found one whose advice tallied exactly with his own desires. Many people are like that. They are timid or self-indulgent, and they blind their reasons by getting their friends to agree that what they want to do is the best thing for them to do. It does not matter what people say, the right thing for you to do is the thing you decide you ought to do, and, being the right thing, the fact that a score of people argue differently will not make it wrong.

You cannot have a strong individuality

which will impress itself upon those you meet, unless you have mental power and independence of thought which will give you confidence in your own decisions. Sometimes you will make big mistakes, but you cannot do great things unless you are willing to run that risk. Sometimes mistakes are turned to advantage, and in any case, though they may submerge you for a moment in the sea of disaster, your mental force will soon send you shooting upwards again like a cork. Nothing can keep down the man who trusts himself, and turns his mental energy into physical activity.

Think for Yourself

The strongest people are those who think for themselves in all things. Some people can decide small things, but they shy like a timid horse at anything large. Fear and trouble are nothing but bogies and bullies. They disappear at the first determined opposition. Have you not noticed time and time again that the tasks you dreaded were very simple after all when the hour came that you had to tackle them?

If you want encouragement to be strong in everything, you can do no better than take the following lines from "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" for your creed in life. Learn them by heart, and repeat them to yourself whenever you feel in danger of letting your independence of thought and will slip away from you.

"I dare not be a coward with my lips
Who dare to question all things in my soul;
Some men may find their wisdom on their
knees,
Some prone and grovelling in the dust like
slaves;
Let the meek glow-worm glisten in the dew;
I ask to lift my taper to the sky
As they who hold their lamps above their
heads,
Trusting the larger currents up aloft,
Rather than crossing eddies round their
breast,
Threatening with every puff the flickering
blaze.

DARE TO BE YOURSELF

"Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who dares

Look up to Thee, the Father—dares to ask
More than Thy wisdom answers. From Thy hand

The worlds were cast; yet every leaflet claims
From that same hand its little shining sphere
Of star-lit dew; thine image, the great sun,
Girt with his mantle of tempestuous flame,
Glares in mid-heaven; but to his noon-tide blaze

The slender violet lifts his lidless eye,
And from his splendour steals its fairest hue,
Its sweetest perfume from his scorching fire."

All your culture and all your mental training must have for its aim this intellectual independence which will make you responsible to your own conscience alone. You are entitled to think all things and to question all things. There is no evil in honest doubt, though a placid acceptance of the thoughts of others is inexcusable in the average man with average intellect. So long as you "play the game" in life, as regards both yourself and others, you will have no fear when the time comes for the great final balancing of your account.

Choose High Ideals

No man can do great work without a high ideal. Inspire yourself with a laudable ambition, and bend all your energies towards attaining it. Mark out your course step by step, and keep rigidly to your programme. Things which appear impossible, and aims which seem unattainable, are gradually reached and passed by perseverance. Whatever your station in life may be, you can fix some ambition in front of you to raise you to a better position, and to be a "stepping stone to higher things."

All the world admires the man with an ideal, and in an easy-going fashion we all have ideals. This is proved in one respect by the frequent discussion of such subjects as "The ideal qualities in a man," "The ideal qualities in a woman," "The ideal home," etc. The trouble is that we don't make our ideals strong and vivid enough. We ought to weave them into the very fabric of our lives. As a man, or a woman, ask yourself what you want to be, fix a standard of perfection for yourself, and never lose sight of it.

I know several successful people who

model themselves on friends whom they admire. One man I know, in every case of doubt and difficulty, asks himself, "What would So-and-so do if he were in my place?" He takes to himself the strength and wisdom of his friend, and gains added strength for himself thereby.

Remember that the people you are constantly brought into touch with are strongly susceptible to your influence. For all you know, someone may hold you up as an example to be followed. If you are active and honest in your work, if you use your time well and waste none of it, if you are bright and cheerful always under all circumstances, you will tend to make other people the same. The force of example is the strongest negative virtue that can well be imagined. Be practical in this as in all things. You can accomplish nothing by sitting down and wishing changes to happen. The highest thoughts are valueless unless they take some practical shape.

Know Yourself

A good plan is to have a sort of mental stocktaking of yourself, to find out exactly what your weaknesses are, what things are holding you back, and what things are helping you forward. Not so very long ago, when the Daylight Saving project was having one of its prominent appearances in the public eye, it suddenly occurred to me that I was wasting a lot of my life by lying in bed until the last possible moment in the mornings. I decided that it would be a good thing to try daylight saving on my own account, and immediately put the scheme into execution. I purchased a patent alarm clock, which rings for twenty-five seconds, stops for twenty seconds, rings for another twenty-five seconds, and keeps on in this way for twenty minutes unless you get out of bed and turn it off. I thought it would be a help to attend to my creature comforts, so I purchased a vacuum flask, and each night a supply of tea was put into it which I could have hot on getting up in the morning. By this plan I added two hours to my day, and was enabled not only to read and work, but to take a good walk in the pure, fresh morning air before breakfast. That was a case of mental stock-

THE QUIVER

taking which I consider paid me handsomely.

Read Well

Don't say to yourself: "I will read a series of good books to cultivate my mind," and let it go at that. Make out a list, calculate an average of how many pages you can read in a given time, and make a point of reading that number every day. You will be astonished to realise how much you can get through in this way, and if you adopt some plan of marking the books as you read them, and of criticising them, you will get a lot of culture in your spare moments that will be well worth having.

Mental health and strength is the great joy of life. It enables you to love the beauties of the world and of mankind. It helps you to maintain a serene and undisturbed courage in the face of difficulty and disaster. It gives you self-confidence and active executive ability. It endows you with wide and generous sympathies, with tolerance, and all the high virtues. It binds you to your fellow-man and draws people to you. When the time comes for you to take your last look into Eternity, you will pass over the dark borderland with courage, and not be afraid to look into the face of God, and say, "I have done my work."

Strive Greatly

There are no penalties for failure if they are the outcome of honest endeavour. Life proves this, and Death will prove it too. The man who strives greatly may sometimes fail greatly, but he will inevitably triumph in the end because all his actions and thoughts increase his power, and he will take full advantage of his experience. In the highest aim of life, however, material progress is not the first consideration. Our aim is towards perfection in the qualities of the mind and of the soul. We must never lose sight of this ideal, nor let our faith in it grow dim; and though we shall fall very short of our best aspirations, we shall not fear to account for our lives if our efforts have been honest. We can shape our own destinies very largely within the limits of our minds; beyond that we

have no responsibility. For us, the ideal is boundless, and our mortal minds cannot see its limits which are fixed for us by Infinite Wisdom, Who will take from our shoulders the burden of that responsibility which is not our own. Kipling has expressed this creed very finely in his poem, "A Dedication":

"The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who has made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who has made the Clay.

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

"Take not that vision from my ken;
O, whatso'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need!"

If you can believe that you have an inspired justification for all honest acts, ask yourself if the culture of your mental gifts, and the storing up of treasures in your mind is not your duty. You are made in the image of your Creator, and you are representative of your Creator. You yourself are a creator. You make your own thoughts, and everything made by man's hands is first of all made in his mind. For this reason, the more perfect a man's mind is, the better his work will be. That fact also makes it clear that a man's first duty to himself and to the world is to train and cultivate his mind.

The mind is the great treasure of the world. It is the expression of the soul. For all you and I know, it is the soul. In the mind dwell the angel and the devil in the man. It is either a temple or a charnel house. Which it shall be is for you to decide. If you choose to make it a Palace of Treasure, some of the hints I have given will be helpful, but they can do nothing more. Your mind is your own to make or mar.

What penalties there may be for failure to use and develop the mind is beside the point. Not the least will be the loss of the pleasure of achievement, and probably the realisation too late of what has been lost. The reward of mind greatness is to be able to stand unshaken by the shocks of the world, and to look unashamed into the faces of your fellow-men, and unabashed down the dim vista of Eternity.



Photo: A. Lender, Bristol.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

"Forget Not" (Psalm ciii. 2)

WHEN turbulent beat the waves about
The stormy pathway of thy life,
And thou art stricken in the strife,
And tortured with insidious doubt—

Forget not then the days that were,
The many days with blessings stored—
The loving-kindness of the Lord;
And with thy better self confer.

Joy hath been with thee in the past,
And thou hast seen the sunlit seas
Freighted with precious treasures
Of love, which all Time's ills outlast.

Forget not God Himself—revealed
For thee, for all, at Galilee
And Calvary; and, all-grateful, see
Sweet Memory's gracious fount unsealed.
—THOMAS COMBER.

Getting and Giving

IN one of the old-time first readers there
is a story of a rosebud and a brook:

"I will not give away my perfume," said
the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly
wrapped in their tiny green case. The roses
about it bloomed and made the whole garden
more beautiful and more pleasant. But the
rosebud that refused to give away any of its
sweetness withered away long before its
unselfish and sweet-scented sisters had lost
their freshness and beauty.

"I'm tired of turning mill wheels," said
the brook. "Nobody ever did anything
for me." So it gathered itself into a large

pond, and soon it was nothing but a
stagnant pool, infested with insects and
diseases, while all its beauty and sweetness
were gone.

These are stories designed for the children,
but there is in them something of profit
for those of mature years. We cannot
live truly and nobly, and live to ourselves.
We get what we give.—WILLIAM THOMAS
M'ELROY.



Cover the Rock with Roses

A GREAT black rock in a garden! In
the midst of beds of beautiful flowers,
there this giant stone towered, rough, un-
sightly, a thing of ugliness to all who visited
the otherwise lovely place.

A few months slipped by, and the lady
who owned the place asked a number of
friends who had in days gone by been down
in the garden, and knew about the ugly
black rock in its midst, to come with her
again. More beautiful than ever was now
the garden. For a time no one thought of
the rock; it was left for the lady herself to
call attention to it.

"Do you remember that great black rock
that used to be here?" And when they
did recall it, she went across the garden to
a mass of pure white roses, clambering far
toward the sky. "This is the rock! See
what I have done to make it beautiful!"

The stone was fairly hidden by the beau-
tiful white roses!

In a terrible fire a beautiful lady received
a mark on her forehead which might have
disfigured her for life; but every day her

THE QUIVER

daughter combed her hair so that it covered the livid scar and hid it from sight. Only a few ever knew that it was there.

On the soul of a young man lay deep sin-marks. Looking into his face you could not but have seen the stains of sin and shame, for that is one of the awful things about evil ; it leaves its awful print on every line of the face. Then God covered his sin with the blood of His Son ; and swiftly the new life wiped out the marks of the old sin. Where there had been the red stain of evil passions, the white roses sprang up to bless and to beautify.

Cover the rock with roses.



Faith, Hope, Love

*T*HERE are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In teachings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

*Have hope, though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn.
Put thou the shadow from thy brow ;
No night but has its morn.*

*Have faith where'er thy barque is driven,
The storms despite, the tempest's mirth.
Know this : God rules the hosts of heaven,
And the inhabitants of earth.*

*Have love—not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy benefits on all.*

*Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith, and love, and thou shalt find
Strength where life's surges rudest roll,
Light where thou else wert blind.*

—SCHILLER.



Crimson out of Snow

A PICTURE in one of the houses in Kew Gardens represents the snowflower of California. Of an intense crimson colour, and very large and tall, it is a beautiful flower ; it is called the "snow-plant" because it springs directly out of the snow, and is most striking and handsome growing out of it. Thus many of the brightest Christians and most distinguished men in society commenced life in the harshest conditions, spent their youth in the most cruel environments, and yet bourgeoned into gold and purple through many years of prosperity and honour.—DR. W. L. WATKINSON.

A Woman's Jewels

THERE are many jewels that may be worn day and night, so many gems that are always and only your own, that you need not grieve for those that show their brightness only by day. There is the jewel of Consideration, that you may wear just over your heart ; there is the moonstone of Hope, that may glitter over your brow, filling your eyes with brightness ; there is that brilliant stone of Sympathy, the emerald, that makes you put out your right hand of help ; and there is the beautiful one of Loving Kindness, that makes the left hand help the right. But above all, overshadowing all, pinning down your tresses, is the diamond of true Love—love which endureth all, suffereth all, hopeth all. Are not these better than jewels dug out of the earth ? For, indeed, these jewels come from the heavens above.



The Transparent Temple

ACCORDING to tradition, a Persian king offered a prize to the one that built the best temple to the sun, the god they worshipped.

Three entered the lists of competition. One built a temple of white marble ; another built a temple of bright metal ; the third built a temple of crystal glass. When the day of award came the king said that the sun had already pronounced who was the winner. Into the temple of crystal glass the sun had sent its rays, to dwell in brightness.

No ray of light could penetrate into the temple of marble or the temple of metal.

These were glorious without, but the temple of crystal glass was all glorious within.

" Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you ? "—I. CRADOC OWEN.



The Compass of the Soul

EVERY individual man has a bias which he must obey, and it is only as he feels and obeys this that he rightly develops and attains his legitimate power in the world. It is his magnetic needle, which points always in one direction to his proper path, with more or less variation from any other man's. He is never happy nor strong until he finds it, keeps it ; learns to be at home with himself ; learns to watch the delicate hints and insights that come to him, and to have the entire assurance of his own mind.—EMERSON.



Dear Heart

The Story of a Lace-Edged Valentine

By Florence Bone

IT was going to be a foggy morning, but the little flat at the top of a block of London buildings was very cosy.

Norah made the toast this morning, with many a glance towards the letter which lay beside her sister's plate. She pointed it out to her brother Paul, as he came whistling into the room.

"Not a love letter for Nancy this morning," she said. "Jim North must have been busy with his ragged urchins last night. An epistle from Cousin Adelaide."

Paul Kingsley took up the letter and looked at it.

"Isn't it a long time since you had one?" he asked.

"Ages! You know she's offended with me because I prefer a London office to the nursery governess-ship she had ready for me, and with you because you would be a journalist. There's only Nancy left, and I fear it will be all up with her when Cousin A. knows she's got engaged to a poor parson who works in the slums."

"We've got our own way to make, and we are doing it," remarked Paul, attacking the bacon. "Where is our careful house-keeper this morning? Dreaming, I suppose. I shall have to set her a task. How doth the busy little bee—sit up at night in love."

"Very fine, my boy, for an extempore effort," said a voice at the door, as a tall, grey-eyed girl came into the room bringing with her a glow of glorious living.

"I should like to hear the rest. What's this?"

Nancy's eyes went eagerly towards her plate, but fell when she saw the thick envelope with its crest.

"Nothing to speak of, Sis," said her brother. "You'll have to look up that young man of yours. Actually you have not seen him since yesterday, and he hasn't written. Shameful."

"Listen to this," interrupted Nancy. "I call it downright impudence, and I shan't go:

*"Court House,
Babbleton."*

"MY DEAR ANNE,—Your cousin Robert has now finished all he desires to do to the new house, and we have furnished what rooms we require. It is a somewhat large house for two old people, and we wish you to come down and spend the spring with us. Had not Norah been so obstinately independent I might have offered her a home here, but that is past.

"I shall expect you next Thursday, by the four train, without fail, for I give you no option of refusing. London never did suit your health, and your brother and sister must learn to look after themselves, since they have chosen to defy all advice from those who have had more experience of life. With love from your cousin Robert and myself.—Yours affectionately,

"ADELAIDE KINGSLEY."

"Experience in a handbox," said Paul when the letter was read, and Nancy attacked her breakfast with flushed cheeks.

"I shan't go," she said coolly. "I'll go nowhere where they call me Anne. And what would you two do without me?"

The two smiled.

"We see such a lot of you now, don't we, old girl?" asked Paul. "And you come

THE QUIVER

down so jolly early to make us cosy before we start."

"That's too bad," said Nancy.

"Such devotion to duty is entirely praiseworthy," laughed Paul. "Norah, you are looking preternaturally solemn. What's working in your mighty brain?"

"Just this," said Norah, with an appealing look towards her sister. "You've got to go, Nance. Yes, you have. It's quite true about your health. You never could stand London in spring, and we never really wanted to quarrel with the old dears. It's different for Paul and me. We have to go out and face the world, and the last thing in life that I was suited for was a nursery governess. And there's another thing. Can't you just read between those stiff lines that Cousin Adelaide is dying to have you? I believe she's as lonely an old soul as ever lived, and never wanted that great house on her shoulders. You'll simply have to go."

Nancy opened her lips to reply and shut them again.

"There's Jim," she said.

"There is Jim," replied Norah. "Jim must do without you for your good. It may be all up with you when you tell Cousin A. about him; but you can only chance it, and at any rate it is better than writing. I shall talk to Jim. He's not one of your selfish sweethearts."

"I've only got one sweetheart, if you please," said Nancy meekly. "And it's time you were both getting off. Jim's coming to tea this afternoon and I'll talk to him myself, before you get a chance, madam."

"Very well," agreed her sister. "I shall be back at five. Then we'll thrash it out."

But when Norah returned to find two very absorbed people letting their tea grow cold in the January gloaming, the matter was already settled. Jim North had seen the hollows about Nancy's temples, with many a stab at his heart. Of course she must go down into Yorkshire, and he must do as well as he could, and try to live on that blessed institution, the penny post.

So next Thursday found Nancy speeding north in a third-class carriage, with the memory of certain parting words in her eyes, and a great bunch of violets on her knee.

She sighed as the train slowed into the

junction, and the sweet moorland air met her, while the voices of the country people spoke the dialect that she loved.

A few minutes later she stepped out on to the little platform, where already the snowdrops were springing, and looked down the lane towards the red roofs of Babbleton. She felt herself at home again, and that she had done well to come, when she saw the pony carriage waiting for her in the white road, and was greeted like an old friend by the station-master.

The pony went up the hill and turned in between the stone balls and the shrubbery banks, where little tufts of snowdrops were peeping a welcome. Past the enclosed courtyard and round by the miniature keep the phaeton drew up and Nancy stepped solemnly out. She felt that it was a great moment herself, and no doubt from the new drawing-room two pairs of eyes were watching her descent with grim delight.

The big door was thrown wide open by an immaculate parlourmaid, and Nancy found herself in a warm red hall. Then the drawing-room door opened, and there on the rug, before a blazing fire, stood Cousin Adelaide, her tall figure rustling in the stiffest of silk, her old-fashioned earrings jingling as she moved.

Cousin Adelaide had never been at a loss in her life, and she was not at one now. The little old gentleman who stood beside her—a stout, round figure, with bushy white whiskers set about his rosy face—was much more embarrassed than she, though he did not strive to deny that this was a proud moment in his life.

"I'm glad you've come, child, I'm glad you've come to see our little shanty," he remarked, rubbing his hands. "Now what d'you think of it, eh, my girl? Tip-top, isn't it? Look at the furniture."

"Anne will have her tea first, Robert," said his sister. "There is only one thing she can think of the house, and of course she has come. I did not expect her to refuse the chance."

"It was very kind of you to ask me," said Nancy simply, throwing off her shabby furs, and sitting down in the frilled chintz arm-chair.

She did not see a single friend among the things in the room, except an old blue mug, which peeped out, as if by mistake, from the velvet lining of the china cabinet.

DEAR HEART

"Isn't it fine, Nancy?" asked the old man again.

"It is, Cousin Robert," said Nancy, drawing off her gloves timidly. "And it's in beautiful taste. It only wants living in, I think, just to make it personal, you know."

"Just to make it personal, you know," echoed the old man, much pleased. "Yes, yes, you are right, but the architect, he wouldn't allow the old things in here. He put 'em where he liked, and charged plenty for doing it. The engravings are in the library."

Cousin Adelaide turned round from the tea table, the fat, melon-shaped and shining teapot in her large, capable hands.

"Wants living in," she remarked, with dignity. "Indeed, I think it requires a good deal of care. If I had my way I would roll up those cushions and lay dust sheets upon the chairs. Not but what they are only

chintz. I have a word to say to the contractor about that. For the price we paid they should have been satin, in my opinion."

"It's not fashionable, Cousin Adelaide," said Nancy, stirring her tea.

Miss Adelaide tossed her head and set her earrings jingling.

"Not fashionable—good satin? What are we coming to? I own I was taken aback when I saw those frilled arm-chairs. Chintz indeed! Well, you don't find me making holland covers for them, Robert."

"Who wants holland covers?" cried Cousin Robert, with a positive wink at Nancy. "The bairn says the chairs want sitting in, and we are getting old. Let's sit in 'em, I say, and enjoy ourselves."

Nancy felt rather like a mouse in a trap as she went to her room after tea. But it was such a big, cheerful place, with two wide windows towards the moors, and the



"It was nothing else than a lace-edged valentine, such as love does not send now"—p. 402.

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earshaw

THE QUIVER

little village sleeping below, that she could not rouse her heart to much repining.

And here were some of the old treasures that she had missed downstairs. The chairs with the woolwork seats stood on either side a cheery fire. The early Victorian clock under its glass shade must have blushed to find itself on a bedroom mantelpiece, but Nancy welcomed it like an old friend. And near the fire stood a beautiful old bureau, with brass handles, which used to stand in Miss Adelaide's own room.

"I have no time to write letters now, my dear," said the old lady. "It takes me all day to run after these flighty maids, and to see they do not damage the new things. So I have decided to present you with this. All you find inside it you may count as your own."

"I've always loved that bureau," said the girl softly. "Are you sure you want me to have it? You know we—are very independent. We don't always please you, Cousin Adelaide, though you don't know how hard Paul and Norah have worked."

"Paul and Norah are too modern for me. They must go their own way," said the old lady. "But you, Anne, who have your grandmother's name and features—we expect something quite different from you—and we don't intend to be disappointed."

She sailed away, and Nancy sighed, as she stood and looked at the shining bureau, where the firelight danced like a friend.

"I may have my grandmother's name and her face," she said aloud, "but Jim's got my heart, Cousin Adelaide. If only our grandmothers knew what they hold us responsible for!"

Later that night she wrapped herself up warmly and sat down at the old bureau to write a letter to Jim. Her heart might starve at Court House, but it lay warm within that sheet of paper.

It was still early, and having written the letter, she turned to examine her new possession. Its drawers slipped in and out as drawers did at the date when they were made, and about it all was a faint scent of the past, like lavender and roses, that had been drowned in tears as well as smiles. As Nancy looked at it all she seemed to hear about it the rustling of crinolines, the whispers of early-Victorian maidens, and the echoes of old love stories that had passed away.

Suddenly her hand touched a spring, and there before her sprang out a secret drawer, and within it two thin, long envelopes, yellow with age and with faded writing upon them.

Miss Adelaide had told her that everything in it was hers. Without thinking she turned over the envelope, and something fell out and lay on the desk before her. It also had a faint scent about it, and Nancy smiled as she saw what it was, for it was nothing else than a lace-edged valentine, such as love does not send now, with a wreath of flowers about it of the colour once called cardinal. Within that wreath two words were written in brown ink, and surely by fingers that had trembled.

"Dear heart." Those were the words. They were not unfamiliar ones to Nancy.

She laid the old valentine down again, with dreams in her eyes. But they were not her own dreams. She was somebody's dearest heart. But this old thing was not hers. Who was the maid who had called it forth in those old days of crinolines?

Perhaps the other envelope would tell. It also was opened and there was a sheet of thin paper in it, with a gilt and fluted edge. A few lines, in the same brown ink, were written there, but they held all the story of two hearts.

"When you get this I shall be far away—maybe in the trenches before Sebastopol, maybe in the hospital at Scutari, maybe in a land that is farther off still. But wherever I am, my Adelaide, I am all yours, and my spirit is close to you, dear heart, through time and through eternity, until we two meet again. I would not sadden you, but something tells me it will be where partings are no more. Until that day, believe me always your own."

Nancy felt that she had no business to read the words, but her heart had carried her on. She laid down the little paper beside the valentine, and sat back in amazement.

Miss Adelaide Kingsley, with her jangling earrings, her tall, spare figure, and her uncompromising attitudes, was the "Dear Heart" of that lace-edged valentine.

Nancy conjured up her cousin's face. She had trembled at the thought of avowing to Miss Adelaide that she had a lover, who was poor in everything but enthusiasm and hope. Yet once that tender little letter, that old-fashioned valentine, had surely

DEAR HEART

been tokens which kept a heart from breaking.

As in a dream Nancy put the letter back into its secret drawer and thought she laid the valentine with it. But with absent fingers, as she enclosed her own love letter to Jim North, she unconsciously slipped the old lace-edged thing, with its legend inside cardinal flowers, between the pages of her own clear writing.

When Nancy went down to breakfast next morning she hardly dared to look at Cousin Adelaide. She felt as though the secret which she had discovered last night was written large across her brow. But Cousin Adelaide was carefully measuring tea from the ancient silver caddy, and complaining loudly about marks in the hall left by her brother on the new carpet.

The letters came in, and Nancy managed to sequester the one stuffed to bursting addressed to her in a masculine hand. Perhaps Cousin Robert caught a glimpse of it, for there was a twinkle in his eye as he handed her the marmalade.

Two days later the sky fell about Nancy. She was watering the plants, and arranging green bowls of great white snowdrops, singing as she fingered the lovely messengers of spring.

Suddenly she heard her cousin's voice behind her. "I came out here to ask you something," said Miss Adelaide. "You have had three letters since you came, all addressed in the same hand. Now I want an explanation. This kind of thing can't go on under my roof. I don't allow followers of any kind."

Nancy bent over the little glass vase of aconites, and touched the flowers with lingering fingers. There was a danger signal in her eyes, but her voice was quiet. Even a tiny smile crept about her lips. That old love letter upstairs—it held her fast.

"You are quite right, Cousin Adelaide," she said. "I'll tell you all about it, for I'm not ashamed. The letters are from Jim North—the Reverend James, to give him his proper title—curate in Whitechapel, and without a penny but his stipend. He's just giving himself for the people down there, while he's young and strong. Time enough for the country and an easy life when he's worn out, he says. And he will be worn out if we can't be married soon, so that I can take care of him."

Nancy dashed a tear from her cheek, but her august relative stood with a face of iron.

"You dare to tell me that you are engaged," she gasped.

"I dare," said Nancy calmly. "It isn't a shameful thing."

But Miss Adelaide turned away from the dewy eyes and the wistful lips.

"You are a fool," said the old lady, crossing her hands above her gingham gown. "A young, blind fool, like all creatures who insist upon buying their experience dearly. Do you know why we have sent for you? To train you, child. Who do you suppose your Cousin Robert is going to leave all this to? Why, to you—as a sensible single woman—to carry on those traditions of usefulness and thrift which I have spent my life inculcating in Babbleton village."

Nancy wanted to laugh. She caught her breath, and then her eyes filled with a great pitifulness as they fell upon Cousin Adelaide's white face and thin, pursed mouth.

To exchange Jim and the love of the years that were coming for the Court House and the ruling of Babbleton. To live in luxury and leading-strings, and then to reign alone, instead of making the light of some cottage, where she and Jim were to be passing rich on twopence a year.

It would not take long to choose.

"Oh, Cousin Adelaide," she said passionately, throwing out her hands, "how could I do it? Could you have done it yourself—once?"

If possible, the thin lips took a tighter curve, the old knotted hands were pressed together until the knuckles looked blue and cold. But a shadow had passed over Cousin Adelaide's face and left it almost grey.

"Obstinate, disappointing girl," she said. "You will rue your words before the summer comes."

"Never," said Nancy, with the same determined voice. "And when I can't bear without Jim another minute I shall go back to blessed Bloomsbury."

The owner of Court House was deep in conclave with his gardener when Nancy poked her hand into his arm and asked him if he would like her company. There was going to be a brave show in the new-made garden when August came; but as yet it was only promised by a regiment of sticks.

Nancy and her old cousin passed through them and out of the little green gate towards

THE QUIVER

the moors. There was an unusual silence between them, until they were beyond the farms, and then the old man spoke. He, too, seemed disappointed.

"What's this your Cousin Adelaide tells me?" he inquired, but, do what he would, he could not sound sincerely gruff to the radiant girl at his side. "Says you are going to be married—a chit like you."

"Not yet," said Nancy sadly; "there's no hope of it yet."

"Humph! What do you want to marry for? Thought you were a sensible girl. Meant to leave you the place. Always had a fancy for you, Nancy."

"It's awfully dear of you," said Nancy, squeezing his arm, and looking down upon him to think what a rosy little button of an old cousin he was. "But I like you for your own sake. I liked you just as well in the little house on the green as I do in the splendid new one."

"Oh, come, come—a girl like you." Cousin Robert rubbed his hands and stopped to look at her. "You see, Nancy, the worst of it is I promised Adelaide that I wouldn't make my will without showing it to her, and she's bent on leaving the place as she thinks proper. It's—er—not that I'm against marriages, my dear. Once, long ago, I did wonder—but there, I had Adelaide to think of. You see she was all alone. And perhaps it wouldn't have done for me."

Romance does not always wear a suitable garb. In the little, stout, white-whiskered man beside her Nancy saw a hero.

"I'd rather be at Court House with you than after you, dear," she said affectionately. "And as to getting married—why, it is a solemn thing, of course, if you have to marry a stranger, as you would have done. But I'm going to marry Jim, Cousin Robert."

"Ah! young things, young things. And what it is to be young," said the old man.

Nancy kept close to her cousin for the next few days, and she and Miss Adelaide treated each other with marked but distant politeness.

February went on its way, and the morning of St. Valentine's Day dawned over the Yorkshire hills. The sun rose into a sky of faint blue and Nancy could not stay in bed. She dressed and went out, and when the breakfast bell rang she was only just coming home across the garden.

The postman met her at the garden gate, and she went quickly into the house. Her eyes sought her plate in the dining-room, but there was nothing beside it. St. Valentine's Day, and no letter from Jim. Ah, times had indeed changed since valentines were out of fashion.

But what was that on the top of a pile of circulars and tradesmen's bills beside Cousin Adelaide's plate? It was a slender envelope addressed in Jim North's clear hand, to Miss Kingsley, at Court House. What could he have been thinking of? There was not a parlour-maid in Babbleton who would have dared to place an envelope so addressed beside any plate but that of the mistress of the house.

If it had been anyone else who was in such a case the funny side of it might have struck Nancy; but under the circumstances it seemed to her tragic and nothing less, while even a letter from Jim on Valentine's Day would be less sacred when her stern cousin had opened it.

Miss Adelaide made the tea, complained of the toast, examined the eggs as usual, making comments all the time, while Nancy toyed with her bacon and knew not what she ate. The little old gentleman was deep in the *Yorkshire Post*, and there was silence in the room when at last Cousin Adelaide turned to her letters.

She gave a grunt, and taking up her knife, slit the envelope carefully along the top. Then her knotty fingers groped inside, and she drew out—what?

Not a bulky letter, or even a little tender note scribbled between the Boys' Brigade and the making of a sermon; not a tiny card with some little verse upon it that meant just everything to two people. Nancy was obliged to dart a sidelong look towards her cousin, who did not move, and then her own gaze was riveted, her own breath was taken away, and she did not know how she stared in blank dismay.

In Miss Adelaide's trembling old hand, which held it convulsively, was the old, faded, lace-edged valentine, with the wreath of cardinal flowers and the two words "Dear Heart."

Nancy opened her lips but did not speak, and strove to go on eating the bacon which congealed upon her plate. Cousin Robert turned his crackling sheet and informed everybody that hounds met at Ingleby

DEAR HEART

Cross. But his sister neither ate nor drank, nor moved. She just sat still gazing at the shabby little token, which a modern child would have thrown away in scorn.

But at last she moved. She pushed back her chair with a loud scrape, and still clasping the valentine in her hand, she went out of the room with long strides, and Nancy heard her go upstairs. Cousin Robert looked anxiously over his paper, while still keeping his finger on his place in last night's debate.

"Those rascally fellows in the House," he began. "Why, where's your Cousin Adelaide? Is she ill, do you think, bairn?"

"I think not," said Nancy gravely. "I—I wouldn't go after her if I were you."

"Well, I reckon you women understand one another. Give me some more tea, child, and a pleasant smile. Why, your bacon's cold. Pass up your plate."

Nancy dressed early for dinner that night and came down into the drawing-room while it was still given up to the firelight and February dusk.

What a barn of a room it looked, with neither music nor books! Nancy sighed as she came across to the hearth, and then was conscious that she was not alone. Cousin Adelaide was lying back in the deepest chair, and she looked up as Nancy drew near. All day she had been shut up in her own room, and there were marks of battle on her face. Her grey hair was looser than usual, and she wore—Nancy could hardly believe it—an old but splendid gown of violet velvet, with lace falling on her bare wrists. Old and thin they were, which a lover had once held and kissed. But Miss Adelaide's figure was much the

same as ever, and the old gown fitted her well. It hung in regal folds about her as she rose from her chair, and seemed to the modern girl taller than her wont. The jangling earrings were replaced by pearls. A necklace of the same jewelled tears hung round her neck. Nancy looked at her in amazement, though she knew of old that Miss Adelaide always dressed for her part.

But this time it was no drama she had to enact, though it had come about so strangely.

"Child," she whispered, "come and sit down beside me. Come and sit on the



"'Bairn,' said the old lady,
'I do believe in love.'"

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw.

THE QUIVER

hassock. I have something to tell you before my brother comes in."

"Yes." Like a person in a dream, Nancy did as she was bid, and to her intense surprise Miss Adelaide stooped and took one of her warm soft hands into her own bony ones.

"Bairn," said the old lady, "I've not owned myself in the wrong for thirty years, but I've been doing it all day to-day." Her voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "I do believe in love, Nancy. Ah, don't I know how it can hurt? You are making a sword

to thrust into your own heart, bairn. But I did once—and I would again. Tell him to come and see you, my bairn, and not to take you away just yet. Stay with us, Nancy, yet awhile. You—and your love story—make old things new again."

Nancy turned with brimming eyes and asked no questions. As the day died, and the thrushes were silent without, the old woman and the young one kissed each other and looked into each other's hearts, to find that nothing counted there but love.



Photo: Lumisett's Photo Bureau, Halborn.

ROYAL CHURCH-GOING.

Our Royal Princes and their tutor walking to Crathie Church, Scotland.

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

IV.—THE MID-AIR RESCUE OF A STEEPLEJACK

From the Narrative of Mr. David McWhirter

As Told to WALTER WOOD

An exceptionally thrilling and courageous rescue of a steeplejack, at a height of nearly 200 feet above the ground, took place on July 8th, 1909, at the Coltness Ironworks, Lanarkshire. The heroes of the event, Mr. David McWhirter, engineer, and Mr. William McLelland, engineer's assistant, were honoured in various ways, and received from the King the Edward Medal, First Class, which is bestowed for conspicuous gallantry.

THERE is a square chimney stack at the Coltness Ironworks—a stack which rises to a height of 180 feet. I am sure that from the top of it a splendid view is to be had of the surrounding country. I have often wished I could be at the summit and enjoy the panorama; as a matter of fact I have been up—and I have come down without so much as the thought of looking round entering my mind. I will tell you how this strange thing happened.

As is the case with all high chimneys, examinations and repairs from time to time are made at this particular stack, and Mr. James Robb, a Glasgow steeplejack, had been engaged by the Coltness Iron Company to repair the shaft. He had two steeplejacks and an assistant doing the work.

A task of this sort needs very special and careful preparation, for there is a long stretch of laddering to be secured, from the ground to the summit, and scaffolding has to be placed round the stack so that the men may carry out their work as easily and comfortably as possible.

The laddering was on the telescope principle, each section being ten feet long, with stays keeping it eighteen inches distant from the side of the chimney. Having fixed these ladders so as to make a continuous ladder up one side of the stack, the men constructed a platform round the four sides of the shaft, about three feet from the top. Two sides of the platform were about twenty inches wide, with a space in the centre through which the ladder projected, while the other two sides were formed of ordinary nine-inch planking, single width.

The object of this platform was to enable the steeplejacks to renew the steel framing

which bound the chimney at the summit and kept four lightning-rods in position.

I have given these details of the ladder and the platform because it is essential that they should be borne in mind for the proper understanding of my story.

The steeplejacks were quietly at work on the stack, attracting attention, as men who work at these great heights always do. I think there are few of us who are not fascinated by watching these intrepid fellows coolly pursuing their task. I know that I often watched, and wondered what it must feel like to be so far up—little supposing that I should rise as high myself, for I had never climbed a tall chimney in my life.

It was necessary to cut the bolts at each corner of the chimney, and for this purpose one steeplejack was working at the east corner and one at the west. The task in itself was not an easy one, and it was naturally made harder by the fact that from such a stack as this there are always emitted fumes and gases which are unpleasant and dangerous to human beings.

While the work was being done these gases were escaping from the mouth of the chimney—issuing from the shaft on the very edge of which the steeplejacks were busy with their tools. The wind was blowing from the west at the time, and the consequence was that the man at the east corner had the escaping fumes from the chimney-head borne towards and over him, so much so that he was completely "gassed" and was unconscious.

His brother steeplejack was not at the moment aware of his companion's state; but as he also was beginning to feel the effects of the fumes, he looked over the top

THE QUIVER

of the chimney, to learn how his mate was faring. He must have been astonished to see no sign of his fellow-worker, and suspecting that something was wrong, he went round to the east corner, and at once realised his companion's state and peril, for he was helpless and unconscious on that twenty-inch platform, nearly two hundred feet above the ground! A slip or a turn—and there would have been a hideous fall and a dreadful death.

The steeplejack did instantly the thing that was necessary to secure present safety for the unconscious worker—he lashed him to the platform with a life-line—the short, strong piece of rope which steeplejacks carry round their waists for use in emergencies. This was all he could do, for he was fast sickening, and quite unable to do more than try and seek his own salvation.

He immediately began to descend the ladder, but when he was about fifty feet from the ground he was forced to swing himself round behind the rungs and rest his back against the chimney, with his feet on a rung, to steady himself and recover somewhat from the effects of the noxious fumes he had inhaled.

The assistant, who was on the ground, at once realised what had happened. He hurried up the ladder and helped the steeplejack to reach the bottom.

That was the first part of what proved to be a wonderfully thrilling and unexpected drama. Sensation, like ill news, travels fast, and it soon became known that one of the steeplejacks was lying unconscious at the top of the stack. There was, naturally enough, intense excitement, and a hue and cry was raised which caused men to rush from all parts of the works to what was hoped would be a rescue.

A crowd swiftly gathered at the bottom of the stack; but for the time being no one attempted a rescue—and can you wonder at that? Few ordinary people, indeed, would ever think of trying to climb up a tall chimney—there is an instinctive horror of hanging fly-like in space. I am quite certain that I could not have worked my way up that giddy staircase into nothingness in cold blood. What we can do under the influence of excitement, and the wish to save a fellow-creature's life, is a very different matter.

While the stunned and startled crowd

was gathering at the base of the stack, a telephone message was dispatched—an urgent message, too—to Mr. Robb, at Glasgow, nineteen miles away, requesting him to send steeplejacks instantly, for it was then believed that no one but a steeplejack dare make such a venture in the air.

This was the story I heard as it circulated round the works.

Now, as an engineer in the Coltness Works for more than twenty years, I have had experience of many kinds of job; I have worked on the level, underground, and at various heights above the earth, but I had never gone high in the air by way of a stack. As a matter of fact, however, I had often wondered—and I believe most men do wonder—when I was off duty, what a bird's-eye view from one of the chimneys would be like. What is more to the point, perhaps, as events proved, I had kept my hand in at ambulance work. So it happened that, as I was a practical ambulance man, my foreman on this particular morning came to the job at which I was working, and wanted me to go and see what I could do for the sick steeplejack who had safely descended the ladder which was nearly two hundred feet high.

I did not see the foreman, but my assistant delivered the message to me, and as I saw at once that I might be useful, and being free to go, I hurried to the foot of the stack. I do not know exactly how long it took me to get there, but I feel pretty certain that I reached my goal in record time.

Of course I was in no way bidden to attempt to do more than my fellow-workers; but when I reached the foot of the chimney, and saw a crowd of people straining their eyes to get a glimpse of a small object on the platform at the top, I realised how profitless that was, and that something much more desperate and drastic would have to be at least attempted.

At such a time, fortunately, one does not stop to think. I am sure that if I had dwelt on the possibilities of disaster to myself I should have stuck to the security of mother earth; but without hesitation, without consideration of danger, and most certainly without any thought whatever of either reward or fame, I peeled off my jacket and vest, and instantly mounted the ladder at top speed, full of the one idea that the first step in the work of rescue was to get beside

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

the helpless and unconscious man so far above me.

The steeplejack's assistant saw my intention and quickly began to follow me up the ladder. Such a climb as that is astonishingly hard work, for the whole weight of the body has to be carried up a perfectly perpendicular structure; but I do not know that I felt any special fatigue as I went up and up the giddy height, and saw the form

length of leaving the ladder, and he advised me to go down and wait for the professional steeplejack to come from Glasgow; but I had gone too far to retreat, and I certainly was not going to stop my efforts at such a stage as that. I was resolved that, cost what it might, I would do my best to send the unconscious man in safety to the ground.

When I saw what was passing through the



*Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson.*

"Suspecting that something was wrong, he went round to the east corner, and at once realised his companion's state and peril."

above me growing larger and larger as I neared the platform.

I did not look either down or to the sides as I ascended—I kept my eyes on the platform and the helpless man, dwelling only on the thought that, at whatever cost now, I must reach him and do something for him.

I reached the platform at last, and instantly clambered over the nine-inch plank outside the ladder and got on to the platform itself. Apparently the steeplejack's assistant, who had kept me company so far, felt that he dared not go to the

assistant's mind I said, "Get you down and send Willie McLelland up to me."

Willie McLelland was my assistant, and I knew that wherever I went he would go, if I asked him, and that whatever I did he would do also.

The steeplejack's assistant did not need a second bidding to be off. He began to descend the ladder very quickly, and as going down is far easier than going up such a structure, he was soon back at the foot of the chimney. At once the cry went round for McLelland.

THE QUIVER

Meanwhile I knew that there was not a second to lose. The unconscious man was utterly unable to give the slightest help or advice, and there was the present and growing danger of being "gassed" myself by the noxious fumes from the mouth of the chimney. I was, of course, in the very thick of them, for you will remember that the platform was only three feet below the rim of the stack.

First of all I satisfied myself that the steeplejack was alive; then I set to work to collect his tools and put them in a place of safety, so that they should not fall into the crowd below and probably kill someone on the spot.

I will readily admit that what I was starting out to do seemed a forlorn hope, and it was a terribly uncanny business to a man like myself, who had never before been at such a height and at such a place, to be trying to rescue an unconscious man. In any case such a work would have been difficult; imagine what it meant on a narrow plank from which a slip would have meant a certain and dreadful death. But I put a "stoot heart to a stey brae," as the old Scotch word is, and I was vastly cheered and encouraged when I saw that McLelland had answered the call and was courageously swarming up to my assistance. Remember that McLelland, like myself, had never before climbed a tall chimney.

Up and up he came, growing bigger and bigger; and the bigger he grew the better I liked him. He never paused in his climb, and did not hesitate a moment when he had reached the top of the ladder; he simply swung himself on to the planking, and words cannot express my gratitude when I knew that he was at my side. You see, I had proved that I was right in depending absolutely on his prompt response to my summons. With him, everything now was possible; without him, the prospect of success seemed small indeed.

I now examined the tackle by which the steeplejacks raised and lowered their materials; ropes and blocks and everything else were right and trustworthy—everything used by steeplejacks is of the best. And then McLelland and myself began the difficult and dangerous task of unfastening the helpless and unconscious man from the platform.

Now occurred the part of the adventure

which even yet, when I think of it, raises my hair on end—and that was the getting of the man round the platform to the lowering tackle, which was at the end opposite to that where he was lying. We had, in fact, when we unlashed him, to carry and drag him round two sides of the stack, and, as if that was not bad enough, I had to go backwards!

However, there was nothing for it, so back I started to go on the platform, the twenty-inch plank first, then the nine-inch plank, I carrying the shoulders and McLelland the feet.

It would be almost useless for me to try and tell you exactly what happened during those awful moments; what I do know is, that for one thing we had to lift our burden solidly over the top of the projecting ladder, which rose to a height of thirty or thirty-six inches above the platform. But again, to use a Scotticism, "the proof o' the puddin's the prein' o' 't," and with thankful hearts we successfully negotiated what was really an appalling obstacle, despite the fact that the man was "as limp as a dish-clout," or as "soople as an eel"—for both descriptions apply to the case.

Need I tell you how thankful we were to be at the tackle, and to feel that now we were actually within touch of the ground and the crowd of anxious and willing waiters there? We had still much to do; but the worst was over—we had got our man safely with us, and the finish of the rescue now seemed pretty certain.

We did not lose a moment in our efforts—literally not a second. As soon as we got to the tackle we fixed the steeplejack in a "bos'n's chair," a most useful and safe form of lashing in such an emergency as this. But the fixing was a mighty difficult task, and not by any means free of danger, I can tell you, in the circumstances. McLelland and I, however, got safely through with this bit of work—and let me say how fortunate it was that I had him with me and that the two of us were used to handling tackle and appliances, however inexpert we were as climbers.

Now came another terrible and almost paralysing moment.

There was not room enough to allow our freight to pass between the platform and the chimney, and so there was nothing for it but to put him out over the outside of



"As soon as I saw that the steeplejack was clear, I leaned over and shouted the order to lower away"—p. 412.

Drawn by
E. S. Higgins.

THE QUIVER

the platform and let him swing free. The mere thought of doing this at such a height—the idea of actually launching a fellow-creature into mid-air—was stupefying. I vividly recall the dreadful tension on my nerves at this juncture of the rescue.

I made one attempt, but could not bring myself to let him go; I made a second, still my courage was not equal to the venture; then, with an overwhelming effort, realising that it was the only way, I deliberately withdrew my hand from him, and let him swing out into mid-air.

I knew that the two of us had fixed the steeplejack in the "bos'n's chair" as firmly as hands could do it; yet for a brief and awful moment I dreaded the worst, and half expected to see the unconscious man whirl through the air to his death. My fear was groundless, and as soon as I saw that the steeplejack was clear, I leaned over so that I could see the crowd below—what midgets they looked!—and shouted the order to lower away.

Willing hands set instantly to work, and at once the steeplejack began a safe and easy descent to earth in the security of his rope seat. So firmly had he been fixed that he never moved, and the crowd below believed he had regained consciousness and was descending entirely "on his own."

With anxious but hopeful hearts we watched him go lower and lower, and when at last the exulting cry came up to us that the steeplejack was safely on the ground and was in the care of Dr. Little, who had hurried up—well, I wept for very gladness.

The rescue had been accomplished, and the thing to do now was to get back to dear mother earth. I am afraid that the idea of getting a bird's-eye view of the country, which I had so often wanted from such an altitude, never so much as entered my mind. All I longed for was to be on good, solid ground again; and so myself and McLelland did not waste a moment—we scrambled down the ladder a good deal faster than we had climbed up it.

We had, of course, been "gassed" to some extent; that was inevitable; but

though we were rather dazed, yet we were quite well able to take care of ourselves and reach the bottom.

The enthusiasm of the crowd was unbounded, and congratulations were showered upon us as soon as we were on the ground; but grateful and proud though we felt because of these attentions, yet we were glad when the doctor realised that we were upset, and had us released from work for the rest of the day. We had carried out the rescue before it had been possible for the skilled help to come from Glasgow.

Later on congratulations and honours in solid and tangible form were showered on McLelland and myself for that July morning's work—these newspapers will show that I am right in saying that. We did not in any shape or form seek these recognitions; but they are none the less appreciated on that account, and we shall remember them with gratitude as long as we live.

The greatest of these honours was conferred by King George himself, not long after he came to the throne. The rescue had been brought to King Edward's notice, and the result was that we were commanded to appear at Marlborough House, to receive from the sovereign in person the greatly prized Edward Medal of the First Class—an honour which is given for "conspicuous gallantry."

The ceremony at Marlborough House was short and simple, though perhaps in some ways it was more alarming than the ascent of the chimney.

We were presented separately to the King, and the Home Secretary, Mr. Churchill, who was in attendance, read a short account of the act for which we were so greatly honoured. Then His Majesty shook hands with us, and personally pinned the medals on our breasts, instead of handing them, which is sometimes done.

My medal remains as it was fastened by the King, and I am not likely to disturb it.

I have yet to get my bird's-eye view of the district from the top of Coltness Works' tall chimney stack.





LAUNDRY HINTS

How to Wash Woollen Underwear

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

DURING the winter months many persons wear woollen underclothing, and others who really ought to do so are prevented by two reasons, which are so closely related as to be almost one.

Good woollen underwear is, as everyone knows, expensive, and, unless very carefully washed, is liable to be ruined on its first introduction to soap and water. Cheap woven undergarments are, of course, to be bought, but they are seldom satisfactory and truly they constitute a penance to those of their wearers who have sensitive skins.

So there remains only one course open to chilly mortals, and that is to buy the best "woollies" they can afford, and either to wash them with their own hands, or, if the work is entrusted to a maid, to make quite sure that she understands how to do it properly.

When washing day arrives fill two large vessels with tepid water. To the first add a little ammonia (one tablespoonful of liquid ammonia to a gallon of water) and enough soap jelly or finely shredded soap to produce a good lather. Plunge the garments into this and shake them about in the water. Woollen materials must never be rubbed with soap, or friction be used in freeing them from dirt.

When the dirt has been well loosened the garments should be alternately squeezed and shaken until thoroughly cleansed. They are next passed through a wringer and plunged into the second tub of tepid water. Rinse well by squeezing and shaking, and wring as dry as possible. However carefully woollen garments may be washed, a very

little neglect during the drying process will spell ruin.

After the second wringing shake the garments well—this raises the pile of the wool and tends to keep it soft—and lay them flat on a table and pull them into shape. When wool is wet it can be drawn into any shape, which it will retain when dry, so it is important that the garments are not allowed to drop or sag or are pulled in any wrong direction. If possible they should be dried in the open air, but not where the sun's rays strike directly upon them. Special care is necessary when indoor drying must be used. The slightest steam indicates that shrinking is taking place, yet it is essential that the articles should be dried as quickly as possible.

Most people like the appearance of ironed woven underclothing, for it certainly has an untidy, rough-dried look when taken straight from the fire to the bedroom of the owner; but it must be remembered that a great deal of the warmth of the material is contained in the fluffy surface, and any pressure from the iron will flatten the wool and partially do away with its effect. By gently pressing the bindings and hems that carry the buttons and buttonholes with a warm iron the garments will acquire a more neat appearance than if these parts are left in the drying puckers, but even this should not be done until the rest of the garment is quite dry and fully aired.

An Excellent Cleansing Fluid

It often happens that on taking off a light silk or cambric blouse one finds that some

THE QUIVER

part of the garment has acquired a small spot or dirty mark. Perhaps a tiny splash of gravy is the cause of the blemish, or an afternoon's letter-writing has soiled the edge of the cuffs, or maybe Bobbie's pencil was unruly during the play hour before bedtime. Whatever the cause no woman likes to wear a spotty blouse or shirt, neither does she care about washing and getting-up the whole garment for so slight a blemish.

Here is a recipe for a cleansing fluid which will take out the offending mark and save many an hour's labour.

Shred half a pound of white Castile soap very finely and pour over it half a pint of rain or artificially softened water. Stand the basin in a warm place for twelve hours. When the soap has entirely dissolved let the mixture cool; then add two quarts of cold water, half an ounce of strong ammonia, a teaspoonful of spirits of wine, and half an ounce of ether. Mix thoroughly, pour into bottles, and cork tightly.

Make a soft rubbing pad from pieces of old woven underwear or discarded linen, tie this to the neck of one of the bottles with a piece of tape and keep it in your bedroom. You will find this mixture very useful for a variety of purposes.

Some Washing-day Suggestions

Whatever other articles may be dispatched to the laundry every Monday most housewives make a practice of washing such small articles as doilies, fancy tea and tray cloths, little embroidered collars, best handkerchiefs, etc., at home. Such little articles have a habit of easily losing themselves—or, at any rate, they are constantly missing, which is hardly remarkable when one remembers their exceedingly elusive propensities.

It is therefore more satisfactory to launder articles of this description at home, and the only reason against this proceeding is the fact that they often acquire a bad colour from constant use and hurried washing. It is a very tedious business to wash each little article separately, so let me suggest my plan for making them wash themselves.

Stir some soap jelly or powdered soap into a large bowl of hot water. When a good lather appears place all the little things in the bowl, cover it, and then go about other duties for half an hour. Lift the doilies, etc., out of the basin, squeeze out the dirty water, and put them into a calico bag. Plunge

this into the copper, if it is being used—if not, into a large saucepanful of clean hot water—and let them boil for a quarter of an hour. Rinse and wring. Put those that require stiffening through a little thin starch or milk.

An excellent and economical substitute for starching pinafores, doilies, etc., is to rinse them in water in which rice has been boiled. The rice will take the place of potatoes on washing day, and the liquor, carefully strained, can adequately be used instead of starch.

A suggestion for saving soap, and at the same time imparting a wonderful whiteness to table and body linen, was recently published in a practical magazine. "The day before washing put the clothes in to soak in water to which a little pipeclay has been dissolved. This so loosens the dirt that much of the labour of washing is saved, and only half the usual amount of soap is necessary."

Hints on Household Washing

With the brighter days come the depressed feeling that all one's goods and chattels looked soiled and crushed. Fires, though cosy and comforting, always bring extra work in their train, not only in the actual laying and lighting, but mostly in the ash dust and smuts which are bound to form and settle on every article of furniture and drapery in the rooms.

However carefully these articles are brushed and shaken a certain amount of dirt always remains.

Climatic influences, too, are busy at work during the short, dull days of winter. A heavy fog will most effectually take the crisp cleanness out of muslin and lace curtains or a set of freshly calendered loose covers, and it is heartbreaking to see one's pretty chintzes and cushion covers looking as dull and limp as if they had been immersed in dirty water.

As long as the rays of the fire draw all one's attention to its bright radiance the housewife is content to tolerate the inevitable state of affairs, but the spring sunshine, welcome though it is in every other way, is ruthless in pointing out defects and blemishes.

This month of February is perhaps too early to apply the necessary remedies, but "forewarned is forearmed," and it is always well to be prepared, both with

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

knowledge and materials, against the time for the reparation of the damages.

It is a costly business to dispatch large baskets of blankets, eiderdown quilts, curtains, etc., to the laundress, yet it would be far too dangerous to health to let them remain soiled and full of microbes. Taken one or two at a time, just as the weather is favourable, the housewife, assisted by her maid, should be able to worry through a fair-sized household's requirements in this direction without any difficulty. This is, however, one of those occasions when sunshine and a good breeze are most important factors, and it is no use attempting washing of this description until the weather is fairly settled.

Soft water is another necessity, and if there is no rain tank to supply the need, some must be artificially softened.

A Good Method for Washing Blankets

Put two pounds of washing soda into a large tubful of cold water and let it stand all night. Next morning boil two gallons of this, taking care to use only the clear water and not to disturb the sediment at the bottom of the tub. To two gallons of hot water add one of cold, and three tablespoonfuls of cloudy ammonia, or two ounces of lump ammonia crushed and dissolved in a cupful of hot water.

Stir in enough soap jelly or finely shredded soap to make a good lather, put the blankets in, one at a time, cover the tub closely (to keep in the strength of the ammonia) and leave for one hour. At the end of this time all the dirt will be loosened and the blankets will only require wringing and rinsing in several waters.

Hang the blankets on a clothes-line in the open air (out of the sun) and dry them as quickly as possible.

New blankets should be soaked over night in cold water in order to get rid of the sulphur which is used in the bleaching process of manufacture. This precaution must on no account be neglected, as if they are washed with the remains of the sulphur still in them they will become hard, and no amount of after-soaking will restore the soft fluffiness of the wool.

How to Wash an Eiderdown Quilt

Many people think that it is quite impossible to wash eiderdowns at home, but

given patience and a wringer it is not really a difficult task. The quilt must be first vigorously shaken by two persons in order that all the dust be loosened, then laid on a table and brushed. Any stitches that are missing should be replaced and small tears or rents carefully darned.

It is not necessary to use any soap for washing any eiderdown, and North-country people, who justly pride themselves on their spotless belongings, simply soak them in tepid water for half an hour, rinse them in several waters, pass them through a wringer, and hang them in the open air to dry.

Town-dwelling housewives will, however, consider that after five or six months of constant use their eiderdowns require more cleansing than being immersed in plain water.

The directions given for washing woollen underwear may be used for washing eiderdowns, but special care is necessary in the rinsing process, for if any soap is left the down will adhere together and form hard lumps. A little ammonia may be added to the rinsing water to brighten the outer covering of the quilt. Whilst the eiderdown is drying it should be taken off the clothes-line about every half-hour and well rubbed and shaken.

To Wash Loose Chintz Covers

The day before the covers are to be washed shake and brush them well. Place them in a large receptacle full of cold soft water, to which a handful of salt has been added. Leave them till the following morning. Prepare the washing water as for flannels, then plunge the covers into this and let them soak for half an hour. Do not attempt to rub the material; squeezing and patting it between the two hands will effectually bring out all the dirt. A second tub of soapy water will probably be required. The first tepid rinsing water may have a little ammonia added to it, and the final rinsing should be done in cold water. Wring the covers thoroughly and put them through a thick starch, then hang them out of doors to dry. Starch again and hang in a warm atmosphere until ready to iron. The irons must be hot and heavy, and it is a good plan to rub them frequently on wax. This prevents the surface from picking up the starch and imparts a pleasing gloss to the chintz.

ORNAMENTAL HOUSE-LINEN

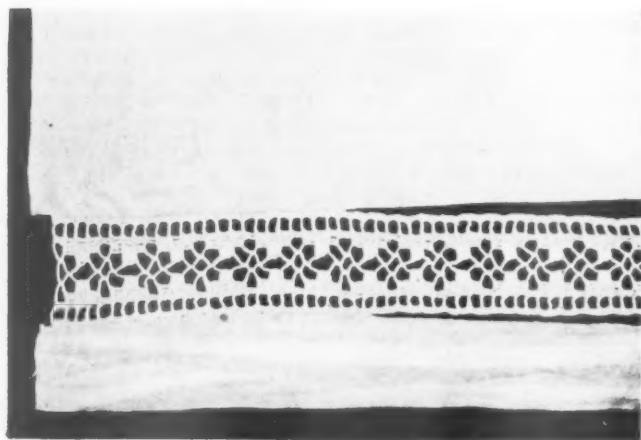
By ELLEN T. MASTERS

THE house-proud wife is to be met with even now, though the stress and strain of modern life have done their best to drive her out of existence. There is still a large proportion of housekeepers who feel neither comfortable nor happy unless their homes are as daintily furnished as their means will permit, and who like to be surrounded by pretty things, instead of those that are, as the saying goes, "beautifully

towels, pillow-cases, bedspreads, and sheets. Various other items, such as supper cloths, nightdress cases, carving cloths, teacloths, cushion covers for bedroom use, washstand and chest-of-drawers' covers, can easily be made on the same principle as those articles here described, should they be required.

A knowledge of the art of drawn-thread work is a great advantage, for the hems,

when they are done by hand, outwear most of those that are worked by machinery. These have a direful habit of parting company with the rest of the linen after a few washings, to the despair of their owner, who is not infrequently left with a stump of a towel and two loose hems. Fortunately, the towels can be restored and in such a way that they may be made to look better than new. It is a good plan to procure a narrow bead-



No. 1.—Renovating a Worn Towel Border.

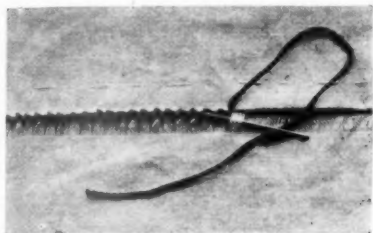
ugly." No great extravagance need be committed by such home-loving women, for it is often possible to obtain the best of results by the simplest means. Not one of the articles I am showing are at all costly, but in taking ideas from them, the best of materials should be chosen, and the linen will then satisfy the eye and will bear washing or cleaning successfully.

House-linen, in the sense in which I shall consider it here, does not include anything in the way of fancy knick-knacks and trifles that are more or less practical, but are often over-trimmed, and not always necessary. By house-linen, then, I shall understand such things as tray-cloths, duchesse sets, teacloths, sideboard slips, useful and sham

ing, either of coarse lace or of crochet, such as that in the first illustration, and to sew one edge to the towel and the other to the torn-off hem as neatly as possible. If this can be well done, and it is not at all a troublesome task, the misdoings of the steam laundry may be regarded with complacency. The portion of a towel given in No. 1 as an example, shows exactly how such a repair is to be managed, and it can be understood that a pillow-case or a sheet may often require the same treatment, but on a larger and coarser scale. With a finer make of lace, pocket-handkerchiefs may be rendered like new in the same fashion provided that they are in good condition everywhere except along the hem.

ORNAMENTAL HOUSE-LINEN

Sometimes it is advisable to execute an ordinary and simple hem instead of adding the lace. The easiest way of managing this is as follows: First decide upon the width that the completed hem is to be. Measure twice its width, counting from the edge of



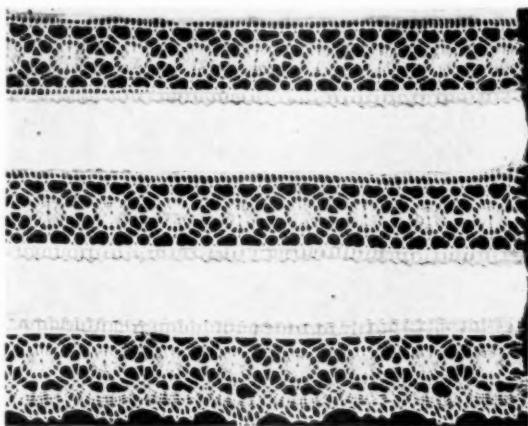
No. 2.—Hem-stitching.

the material, and allow a little over for the first fold which is to be arranged in the same way as in other kinds of hem. Draw out about two threads of the material here. Suppose the hem is to be two inches wide, then remove a few threads about four inches and a half from the margin, fold down half an inch of the linen, then turn down the hem, so that this fold exactly meets the upper part of the drawn portion, and tack it to keep it in place. Thread a fine needle with cotton to correspond, and if there is a selvedge at the right-hand end sew it along invisibly from the outermost corner to the inner portion till the hem is reached, take up a few threads of the open part upon the needle, and draw this through. Pick up a second stitch, putting the needle behind the same strands, but drawing it out this time in the hem itself. Draw up the cotton firmly, take up another cluster of threads in the same way, and again bring the needle through the hem. The process can plainly be seen in No. 2, where coarse needle and thread have been employed for the sake of clearness. When the end of the hem is reached, close the selvedge in the same way, and fasten off in the corner by running the thread in and out through the material for a good distance before cutting it off finally.

When once the hem-stitching is done, and I am purposely not going into any details of elaborate work, because these would carry me too far away from the place from which I started, there is still the whole field for the amateur to work upon in any way that best suits her fancy. Drawn thread, as everybody knows, is one of the most popular kinds of work for ornamenting house-linen, but that also is too large a subject to be treated here.

Another and a very popular way of trimming sheets for everyday use is that shown in the third example. Of course, only a very small detail is given, but it will be noted that the usual open hem is entirely dispensed with, and that instead of it, there is a band of coarse, strong lace slightly eased on into its place. It can be headed, if liked, by a line of feather-stitching, or by a row of French knots evenly spaced.

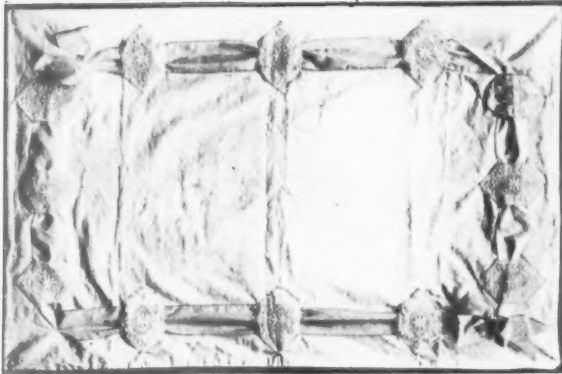
Beyond the lace, and at a distance that must be really judged by the worker herself according to its width, come a couple of bands of insertion to match. These can most conveniently be sewn or buttonholed on before the linen is taken away from the back. Many a worker has gone wrong by



No. 3.—Ornamental Sheet Border.

removing this first, but it is a good plan to draw out a thread to ensure that the margin of the insertion should lie exactly straight on the material, and afterwards to pull out a second strand to make the precise position for the second edge of the insertion. Our example

THE QUIVER



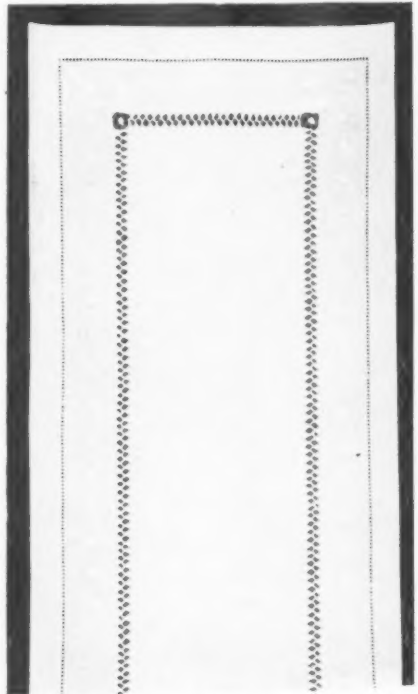
No. 4.—Dainty Pillow-case.

is only a scrap, but the sheet itself will be stronger if a band of the linen is left beyond the lace insertions at each end, instead of taking these completely to the margin. It will be found that a couple of inches will not be at all too much to leave upon such a large thing as a sheet. Finally, the linen has to be cut away along the edges, enough being left to make a small, neat hem to dispose of the raw edges. By choosing judiciously, a lace insertion may easily be found, as in the example, with a firm margin and a row of picots that will hide all imperfections.

For pillow-cases of an ornamental kind that are to be put best face foremost during the day, it is an excellent plan to run some fairly wide ribbon in and out among slits cut for the purpose, and buttonholed round. Such slits have to be arranged in pairs, so that very little of the ribbon is allowed to be hidden on the wrong side. Time, however, has to be taken into consideration, even with the making of ornamental house-linen, so I have devised a method of holding the ribbon that is quite novel, and answers the purpose admirably. Instead of buttonholed slits, my readers will observe in the fourth illustration, a number of scraps of fine white embroidery upon cambric. These are of very good quality, but something less expensive may often be obtained that will perhaps be still more effective. The embroidery is sold by the yard, but it is so woven that it may be cut into these little *motifs* without fear of ravelling, each being complete in itself. They are sewn at the top and bottom in such a way that they will not curl, and so that

ample room is allowed for the ribbon to pass under them. In the model, two lengths of pale blue ribbon about an inch and a half wide were employed. At two of the corners these were tied into crisp little bows, a few stitches being made to prevent them from coming undone. At the other two corners the ribbon was simply turned over so that it could be run on conveniently under the next set of scraps of embroidery.

The ribbon is easily drawn out when the pillow-slip has to be washed, and putting it in again need take but a very few minutes. Nothing can be more easily managed than this style of decoration, provided that the worker has a sufficiently good eye to enable



No. 5.—Duchesse Slip with Bosses.

ORNAMENTAL HOUSE-LINEN

her to place the *motifs* accurately at equal distances apart along each side. They, naturally, have to be nearer together along the short than along the broad side of the slip if this is oblong and not square in shape. An extra ornamentation which makes a good finish may take the form of bosses of satin-stitch, French knots, or feather-stitching round the ends of the strips where these are secured to the linen.

For small articles, such as handkerchief sachets, pincushion tops, and nightdress cases, there are many kinds of fancy lace braid from among which may be chosen a pattern that will lend itself to being cut up in this fashion. Small ovals and medallions worked in crochet also look admirable if the amateur can afford to bestow the necessary time upon them.

Duchesse slips are most useful when they are made rather plainly of linen—first, because the embroidery is somewhat apt to interfere with their utility by preventing the various articles laid on them from being plainly seen; and secondly, by catching in stray hooks and eyes, and so causing both stitches and temper to be disturbed.

A simple trimming of drawn-thread work with some French knots, or better still, some good-sized bosses of satin-stitch on the border, will make an all-sufficient decoration for such articles as these, and will give them a very good appearance. Should it not be convenient to undertake the



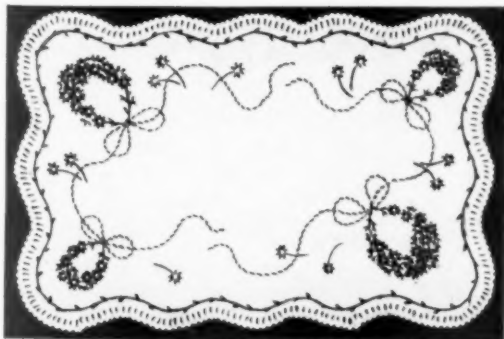
No. 6.—Doilies worked in White Satin-stitch

working of such a number of circles as would be required, an ingenious plan may be followed, as shown in No. 5. The embroideress (who, by the by, does not deserve the name) deftly removed, with a pair of sharp scissors, a number of wafer-like bosses from a length of old *broderie anglaise*, in which they played the part of centres for openwork flowers. These scraps, like soft buttons, were easily and quickly sewn down to the

linen from the back, and nobody would ever have guessed that they had not been worked directly upon it. Small flowers embroidered in raised satin-stitch by machinery can easily be "applied" in this fashion, and many an old and perhaps torn *lingerie* dress may be found to supply the necessary scraps.

White linen mats or doilies are always wanted about a bedroom, and such a one as is shown in No. 6 can readily be produced by any amateur who is skilful in working satin-stitch. In some families there is a fancy just now for the use of more elaborate circles of embroidery on the dining-table under each plate, a larger one, or a set of three, occupying the middle of the table. These are intended to take the place entirely of the

ordinary damask cloth and table-centre, but I question whether housekeepers will not prefer to keep to these, and to spread the circles upon them when they are used at all. Some of the doilies are extremely rich as to their embroidery, but they have the draw-



No. 7.—Tray-cloth Worked in Colours

THE QUIVER

back of detracting considerably from the beauty of the plates and decoration of the table, and they have, moreover, to enter into competition with arrangements of natural flowers.

Writing of coloured doilies and mats reminds me of those that are needed for breakfast-in-bed trays. A fresh and rather pretty cloth on the tray will make the food look tempting, and will often do good by rousing first the curiosity and then the appetite of a convalescent. A tray-cloth must be of a kind that will stand frequent



No. 8.—Running Stitch

washing, for such a thing when dirty should not be tolerated for an instant. A somewhat elaborate cloth is figured in No. 7. In the original, red had been used with white thread for the embroidery; but plain white always looks well, and is preferred by some people whose tea-cups and plates are delicately coloured. The work here is very prettily managed, for the flowers in the garlands in the corners have a picot or loop-stitch for each petal done with the red, and groups of French knots in white for the centres. The stems are worked in an easy fashion that deserves to be more often followed than it is, especially when the designs are conventional in style. A series of running stitches is carried first over the tracing of the stem, care being required merely to get them all at the same distance apart, and of the same length throughout (see upper part of detail in No. 8). When these are finished, a large blunt needle is taken threaded with the second colour. After securing the end on the wrong side, the thread is twisted over the running stitches already made, merely by passing the needle from above downwards under each in succession (see lower part of No. 8). The cotton must not be pulled up too tightly, or the desired cord-like effect will not be obtained.

For a tray-cloth, a frilly finish of lace is

not desirable, as it is apt to get in the way, and might perhaps bring the whole meal to ruin. A simple vandyked trimming of Swiss embroidery—machine-made, of course—is quite sufficient; or, as nothing seems to be complete just now without crochet in some part or another, a slight lace edge of this kind of work may be employed. It is likely enough that this particular tracing may not be obtainable in the shops by the time this description is in print. There are plenty equally effective, fortunately, and many conventional patterns to choose from that may be executed in the manner above indicated.

Those amateurs who can manage satin-stitch well have it in their power to produce all kinds of tasteful and useful articles, for nothing looks better upon linen in the way of solid stitchery, and nothing wears or washes with greater credit to all concerned. There are plenty of good transfer designs to be had that will help workers to produce this kind of needle-craft.

The satin-stitch itself need not be done with very fine cotton, but it should be



No. 9.—Satin-stitch

padded so as to give greater or lesser relief. A few lines of running or darning stitches should be taken over the pattern (see middle detail of No. 9) in the opposite direction to that of the satin-stitch to be done later. The more numerous these layers of running, the more highly raised will be the finished work. The same thread may be employed for small patterns as that chosen for the satin-stitch, but if much work is to be got through, it saves a good deal if something less expensive is used for the padding. The stitches for the outside may be slanting or straight, according to the style of the design.

Both varieties are shown in No. 9. To form the stitch, a beginning may be made

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

by first slipping the end of the thread in and out the padding, and bringing the needle out at the tip of the design. Thence it is carried across, either slanting or straight, to the opposite edge and brought up again by the side of the place at which it started. The great art in this work is to get the stitches to set one beside the other in perfect regularity. The foundation threads must always be carried near enough to the traced lines

to hide these, and in making the outside stitches this will allow of a slight inclination of the needle inwards which will help to "round" the surface of the work. Most professional embroideresses like to use a small hand-frame when doing satin stitch, and especially when the work is at all fine. The finer embroidery is principally used for marking handkerchiefs, and for ornamenting cambric collars.



THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

PASSE-PARTOUT WORK

An Easy and Remunerative Home Occupation

I WAS much interested the other day to learn from a picture-framer and art dealer in a large way of business what an excellent opportunity passe-partout work affords to the girl or woman who has deft hands and a correct eye. It does not matter what age a woman is—nor in some cases, where she lives—quite a nice little income can be made by those who are capable of doing the work well.

What is Meant by Passe-partout

It is a simple form of picture-framing. First of all, the picture has a piece of cardboard or millboard, the exact size, put at the back of it, and a piece of glass exactly matching in front, and all three are then fixed together with a binding—usually a gummed morocco paper, though I saw large pictures backed and mounted in linen. As a rule, however, ordinary strong brown paper is used for backing. Here is a list of what is required for passe-partout to be done at home and at the worker's own choice (all materials are supplied if the work is done for a firm).

Rolls of Dennison's passe-partout binding at 4½d. a roll (in various colours).

Some sheets of strong brown paper for backing the frames.

A 6d. pot of Higgins' photo mountant.

A 6d. box of rings for hanging the pictures.

A glass cutter, costing 6d.

A sharp penknife—and a ruler—for cutting the cardboard.

(Those who are starting, however, may find it more profitable and easier to get the nearest picture-framer to supply the glass and cardboard, at a cost of a few pence.)

A little experience and natural taste will soon show which mounts suit which subjects, and photographs, prints and water-colours all require different binding to obtain the full effect. Samplers, embroideries, silhouettes, scraps of old lace can all be framed and preserved in passe-partout.

How to do Passe-partout Framing

Cut the glass and cardboard ready to the right size, and see that the glass is perfectly clean. Put a couple of ring clips through the

THE QUIVER

cardboard a little way from the top and a few inches apart, for hanging the picture. Take a roll of the passe-partout, and unwind a short length, fold the two edges of the binding together, with the gummed edge inside. The picture, glass, and cardboard being all ready, moisten the gummed binding, and run it up the edge of the frame. (Some workers make a point of beginning at the right-hand bottom corner.) But the most important point, wherever you elect to begin, is to keep the margin absolutely straight, for if you cannot do this, you will never make a passe-partout worker. In fact, I was told of one lady who spared neither time nor trouble to correct this failing, but in vain, and who had perforce to take up another kindred occupation, i.e. the making of "strut" backs. These are the cardboard backs which are to be found on photograph frames, etc., and as the lines are already measured and grooved, it does not demand the same accuracy of eye. There might possibly be an opening for other workers on the same lines, and personal inquiry should be made at any large picture-dealer's and frame-maker's.

Finishing the Binding

Having got the edge absolutely true (and remember the fraction of an inch will make all the difference), when the corner is reached the binding must be carefully folded before proceeding to bind the next edge, and when it is complete it must be cut off in a slanting direction. It must be remembered that the back of the picture is quite as important as the front, and that the binding must be firmly pressed to the cardboard. (A couple of letter-clips to hold all the materials firmly together will be found very helpful.)

Having finished the binding, the picture should be laid between clean sheets of paper with weights on the top.

Then the backing-paper—usually brown paper—should be cut slightly smaller than the back of the frame. Two slits must be cut for the rings to go through (measuring

carefully, so as to get exactly the right position). It must then be brushed over with photographic paste, and the rings having been passed through the slits, and the brown paper pressed firmly down, all that remains is to weight the whole for a short time.

My informant told me that he had a great deal of work of this kind to give out, and so, doubtless, have other firms. I was shown pictures of all sorts framed thus, and was told it was "so useful for keeping stock," which otherwise might have been soiled or mislaid.

Making Money

"There are so many ways," he added, "in which people can make money, if only they would show a little enterprise and originality. For instance," in answer to my query, "there is quite a market for people who can design photograph frames; it need be nothing elaborate; in fact, the simpler the better." And I was shown a plain square frame in a dull blue suede, which I was told had "sold splendidly," and also an equally successful one in the same leather with a design on it.

Finally, here is the opinion of a lady, who took up this work in order to add to her income: "I have now done considerably over 150 photos and calendars. The latter I made out of nice old Christmas cards, mounted as little pictures, and attached a calendar at the bottom, and for which I found a ready sale at Christmas time. Through the kind recommendation of friends I now have quite a little postal connection which increases every month. I try to finish them off well, and return promptly, which I am sure is a great secret of success with amateurs, and not aim at great profits."

Passe-partout framing is cheap, effective, and useful; it is easy and profitable to do; it is at present in great demand; but fashions and fancies wax and wane—so the wise woman will take time by the forelock, and do it—*now!*



"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR . . ."

The Story of a Jealous Man

By RUBY M. AYRES

HAMILTON had been ill, really ill ! It was no ordinary chill that had kept him a prisoner in his bachelor bedroom day after day, week after week ; no slight indisposition necessitating a few days' holiday from the office ; but real illness—serious illness ; he had been right down to the verge of the dark river, and looked grim Death in its ugly face.

Otherwise it probably never would have happened—the thing that smashed up his life and sent him off on a game-hunting, sorrow-drowning expedition.

Man is a queer creature when he is ill—an odd mixture of courage and cowardice, laughing at the doctor one moment and insisting on a second opinion the next ; and Hamilton had been no exception to the rule, for he had done both these things.

At the beginning of his illness he had declared there was nothing the matter with him ; afterwards—well, he was an engaged man, you see, and when the pain began to grip, making him painfully conscious of his own helplessness, he began to think of the other fellow who would marry his girl if he died.

Therefore he suggested a second opinion. The doctor, who was a friend of his, would have suggested it himself in another moment, but Hamilton was first in the field. They were almost the last conscious words he spoke for quite a long time, as for the next many days he was wandering in a dream world, where the face of that other man who would marry Violet if he died grinned at him and tormented him, and made him start up in wild delirium with clenched fists and fevered words.

As a matter of fact, there was no other man outside his own delirium ; but Hamilton had always possessed a vivid imagination, and he saw his enemy's face as distinctly as if he had known and seen him every day of his life for years—a dark, thin face, with mocking eyes and a derisive smile.

There came a night when the doctor took matters into his own hands and sent for the girl.

She came in company with an elderly aunt—a fat, tearful creature, who sat on a chair in a corner of the room and alternately held forth on the extreme impropriety of the visit and uttered fervent prayers for Hamilton's recovery.

"So improper—so highly improper !" she wailed to the doctor. "I was much against it—much against it ; but Violet insisted—"

"There is nothing improper in death," said the doctor grimly ; "and if Violet had not insisted—"

He broke off, looking at the girl who knelt by Hamilton's bedside.

She was very young—hardly out of her teens—with a strangely childish face, down which the tears were running as she looked at the sick man.

Once or twice she spoke to him, calling his name softly ; but Hamilton did not know her—he was too busy fighting the man with the dark, thin face.

She looked up at the doctor ; her eyes were appealing.

"Do you think he will—die ?" she asked him chokingly, and the doctor said, "No, no," in such a hurried way that a woman of greater experience would have known that in his heart he believed he was voicing a false hope.

But Hamilton did not die. Perhaps it was the prayers of the fat, tearful aunt—or the subconsciousness of the tears that had fallen on his face from the blue eyes of the girl he loved ; but, anyway, he scrambled round the corner of the road that led to returning life, and the man with the dark, thin face grew more indistinct and finally vanished.

The doctor beamed, as he regarded his patient lying propped up with a bank of pillows.

"We've had a close shave—a close shave," he said cheerfully ; "but we've won—and now it lies in your own hands how soon you're up and about again—"

"I'm not keen," grumbled Hamilton ungratefully. He felt weak and depressed ; but, manlike, now that he knew the danger

THE QUIVER

was past, he felt that he was no longer an interesting case, and—from a particularly safe distance—eyed the prospect of a relapse with a morbid sort of pleasure. Besides, Violet had not been again; he thought she might have come.

He said so—in the sulky voice of a spoilt child.

The doctor laughed.

"Wait till you're less of a scarecrow," he said. "Besides, I don't allow any excitement. She writes, doesn't she?"

Hamilton growled.

"She hasn't written since yesterday morning."

"Oh!" The doctor turned away to hide a smile. "Well, that's not such an eternity," he said.

"It is, when you've nothing to do but lie on your back and count the cracks in the ceiling," said Hamilton peevishly.

As a matter of fact, there were no cracks in the ceiling, but the grievance served.

A maid tapped at the door.

"A letter for Mr. Hamilton, sir."

The doctor laughed.

"You can leave the cracks alone for a bit now," he said, as he went away.

Violet had written a determinedly cheerful letter, full of the unimportant details of life—the walks she had taken, the things she had thought, a party she had been to.

Hamilton felt rather as a precocious child feels when it receives a letter from a condescending relative. It almost seemed as if Violet were trying to humour him. He flicked over the pages with an irritable finger. He was not at all sure that it was quite nice of her to go to parties when he was so dangerously ill—or, at least, when he was still so far from recovery. He read on with frowning brows:

"... there were such a lot of people there. I wore my new evening frock—the white one with tiny rosebuds. We had music, and there was a violinist there—a man named Vereker. They say he is a coming musician. . . . He spoke to me quite a lot, and said that I played very well. He is a most interesting man—not very young, but so clever looking. He has a thin, dark face and rather mocking eyes, and when he smiles it almost seems as if he feels rather contemptuous—I think 'derisive' is the word I mean."

Hamilton crushed the letter in his thin hand. A wave of angry colour flooded his wasted face.

She had worn her new evening frock—the one he himself had never yet seen; and she had allowed a stranger to monopolise her—a swanking violinist—a man who—He spread out the letter again and read the description of the man through once more—"a thin, dark face and rather mocking eyes."

Where had he met a man who answered exactly to that description? Where had mocking eyes and a derisive smile tormented him? Then all at once he knew. He half started up in bed, only to fall back again weakly. Of course, it was the man of his delirium who would have married Violet if he had died.

He did not finish reading the letter. When the nurse came back into the room he demanded paper and pencil. He wrote off a shaky, furious note in reply to it, and had it posted immediately.

As soon as it had gone he regretted it, and forthwith wrote another:

"DEAREST,—I did not mean to be unkind, but I hate the thought of another man spending the evening with you, when I am lying here helpless. And you say you wore your pretty new frock—oh, Violet, if only I were well and able to get about again! Why don't you come and see me? Don't you love me any more?"

Hamilton was not naturally a driveller—but illness plays all manner of tricks with a man's nerves, and the thought of the girl he loved, dressed in a white frock with rosebuds on it, in the company of the hated man of his delirium, drove him to frenzy; it sent his pulse up a couple of points, and made both the nurse and doctor angry.

"You'll never be well at this rate," they told him, and Hamilton said recklessly that he didn't care; but he was very good for the next twenty-four hours, and took his medicine without a single bad word.

Violet's reply came in the morning. It was kind, but not very long.

"Silly boy," she wrote. "Fancy being jealous of Mr. Vereker! Hurry up and get well . . ."

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR . . ."

There was more besides, but a jealous man seizes on the one doubtful spot, and those were the only words that were important to Hamilton's troubled mind.

He decided that there was but one thing to be done—get well and go and see to things for himself.

Three days after he was sitting in a chair, partly dressed. The fourth day he tottered downstairs with the aid of the doctor's arm.

The doctor was delighted.

"First-rate—first-rate!" he said. "Why, you will look quite presentable when Miss Violet sees you. I was telling her last night how famously you were getting on."

Hamilton flared out:

"You saw her? Where? You never told me."

"I intended to. It was at my sister's. They had a small party. Vereker, the violinist, was there. A most enjoyable evening."

Hamilton bit his lip.

"She gave you no message for me, I suppose?" he asked at last.

"N-no, I think not. We only had a few moments. But she did say that she should have come round to see you, only the aunt—you know the aunt—objected. I know she made enough fuss before—the night you gave us all such a fright. By the way, Vereker's a fine player, isn't he? Miss Violet accompanied him. What did you say?"

"Nothing," said Hamilton shortly.

The warm spring days helped Hamilton on his way. Bright sunshine shone in through the

window. Birds twittered on the eaves. The fresh leaves on the trees and some golden daffodils in the window-box called to him to come out. He chafed bitterly against the weakness that was so slowly overcome.

He had got rid of the nurse—that was one step forward. The next would be to get rid of the doctor—not that he minded old George; but there was a disagreeable feeling about his visits—while he made them it was impossible to forget the reason of his coming.

But the time passed, and one morning Hamilton hurled his empty medicine bottle through the window, and declared himself able to go out.



" 'Do you think he will—die?' she asked him chokingly"—p. 423.

Drawn by
W. H. Humphreys.

THE QUIVER

The doctor demurred.

"You'll find you're not so strong as you think—when you try to walk."

Hamilton looked grim.

"I'm not going to walk. I'm going to drive."

The doctor did not ask where he was going to drive to—he knew without asking—but he shrugged his shoulders and gave up further expostulation.

Hamilton dressed himself with care. He was surprised and annoyed to find how fatiguing it was to choose a tie from the many in his drawer. He felt positively weak by the time he had got the links in his shirt-cuffs. He was obliged to sit down and rest quite a number of times. It was necessary to conquer an intense desire to crawl back to bed. He rang the bell determinedly, and told the maid to send for a cab. She looked surprised.

"Yes, sir."

She came back presently with a letter in her hand. It was from Violet.

"MY DEAREST BOY," Violet wrote in her peculiarly childish hand, "Auntie and I are going up to London for a few days. She only told me this morning, and she absolutely refuses to leave me behind. I believe she thinks I should run round to you at once. And perhaps I should—it seems ages since I saw you. We shall be back on Tuesday, and then perhaps you will be able to come round to see me. I want to see you so much. I don't know what our address will be, but I will send you a card as soon as I know. I am so glad to hear you are really getting better. Poor boy, you must be tired of your rooms. Mr. Vereker came to dinner last night. He is giving a recital in London on Saturday. Auntie has taken some tickets for it. . . ."

Hamilton drew a deep breath. A sudden sense of weakness gripped him. He felt the perspiration break out on his forehead.

"Vereker—always Vereker! Curse the fellow!"

He lost sight of the fact that her frequent mention of the man gave the denial to his suspicions. He only knew that—

"Trifles light as air are—to the jealous—
Confirmation sure as proofs of Holy Writ . . ."

He forced himself to continue reading. The next page contained nothing particular

—just the usual girlish expressions of affection; but even they seemed less spontaneous and sincere to his distorted mind. He turned the paper with a hand that shook:

" . . . and so, dearest, you see that you are quite, quite wrong. I do not care for him at all in that way, though I am afraid he loves me very much. I am so sorry for him, and do not know how to tell him the truth! What would you do, dear, if you were in my place? You, who know so well that there is only one man that I love—that I ever shall love. You need not ask who that is, need you? And whatever happens, you know, too, that I shall never, *never* change or marry anyone else, don't you? . . ."

Hamilton stared at the page with a white face. It had no connection with the half-finished sentence that had preceded it. It looked—it almost looked as if it belonged to another letter—as if it had found its way into his by mistake.

His hands shook as he turned back the sheets. But there was nothing he had missed. He read the disconnected words again:

" . . . You, who know so well that there is only one man that I love—that I ever shall love. . . ."

Hamilton stared stupidly at the words. To whom were they written? Not to him. To whom, then?

To his jealous heart there was but one explanation of it all—one explanation alone. Violet had inadvertently folded a page of another letter into his, and that letter had been written to—Vereker the violinist!

He never stopped to reason against his own suspicion. It was all as clear as daylight. Her cooling letters, the way she had kept away from him, this sudden visit to London, the continual mention of Vereker—the whole thing was as clear in Hamilton's mind as if he had suddenly seen the woman he loved in the other man's arms.

A fury of anger seized him. He had been fooled, deceived. Perhaps even now she and the accursed fellow were speaking of him pityingly, consulting together how best to break the news to him. He started up in uncontrollable rage. Well, he would show them. He would be first in the field. The world should never say that he had been jilted. He would forestall Violet.

'TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR...'



"'I was a fool—a blind, jealous fool!' said Hamilton hoarsely"—p. 429.

Drawn by
W. H. Humphris.

Trembling with weakness and anger, he sat down and wrote her a letter—a letter that would have deceived no one but a girl utterly ignorant of the ways of men—a letter in which he told her that during his illness his feelings had changed, and that he found he no longer cared for her in the old way.

There were but six lines in all, shakily written, signed unsteadily. But he gave himself no time for thought. He folded the letter, sealed and stamped it, and sent the maid with it to the post.

Then he stood looking dazedly round the room, like a man roughly awakened from nightmare. His face was white, his lips twitched. His feverish eyes caught sight of his own reflection in the glass on the opposite wall. He looked a gaunt scarecrow of the man he had been six weeks ago.

Suddenly he laughed—a harsh, cracked laugh. He raised his fists, and shook them weakly at his gaunt reflection.

"Oh, you fool—you fool!" he said, between his teeth.

Six months later Hamilton lounged in a long chair on the deck of a homeward-bound liner.

He was tanned by sun and wind, but his clothes hung baggily on his thin frame. He looked older—graver.

A woman in a white frock beside him watched him curiously from beneath the brim of her shady hat. She was a good-looking woman—with soft, brown eyes and a sweet smile.

A warm autumn sunset was painting the sky with vivid orange and pink. Its rays turned the white sails of a distant schooner to glittering gold.

"We shall soon be home," said the girl. She sighed unconsciously as she spoke.

"Yes," said Hamilton.

She glanced at him.

"You don't seem overjoyed at the prospect," she said, laughing.

"No—I am not."

"Oh!" She raised her brows. "Why are you coming back, then?"

Hamilton hesitated.

THE QUIVER

"Because—oh, well, one must go somewhere, and I'm sick of America."

"So am I. I'm longing to see the country again. It's just lovely in the autumn. Violet says the trees are all copper and red now."

"Violet?" Hamilton echoed the name slowly.

"Yes; she's my friend—Violet Leas. I

been treated rather badly—by a man," she said at length.

Hamilton swallowed hard. Somehow the news did not surprise him. He had always known that Vereker was a scoundrel. Men with mocking eyes and a derisive mouth never had any heart. But it was odd, very odd, that this girl should know her.

His heart began to throb with a dull pain. Six months had done little to heal the wound that had driven him from England, and, strange though it was, somehow he could not be glad that Violet had suffered too. Poor little Violet—she was such a child!

The woman at his side spoke again.

"It is such a queer story. There can be no harm in my telling you, as you are never likely to meet her. She was engaged to a man. She thought the world of him. He had a very serious illness, and when he recovered he said he no longer cared for her, wrote her a most callous letter, and then cleared off somewhere abroad without attempting any further explanation. She was simply heartbroken. Oh, Mr. Hamilton! What is the matter—what have I said?"

She stared at his white face with frightened eyes. She leaned forward and touched his clenched hand with her soft fingers.

Hamilton tried to speak, but he could find no words. Then he jerked out:

"This man—what was his name? Tell me his name."



"She stood quite still, the eager words dying on her lips."

Drawn by
W. H. Humphris.

am going to stay with her in Hertfordshire. Poor little Violet."

Hamilton sat up suddenly. He tilted his cap over his eyes.

"Why poor?" he asked, with difficulty it seemed.

"Well"—the woman hesitated—"she has

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR . . ."

She looked puzzled. She knit her dark brows thoughtfully.

"I can't quite remember. I know she called him—Dick. I—I believe it was—why, it was—Hamilton—of course. Oh!" She put up her hands to her lips with a sudden frightened gesture. "Oh—is it—you?" she asked him tremulously.

Hamilton made no answer. He felt stunned and shocked. What was the meaning of it all? That letter? With sudden impulse he turned to the woman at his side. He told her the story of that fateful March morning stumblingly. He showed her the last letter Violet had written him—the letter that had driven him to a very madness of despair—the letter he had carried with him ever since. He laid the worn pages in her lap with fingers that trembled.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "What was I to think? What would you have thought?"

She did not answer for a moment. Then she laughed—rather a mirthless laugh it sounded. She read the pages through carefully—she missed no word of Violet's large, unformed hand—then she took the one that had been Hamilton's undoing, and held it to him.

"This was written to me," she said slowly. "I remember receiving a letter from Violet in which there seemed to be a page missing. She was often careless, and—she always wrote to me in this way. We are very fond of each other. I remember that I had asked her if she thought anything of Mr. Vereker, the violinist. She mentioned him so often in her letters. I suppose this is what she wrote in reply. She loved you, I know—she always loved you. Oh, Mr. Hamilton, if only you had given her a chance to explain!"

"I was a fool—a blind, jealous fool!" said Hamilton hoarsely. "But it's not too late now. Do you think it is? She will forgive me—poor little Violet."

The woman smiled at him.

"Now perhaps you are glad you came home," she said. "Are you?"

Hamilton's eyes spoke for him.

To Hamilton the two last days at sea were an eternity. He could not rest.

Violet's friend watched him with rather wistful eyes. She liked Hamilton—perhaps would more than have just "liked" him had she not discovered about Violet.

They were together a great deal. Hamil-

ton talked incessantly of Violet. He lived for the moment when he would see her and explain everything. He was first ashore. His face was flushed, his eyes eager. He looked like a schoolboy going home for the holidays.

"I shall come down to Hertfordshire with you," he said over and over again. "We ought to be there by six if the trains run to time."

At Liverpool there were letters. Hamilton waited impatiently while she read them. His eyes had recognised Violet's writing. The woman handed this letter to him to read. She laughed a little at his eagerness—a laugh that held the breath of a sigh.

Violet wrote in her old impulsive way:

"I am so glad you are coming to us. It will be lovely to see you again, dear. Of course, I shall be at the station to meet you. I have so much to tell you. I am so looking forward to our being together again."

Hamilton returned the letter, frowning slightly.

"She is very fond of you," he said jealously.

"Yes."

The autumn afternoon was drawing to a close when the train came to a standstill at the station in Hertfordshire. Hamilton rose to his feet. His face was pale, his lips nervous.

"Supposing she is not here," he said. He opened the carriage door.

"She will be here," said the woman. She stepped out. A girl in a grey tweed coat came running down the platform. She held a dog on a leash—a dog that had once belonged to Hamilton. She was very young, but her face was sad. She came forward with outstretched hands.

"Oh, it is so lovely to have you home again." Then she saw Hamilton.

A lovely flush dyed her cheeks, then faded, leaving her very pale. She stood quite still, the eager words dying on her lips.

Hamilton stepped forward. The eyes of the elder woman searched his face with something almost piteous in their soft darkness. She looked at Violet. Then she turned away. There was no place for her in the sunlit garden of Eden upon which these two had just entered.

THE VALLEY OF PINES



Photo: Blair and Roney.

A Study of BOURNEMOUTH and its Religious Influences

By C. T. BATEMAN

BOURNEMOUTH is lovely for situation. Sea, cliffs, pines and gardens all contribute to its unique charm. Enlightened men with public spirit and far-seeing qualities planned its extensions and developments at the very beginnings of its corporate life, and the district is now enjoying the benefits of their skill. They were sufficiently wise to provide not only for a day or a year, but for many decades, and to realise that natural advantages must be preserved on well-defined lines if a modern town is to surpass the attractions of older health resorts. Thus it is that you find in Bournemouth wide and well-planned roads, a wealth of foliage and an undisturbed growth of bush, shrubs and flowers. Brighton and Blackpool have their admirers, but Bournemouth offers something quite different. It has realised that there exists a large and prosperous class of people who, having striven for many years in closely populated centres, desire a quiet resting-place, health giving and beautiful, for the closing days of a strenuous life.

Bournemouth has attracted large numbers of retired wealthy men and women. Districts are pointed out to the visitor where the spacious and picturesquely situated houses are occupied by millionaires, or, at least, by those not far removed from this category. These residents ask for a well-governed town, public spirit in its management, and freedom from the meretricious attractions

of some seaside places. "Preserve your pines, keep your streets clean, and save us from the rowdy tripper, and we are quite content," has been their more or less articulate demand for many years. And Bournemouth has heeded the petition to its own prosperity, and has grown from a fishing hamlet of a century ago into one of the best-administered and most substantial county boroughs in England.

The excellent system of electric trams, covering a wide area, remains inactive on Sundays. Some Bournemouth people wish that this ordinance should be rescinded. They have tried to obtain the Sunday tram, but Bournemouth has, by referendum, refused the specious plea, preferring for one day the quiet of its streets and the comfort and rest of its tramway employees. A certain class of visitor has probably kept away from Bournemouth in consequence; but the real interests of the borough have not suffered. I understand that the late Sir Charles Scotter, chairman of the South Western Railway Company, informed one of the Mayors of Bournemouth that as long as they desired a quiet Sunday the company would respect the wishes of the inhabitants as regards Sunday excursions. In spite of the town's decision, an attempt has been made to snatch a vote in the Borough Council on the question of Sunday trams, but without success. If they are wise the voters will let well alone.

THE VALLEY OF PINES

The provision made in Bournemouth for religious work proves that the early settlers considered of equal or greater importance to its material development the erection of churches that were in accordance with their surroundings. Standing in the Square, the eye detects church towers and steeples peeping out of the trees with all the marks of a true architect's craftsmanship, and later one is introduced to large and commodious buildings many of which accommodate more than a thousand people. From a careful return I find that Bournemouth possesses fourteen churches or chapels of ease connected with the Church of England. The Free Churches are thus divided: Presbyterians, two churches and a mission hall; Baptists, five churches; Congregationalists, nine churches and two mission halls; Wesleyan Methodists, seven churches; Primitive Methodists, five churches; the Salvation Army has three buildings, and the Society of Friends a meeting-house. These numbers represent a total of thirty-two Free Churches or places of worship, excluding the mission halls. The figures of both the Established and Free Churches indicate the generous manner in which the inhabitants support religious organisations. Nor is this provision confined to the parochial or ordinary church work. The money collected for the great missionary societies is not equalled by any other place of its size in the kingdom, and the Bishop of London has for many years recognised the fact that the wherewithal for the East London Church Fund cannot be obtained elsewhere with greater cheerfulness of giving or larger value than in the town where his mother makes her home.

Equally remarkable is the calibre of the men who occupy the pulpits in Bournemouth. Their reputation lies beyond parochial boundaries, and they have brought to bear upon their preaching a far wider and riper experience that that which usually obtains under similar circumstances. The provincial reproach has become effaced and in its place there is manifest an intense

Churchmanship—using the word in its best sense—which has proved of utmost value in the development of the most permanent forces in Christian progress. This personal factor has exercised a remarkable influence on the town itself. People have settled in the borough or spent holidays there in order that they might be associated with inspiring Christian teaching. Few places can be named where such an atmosphere exists equal to that created and maintained in Bournemouth, almost from the time when it commenced to grow in size and increase in population.

The Church of England

From the days when St. Peter's Church—the mother church of the town—was a small village edifice, Church extension has been wisely and courageously undertaken. In 1845 St. Peter's was formed from the civil parishes of Christchurch and Holdenhurst, and in that year the living was presented to the Rev. A. M. Bennett. His views did not accord with some Churchmen in the district, who expressed their opposition in a variety of ways; but to-day the fact is more or less generally appreciated that he worked with self-sacrifice on behalf of the Churchmanship of the rising town. To Mr. Bennett belonged the credit for the far-seeing manner in which St. Peter's Church was built. On his suggestion it was planned in parts, which were erected according to the needs and resources of the time. Thus to-day St. Peter's is a beautiful building,



The Upper Gardens,
Bournemouth.

Photo:
Mell and Eidley.

THE QUIVER

unspoilt by hideous additions of a later period. Although many years elapsed before the church was completed—for not until 1879 was the spire added—Mr. Bennett was spared to see the completion of his noble enterprise, though he lived for only a few weeks afterwards. St. Peter's itself is in effect a memorial to Mr. Bennett, but in the graveyard near the south porch there is also a cross to his memory, whilst amidst the trees on the hill-side St. Stephen's Church was erected as an additional memorial, and his son became the first vicar. Only a few months since he retired from the post after a service of thirty years. St. Stephen's cost £30,000, and is a particularly fine specimen of the architecture of Mr. J. L. Pearson. Twenty years ago, Canon Twells, the author of the well-known hymn, "At even, ere the sun was set," presented the new parish with a chapel of ease, which was formed, in 1900, into the separate ecclesiastical parish of St. Augustin's.

Canon A. E. Daldy is now vicar of St. Peter's and Rural Dean of Christchurch, having been appointed in 1904. He preserves the High Church traditions of Mr. Bennett. In conversation with one of the best-known Evangelicals in Bournemouth, he told me that though Canon Daldy has strong convictions, he has from the time of his appointment maintained the true spirit of Church extension. Differences of viewpoint are recognised, but where Evangelicals are endeavouring to carve out a new parish, he has assisted their purpose with a catholicity that was unmistakable. At the time of writing he is leading in a movement for the endowment and building of a new church to be called St.

Mary's, at an estimated cost of £6,000. In this enterprise he is assisted by the Rev. J. M. Davenport, of St. Clement's. The parish will number about 6,000 people, who are described as "nearly all poor," and in recognition of the fact that it is being sliced out of the older parishes of St. Peter's and St. Clement's, the parishioners in these districts are rendering substantial assistance.

Under the Canon's leadership St. Peter's has taken its proper place in the Church life of Bournemouth. Possessing himself first-hand information on some aspects of the missionary field, he is an enthusiast on the subject. As an evidence of his organising skill it may be mentioned that one central Parochial Finance Committee exists for St. Peter's and its two allied churches of St. Swithun's and St. Ambrose, and the Free-will Offering scheme is adopted. By means of the envelope system the promises are collected weekly, monthly, or at the intervals desired by subscribers, and devoted to diocesan work and foreign missions.

In the prime of life, Canon Daldy has obtained a wide experience of Church work, having served at All Hallows', Barking, and latterly as Winchester Diocesan Missioner, and is acknowledged as the leader of Anglican activities in the district.

Rev. E. J. Kennedy

Two clergymen in Bournemouth in the matter of height stand above their brethren. I refer to the Rev. E. J. Kennedy, of St. John's, Boscombe, and the Rev. E. A. Causton, of Christ Church, Westbourne. When Archbishop Temple was Bishop of London he invited Mr. Kennedy, then General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Exeter Hall, to take Holy Orders.



Canon Daldy.



Rev. E. J. Kennedy.



Rev. Clement Burrows.



Rev. E. A. Causton, M.A.

(Photos by Debenham and Gould, Owen, and Bright.)

THE VALLEY OF PINES

With much shrewdness Dr. Temple appreciated the qualities of the man, and judging by Mr. Kennedy's success and usefulness as a parish clergyman, the Bishop's opinion was not at fault. The Y.M.C.A. experience and associations have also undoubtedly assisted Mr. Kennedy in his numerous enterprises. After a period of service at St. James's, Hatcham—first as curate and then as vicar—a most difficult and arduous post—Mr.

large band of workers who assist in the organisation of numerous religious agencies for the parishioners, as well as for those who, though outside the parochial borders, prefer the Evangelical ministry to be found at St. John's. Mr. Kennedy does not disguise his Protestantism, and aims at securing congregational worship. His long connection with the Y.M.C.A. enables him to appreciate the qualities necessary for dealing with



St. John's, Boscombe.

(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

St. Michael's.

(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)



St. Peter's
(the Parish Church
of Bournemouth).

(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

(The Bennett Memorial
will be seen in the
foreground.)

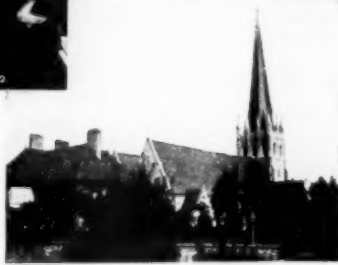
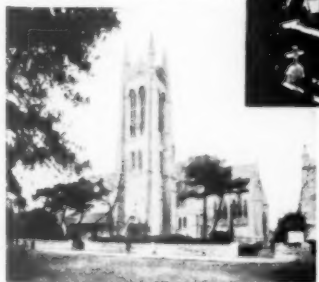


St. Stephen's
(Bennett Memorial).

(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

St. Paul's.

(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)



Kennedy was appointed by the Peache trustees to St. John's, Boscombe, where the conditions were changed from a South London parish, with its crowded population, to the salubrious suburb of Bournemouth, on the top of fir-clad cliffs, and but a short distance from the sea. The work and responsibility are not less, but the climatic advantages can be appreciated by those who know Hatcham and Bournemouth.

Sitting in the study at St. John's Vicarage, Boscombe, on a beautiful afternoon, Mr. Kennedy explained to me the features of the Church life in his parish. He settled there in 1894 and has gathered round him a

men, and for their benefit the parish possesses a Men's Club, and a service held on Sunday afternoons secures an attendance of over one thousand men. Though Boscombe is a wealthy suburb, the parish consists, according to Mr. Kennedy, of about two-thirds who belong to the working classes. I am told by outsiders that his bonhomie and direct speech appeal to them, and they appreciate the sympathy and teaching of their six-foot vicar, who almost every day is to be seen on his cycle visiting his parishioners and directing the Church work.

Knowing the generosity of the wealthy parishioners to Church objects, I asked Mr.

THE QUIVER

Kennedy what sum he thought had been raised since his settlement at Boscombe in 1894. "It is somewhat difficult to say off-hand," he replied, "but certainly not less than £100,000. It is surprising to me, sometimes, where all the money comes from, but without difficulty our people give to the work not only for its ordinary upkeep, but also to the various extensions which are required from time to time. We believe not only in supporting home agencies, but also the missionary cause; and from this parish we sent last year to the Church Missionary Society no less a sum than £1,050."

The church itself cost about £14,000 to build, and possesses a seating capacity of 1,200, yet strangers find difficulty in securing a vacant place, especially if they only arrive a few minutes before the appointed time of service.

The Oldest Clergyman in Bournemouth

Another personal force in Bournemouth is Canon F. E. Toyne, of St. Michael's, who is in charge of one of the finest churches in the district. The tower was erected from designs by Mr. J. Oldrid Scott—who has done such excellent work in the restoration of Selby Abbey—and is one of the landmarks of the place. A reredos, a stained east window, and a marble pulpit have been placed in the church as special memorials at different times. Canon Toyne represents the type of Broad Churchman who is far removed from Agnosticism. The purpose of his ministry is to provide a service which shall be acceptable to all Churchmen in the parish. Even so, it is possible that the services at St. Michael's are too low for the ordinary High Churchman and too high for the average Evangelical. Still the fact remains that Churchmen of the middle standpoint are attracted there and appreciate the ministry of one of the most cultured and best-read men in the town.

Canon Toyne entered the Church of England somewhat late in life, and before his appointment to St. Michael's, in 1881, was curate of a small church in Hampshire. His connection with Bournemouth has been

preserved for over thirty years—a fact that now makes him the doyen amongst the clergymen in the district. From testimony I received from several quarters, there is no other clergyman or minister who is more esteemed for his gifts and character in the whole of the district than the Canon.

An Evangelical Church

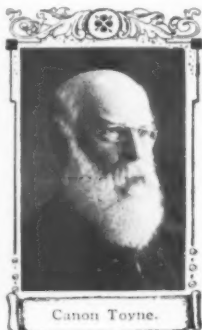
The Rev. Clement L. Burrows, M.A., of St. Paul's Church, deserves mention for the manner in which he preserves the Evangelical traditions of his parish. His church loyally supports a number of parochial organisations, as well as missionary auxiliaries.

St. Paul's was formed into a separate parish in 1890, and since that time Mr. Burrows has been in charge. He is much respected for his work and testimony in Bournemouth, and is supported by a loyal and devoted band of parishioners.

A brief reference to the Rev. E. A. Causton on a previous page recalls the fact that after a term on the Indian Mission field of the Church Missionary Society he has returned to Bournemouth. His first curacy was spent at St. John's, Boscombe, and now, since the missionary interregnum, he is in charge of the church at Westbourne.

The Free Churches

By general consent the Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D., is the outstanding leader of the Free Churches in Bournemouth—and, indeed, in Hampshire. On two occasions I sought the opinion of prominent Churchmen on the subject, and the answer was unmistakably clear and emphatic. Mr. Jones succeeded an eloquent Welsh preacher in the person of the Rev. Ossian Davies, and himself also from the Principality, he has enhanced the traditions of Richmond Hill Congregational Church. When Mr. Jones is preaching the congregation overflows the ordinary accommodation, and in the holiday season difficulty is usually experienced by visitors in securing a seat. The question is sometimes asked: "What is the attractive force in Mr. Jones's sermons?" First, I should place the sympathy established



Canon Toyne.

THE VALLEY OF PINES

between himself and his hearers. The quiet tones adopted at the commencement of his discourse are an invitation to listen. People appreciate his pulpit power and are anxious not to miss the exegesis. He carries them on from point to point by apt illustrations, picturesque passages, strong Evangelical fervour, inspired every now and then by glowing Welsh fire. It is preaching that compels listeners and preaching that influences. His hearers are gathered from many classes—business men, and cultured men and women of the middle class as well as those of leisure and wealth. They come for spiritual help and are rarely disappointed. Like a wise physician, he diagnoses the needs of his hearers and applies the remedy. Many people spend their holidays in Bournemouth largely for the reason that "J. D."—as he is familiarly called—can be heard in his own church. This influence has given him a constituency practically as wide as that offered by a Metropolitan church, and few places even in London could secure him a more influential pulpit.

Mr. Jones has often been sounded concerning a change of sphere, but like Oliver Goldsmith's Country Parson, he has no desire at present to change his place. Even Carr's Lane, Birmingham, honoured by a fine succession of ministers, was only considered by him at the invitation of the leaders of the denomination. Later still, a most determined effort was organised to secure his acceptance of the principalship of Lancashire College, Manchester, in succession to Dr. Adeney. But Bournemouth was determined to keep him if at all possible, and it succeeded.

As Mr. Jones looks out of his pleasant manse on Richmond Hill across the delightful town gardens he must realise that few ministers possess such a prospect from

their study windows, and none who can claim a more united membership. Moreover, he has about him as officers men of influence and responsibility in the town who are devoted to the truest welfare of the church.

The history of Congregationalism in

Bournemouth is one of growth, which in later years has developed in a manner almost unique. This progress shows that, given the men, Congregationalism can be adapted to the times. Under wise leaders who were actively engaged in the business of the rising town, the church sought the services of a strong and devoted minister. They carried into church life the principles and maxims exemplified in business, viz., that in order to build successfully it is necessary to plan wisely and develop

with enterprise. This policy dictated the invitation to the Rev. Ossian Davies—whose services at Richmond Hill are remembered with gratitude and appreciation today—and also secured the succession of Mr. Jones. In like manner also the church has made itself responsible for church extension at Charminster Road, Longham, Southbourne, and Winton, where under fully ordained ministers an ordered church life is being built up with encouraging signs of success. In the past Independency has sometimes stood for self-centred isolation.

With the leadership of Mr. J. D. Jones Bournemouth Congregationalism represents church co-operation on the best lines.

Many other good and devoted Free Church ministers are carrying on their work in Bournemouth. They have not stamped their individuality upon the life of the town and district as has Mr. J. D. Jones, nor is the number of their adherents as large as those of the Congregationalists, but their ministry is appreciated and valued by the membership of their churches.



Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D.
(Photo: Debenham and Gould).
and Richmond Hill Church.

ICE-BOUND LABRADOR

"Quiver" Help for Sister Bailey

IN the October number of THE QUIVER Dr. Grenfell made an appeal for help towards the splendid work being done by Nurse Bailey at the lonely station of Forteau, on the coast of Labrador.

He told our readers that the cost of maintaining the nurse is £150 a year, but that £50 per annum would provide for the dogs and komaticks (sledges), the boat and boatman, and the driver during the year.

I did not like to pledge THE QUIVER to be responsible for the raising of either sum, but left the matter to the decision of our readers.

I am now able to report that, up to the date of writing (December 20th), the sum of £30 3s. 8d. has been received. This is very encouraging, and I am most anxious to write and tell Dr. Grenfell that the cost of the equipment for a whole year has been received, and that in future THE QUIVER will be responsible for the dogs and sledges, the boat and boatman, etc., which will enable Sister Bailey to properly carry out her work in lonely Forteau. Will readers send me the small sum remaining so that I can do this?

I do not want those who have already subscribed to increase the amounts they have sent; rather I want fresh readers who may feel impelled to help in this splendid work to send me their offerings, however small. Further than that, if we are to carry out our undertaking, I look to the kind friends who have sent to continue their support next year.

Here are extracts from a letter received from Sister Bailey, describing her work recently:

I have a man in with three fractured ribs and pneumonia. My district has stretched from Bonne Esperance to Red Bay, and I am responsible for twenty-two settlements, winter and summer, and have as much as I can manage.

In the winter I take several patients at a time. Cannot accommodate more for lack of space, my largest room being only 10 feet by 11 feet. In that room I have Bible study classes, girls' club, and first-aid classes. My three bedrooms are no larger than 7 feet by 10 feet; one of these I use as a ward.

Last winter I covered 345 miles by dog-team,

and if the weather had not been so terrific I should have covered 500 as in previous years. The fishing here was an absolute failure, and this year it is not much better up till now.

Some families walked for miles to get a small bag of flour from me. Others were on their last baking when Government relief came. Some of the poor children were half-starved, and I was at my wits' end to know what to do for the best. I got a little relief from the Government, but not nearly enough. The year before I managed to scrape \$100 out of them for road building—shall try to get more this year. My friends in England have sent me money enough to build a store (for storing Mission clothing, supplies, etc.), which will be 14 feet by 14 feet, and have two floors. I shouldn't wonder but what I'll take one floor for a club room and for services.

My sitting-room is pretty full when I get twenty-five to the classes and sometimes more. I can assure you the atmosphere is none too pure at the finish. Dr. Grenfell gave me permission to build, and gave me hymn-books toward a mission hall! For my store he drew the plans but not the cash! The work is growing so rapidly that I can scarcely cope with it alone, and lack of space makes it much harder.

The following is the list of subscribers to December 20th, 1912. Amounts received since will appear in later numbers, together with other particulars of Nurse Bailey's work:

	£	s.	d.
"In Memory of a Beloved Sister"	10	0	0
Mrs. B. H. Henshaw	4	0	0
"A Friend" (Stirling)	1	10	0
Misses Christie	1	7	6
Lady Musgrave	1	1	0
"Anon" (Gillingham)	1	0	0
Miss Macleod	1	0	0
A. Reid	1	0	0
Colonel and Mrs. Brunker	1	0	0
Lady Mordaunt	1	0	0
Two Friends	1	0	0
Miss A. Silcock	13	0	0
"A Friend at Tenby"	10	6	0
J.—A Thank-offering	10	0	0
Miss M. A. S. Owston	10	0	0
E. D. (Purley)	10	0	0
"Anonymous" (Ludlow)	10	0	0
Mrs. Fraser	10	0	0
E. R. B.	8	2	0
Miss B. Gill	5	0	0
I. G. (Glasgow)	5	0	0
Miss Ramsay	5	0	0
The Misses A. and M. Cook	5	0	0
F. A. Last	5	0	0
M. Alldridge	2	6	0
Miss K. Smith	2	6	0
Mrs. Archdale	2	6	0
M. H.	1	0	0
E. B. S.	1	0	0

£30 3 8

THE EDITOR.



The Long Vision

THE article on "The Future of the Salvation Army" inevitably recalls to our mind the grand, rugged figure of General William Booth. What a personality was his! We put him in the forum with Gladstone and Garibaldi, Livingstone and Lincoln. How these men tower above their fellows! Different in career, character, and calibre, yet they all have about them the quality of greatness. Wherein, amid their differences, are they so much related? Is it not that each one of them is a man of the long vision? General Booth saw clearly what he wanted; he fixed his eyes upon "this one thing I do," and then, though a multitude of foes should seek to turn him back, he went straight forward until he had achieved his aim. So it was with the others in the Hall of Great Men.

Livingstone and Lincoln, Bismarck and the others—they knew their own minds, and, having the power of the long vision, they were able to concentrate all their forces upon that aim in view, and so were able to mould the world to suit their own imperious will.



Knowing One's Mind

WHAT a power there is in knowing one's own mind! If the critics were calmly to dissect the intellectual faculties of General Booth they might assure us that he was quite an ordinary kind of man. But the point that made the difference was that every energy, every talent, was used in one direction. Talents he had; but so have thousands of others, only they never achieve anything.



The Kingship of Mediocrity

WHAT an extraordinary world this is! There is your neighbour, who carried off all the prizes at school, knows fourteen languages, and was predicted a brilliant

career. "A man with ten talents." Now he is a printer's reader, correcting the lists in "Who's Who" for the press. On the other hand, here is a man occupying a position of supreme command. You meet him in business, and are quietly impressed with his practical qualities; but at the same time you cannot understand why he has risen to his present position of eminence. "Sheer luck," you say, and proceed to malign a very unequal world. Why is it that so often mediocrity rules the world whilst genius blacks shoes? Largely because of the power of the long vision; the man who has faced life clearly, made up his mind and used whatever material came to hand, is the man who has succeeded. In certain few cases that man has had magnificent materials at hand—and then you have a Gladstone or a Bismarck. But genius alone has never achieved place and power: mediocrity, plus perseverance, often has.



"Simply Pottering"

IF I were to put it individually to each reader of this page, how many would be able to answer the question: "What is the great aim to which you are directing your energies?" You may try to meet me with a generalisation; but perhaps a few here and there will be more frank and say, "I simply haven't one central aim in life." We all more or less "potter about," doing a little here and a little there, making up our minds now, and changing them to-morrow. It is very unheroic—but very human; we say we are just the ordinary people, and that someone must carry on the commonplace work of the world. But why waste impulse, and talent, and opportunity—these gifts which fall to the lot of every one of us? We can in our own way be men and women of the long vision. The really dangerous person in life is the one who cannot make up his mind. The "desperate villain" whom we meet in fiction lays his plans deeply; but, after all,

THE QUIVER

we know what he means, and can discount his machinations—at least, we can in real life, even if it is more difficult in a sensational novel. But it is the person with the wavering mind that shoots under the wheels of omnibuses and generally gets in everybody's way. There is no momentum in hesitation, no personality about a floating straw, no achievement in procrastination. So look the world calmly, squarely in the face, make up your mind what you are going to be and do, and then Heaven bless your enterprise.



David Livingstone

I HAVE mentioned Livingstone among the immortal heroes. How grand a figure he now assumes before the eyes of the world! His name is "writ large" across the face of Africa. On March 19 the centenary of his birth will be celebrated over the length and breadth of the world. What of the real Livingstone—the human person, with fads and foibles and peculiarities? There are two men now living who are able in a special way to tell us first hand of the real Livingstone. Fortunately I have been able to get the assistance of both of them for my Livingstone Number of THE QUIVER, which will appear next month.



Sir Harry Johnston

SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., is one of our greatest living explorers. He has travelled all over Africa, has conducted expeditions to West Africa, the Congo River, Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, etc., was instrumental in founding the British Central Africa Protectorate, has been British Consul in many parts of the Dark Continent, and Special Commissioner, Commander-in-Chief, and Consul-General for the Uganda Protectorate. He has been thoroughly over the ground of Livingstone's travels. Moreover, it was to him that the Livingstone family gave the whole of the great missionary's correspondence and papers, to be used for the writing of the monumental "Life of Livingstone." Sir Harry Johnston has kindly written for me a special article on "David Livingstone." In this sketch he gives a graphic portrait of the great pioneer; it is perhaps a little different from the accepted view, but it is living and true: it shows the man.

NOTE.—The portrait on page 365 is of Commissioner Howard, Chief of the Staff of the Salvation Army, not Commissioner Higgins, as described in a portion of our issue.

Dr. Sir John Kirk

AMONG the comrades of Livingstone on his memorable expedition, but one white man survives. Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., etc., has recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, but though in retirement and adverse to anything in the nature of publicity, he retains the keenest interest in the days of his travels with Dr. Livingstone. He has supplied, in the form of an interview, some wonderfully interesting anecdotes of his adventures while navigating the great inland waterways of Africa with the intrepid Doctor. The article is written by Mr. Basil Mathews—author of "Livingstone the Pathfinder"—and is entitled "Facing Death—with Livingstone." There will be many striking drawings and photographs, the cover design being a new portrait of Livingstone, specially painted by Mr. A. C. Michael.



Women's Suffrage

OF course the March number will have many features apart from the Livingstone articles. Just now Women's Suffrage is very much to the front, and the question is touched on both in an article by Christine T. Herrick on "Which Side of the Fence? Some Reasons why I cannot decide which Way to Jump," and also in a story, "Angels Unawares," by Constance Smedley Armfield. Another story, entitled "Young Parson," deals with affairs a hundred years ago, whilst Winifred Graham contributes a present-day tale of love and sacrifice entitled "The Open Gate."



"Something to do"

HOW many of my country-women readers may complain of the narrowness of their sphere and their inability to do anything in the nature of social service! For their benefit Mrs. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser has written a special article on "The 'Something to do' Problem: What Women can do in Social Service in a Village." Other contributions will be "Character-Reading in Daily Life," by Miss Amy B. Barnard, L.L.A., "The House with Seven Servants," by Catharine D. Burne, "Miss Jane's Rejuvenation," by Mona E. Maud, etc.

The Editor

OUR MOTTO COMPETITION

First Prize: £20 in Goods

Second Prize: £10 in Goods

Twelve "Teaettas" & Twelve Volumes

By THE EDITOR

THE announcement of the Motto and Text Competition has aroused considerable interest among the readers of THE QUIVER. Possibly some were disappointed at first, as the competitor who might have skill in making toys and dolls might not be so apt with the pen and brush. Yet, when the conditions are carefully read, it will be seen that this is by no means a competition only for the painter, but that quite a variety of talents can be utilised in order to compete for a prize.



Choosing a Motto

The first thing is to choose a text or motto. This in itself ought not to present much difficulty. Almost all of us are fond of taking some phrase or verse and placing it where the eye will frequently alight on its inspiring message. A friend of mine, a hard-headed, practical man of business, with no particular artistic or sentimental leanings, is in the habit of pasting little fragments of poetry and prose to the edge of the roll of his roll-top desk. As he sits at his work he can catch sight of that extract from Carlyle on "Work," or Browning on "Life," whilst the casual visitor does not notice anything unusual about the appearance of his desk.

Of course for this competition I am not so concerned with business mottoes. "Do it Now" is all very well in its place, but will not be very appropriate in a sick-room or a hospital ward!

Good people, even with the best intentions, sometimes allow their zeal to outrun their discretion in the matter of texts for presentation to others. Coming home in the train some time ago I was just a little

embarrassed when a lady opposite suddenly opened her bag, and taking out a small bouquet, asked if I would mind accepting it! She explained that she had been distributing the nosegays at some hospital, and had quite a number over. I accepted with a smile, and examining the little bunch of pansies discovered an appropriate text clearly written and threaded round with the flowers. The lady then proceeded to ask other occupants of the carriage to accept a bunch, which they did—more or less awkwardly.

But I noticed that before presenting them the lady carefully examined the mottoes attached to each one. The collection of flowers being spread out before me I soon found out the reason for this precaution. One or two of the bunches had attached to them such a text as "Be sure your sin will find you out"!

Of course the good lady would not have been so impolite as to hand one of these to a stranger in a railway carriage. But why should it have been chosen for some poor sufferer in a hospital?

I want competitors carefully to choose their mottoes: get something cheering, something inspiring and something that will last—not a line which will weary with oft scanning, nor a cheap truism that will irritate by its superficiality. Remember that none of the texts will be wasted. After the competition they will be distributed among hospitals and other places where they will have a mission of help and healing. So choose well.



Working the Mottoes

Most of the time, however, will be spent upon execution. Be careful about your

THE QUIVER

materials. If you are going to paint the text in water-colours or oils do not choose a thin piece of paper that will cause the colours to run. The most suitable substance is a piece of Bristol-board, such as artists use, but, of course, there is no stipulation as to this or any other material.

If you intend using linen or silk, remember that the cost of one shilling must not be exceeded. With this exception—and that of the size—the competitors have every latitude. I am expecting some very original methods of working out a motto.

The Prize List

There are twenty-six Prizes, so that, even if your work is not placed at the top of the list, there is no need to despair.

The FIRST PRIZE will be an order for TWENTY POUNDS on Messrs. Boots, Cash Chemists.

Most of my readers know that Messrs. Boots have one or more branches in every town, large and small, in the British Islands, and that they supply almost everything in the way of fancy goods, etc. The fortunate winner will be able to visit any one of Messrs. Boots' establishments and select goods to the value of £20; or, if this is not convenient—if the winner lives abroad, for instance—the Prize may be selected from the lists issued by the firm.

Other Prizes

The SECOND PRIZE in this competition will be a similar order on Messrs. Boots for TEN POUNDS' worth of goods.

For each of the next twelve in order of merit I am giving a "Teaetta" Tea-maker—a similar device to the "Caffeta" Coffee-makers which were so much appreciated in our last competition. The "Teaetta" is the simplest and most perfect tea-maker known, and avoids the evils of tannin-poisoning.

As Consolation Prizes I am offering twelve handsome volumes.

The Rules

All competitors must observe and abide by the following rules:

1. The text or motto may be upon any material—paper, board, wood, linen, canvas, etc.—and drawn, painted, or worked by any process—water-colour or oils, cotton or silk, or any other method. But the cost of the materials used must in no case exceed One Shilling, and the finished article must not be more than 3 feet in its longest dimension.

2. Each text or motto must be accompanied by the special coupon (which appears in the advertisement section), with the name and address of the competitor.

3. The entries must be addressed to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., marked "Competition," and sent carriage paid. They must be received by the Editor not later than April 30, 1913.

4. The decision of the Editor is final.

TO LEAGUE MEMBERS

Members of the League of Loving Hearts are reminded that their subscriptions for 1913 have now fallen due. New members are invited to fill up the coupon, in the advertisement section, and send to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.

The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted by ALISON

Motto By Love Serve One Another

How, When and
Where Corner,
February, 1913

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,—When I wrote to you last month we were congratulating ourselves on the number of new members we had to welcome in Jamaica. While this letter is being written I am anxious for news from some of them, because, as many of you will have seen in the daily papers, there have been disastrous storms in the Island, and the news of Savana la Mar was very serious. There we have a merry Group of Companions, and we shall all be thankful to hear from them once more. All of us hope that they and their friends and homes are safe.

I have a budget of letters sent off from some of our Jamaica members before these sad tidings came; you shall have some to read now.

Alex. Winston Aguilar, whom we welcomed in January, wrote:

"I am at a boarding-school, and am so fond of sports that when lessons are done I devote my spare time to games. We play golf, tennis, baseball, cricket, and football. My favourite is golf. When I go home for the holidays I go in for horseback exercise, driving, and cycling. I keep guinea-pigs, and these take up some time to look after, so you will see my time is fully occupied. My father is getting a motor-car. We are looking forward to its coming. We have fine roads in Jamaica for cars. We cannot get to the railway easily from where we live, so a car will be very useful."

And from Sydney Aguilar came a little letter:

"I am very fond of driving, and when I was much younger I used to cry when I had to come out of the buggy; but now that I am a big boy I do not do that, and I go to church, and everyone says I behave well. This is just a little letter, as I am small; you must accept it with much love."

"My dear Alison," says Iris Aguilar, "my big sister wants me to be a member, and I would like to, so I am getting Inez (my cousin) to write for me, as I am not six years old yet, and cannot write, but I hope soon to learn, for I am sure I will like lessons. I can sew a little, and I am now dressing a doll for a little child in India. I belong to Inez's class, which we have every Sunday after service at our church.

I only joined a few Sundays ago. She has asked her girls to dress these dolls, and the best-dressed doll in the upper and lower division will get a prize. I wonder if I will get it? We have two dogs, Rex and Charlie. Rex has got about three prizes at different shows. You should see our dear little sister. Her name is Monica Joyce. Do you like it? I hope the three children will get on well in Canada."

This is quite a happy family of letter writers, and I do so want to hear that all has been well with them and our other members over there.

We Welcome New Members

We have a good number of new friends to introduce to each other and you older Companions this month, so perhaps it will be well to do it at once.

Arthur Owen joins us at Nantlle, and promises a long letter soon; he is 14, and writes very clearly and well.

Blanche Sykes (aged 13½; near Midhurst) is an only child.

Agnes B. Hawke writes from New Zealand:

"I should like very much to become a member of your Corner. We live opposite to where Irene and Marjorie Collier live. They have THE QUIVER sent to them, and I always read it. We are all living in a small town, and people who come from England say that it reminds them of an English village, particularly our road. I have just been down to Christchurch with the Wairarapa R.L. hockey team, for the tournament held there. We tied with the Hawkes Bay team for the championship of New Zealand. Each team holds the cup for six months. I will do all I can to help you."

Agnes is 16½, and we are delighted to have her as one of ourselves. We look forward to hearing of lively times from this Group.

Another New Zealand writer is Eunice T. A. Downs, whose home is at Otago. "I have wanted to become one of the Companions for a long time," she says, "but have not started until to-day." And then she goes on to describe her home. In the grounds there is a lake—

"on which there are wild ducks and black swans. We also have a boat to go out rowing in, and it is very nice in the summer-time. There are three islands in the lake, two of which we can land at. . . . I am sending you a half-crown postal note. Will you please send me a silver scarf-pin? Some time soon I

THE QUIVER

will send a donation to help the protégés in Canada. I hope you will sometimes write a note to your Companion Eunice."

Eunice is 15. What fine sport it must be to have that lake and all the accompaniments! Do you weave lovely stories as you lie sometimes in the boat, Eunice? We should like to see them, if you do.

Among our members in Australia we have to number *Elsie Russell* (aged 10), who lives about 78 miles from Melbourne, and is studying for a nursing career. We shall look for some interesting letters from her. And *Mary Renwick* is another new-comer; her home is at Sydney. She is *Annie Bartle's* cousin, and has been staying with her in Yorkshire.

"We had a little bazaar," she writes to me on the way back to Australia, "and we send part of the money—that is, 6s. 6d. If there are any girls in New South Wales who belong to our Companionship I would like to see or even write to them. I was in England nine months, and we never managed to get a letter off to you, but have at last succeeded in doing so. When I arrive in Sydney I will try my best to get some more members. We had rather a rough time in the Bay of Biscay, but we have had it much calmer since we left Gibraltar; in fact, we can only just see a ripple in the water now; it feels more like being on land than on water."

Mary is 12 years old. I expect we shall have a longer letter soon now, written from Sydney. *Annie Bartle* sent me a kind letter, and *Ethel Crossfield* also. Enclosed with these were notes from two new members, *John C. Bartle* (aged 8) and *Eva Crossfield* (aged 9½). To John fell the honour of sending the 6s. 6d. for our Funds:

"We are enclosing the postal order for part of the proceeds of a little bazaar," he writes. "I am very pleased mother has consented for me to join your Corner. I am eight years old, and in Standard III."

This is a splendidly helpful beginning for our Otley Group, is it not? When they have appointed one of themselves as President and another as secretary and one as treasurer, they will feel quite business-like. The Leven Companions have done this, and are setting a first-rate example of method. I must refer to them again later.

You all will, I am sure, want to give a specially cordial greeting to our first Chinese Companion, *Dorothy J. S. Lim*, who is also our first member in Hong-Kong:

"Dear Alison," she writes; "I have heard and read of you so much, and of the members of the H.W.W.C., from *THE QUIVER*, which my mother takes every month, that I would like very much to join. I am sure you will like to have a Chinese girl for a member. Although I am Chinese, I am a Christian and wear foreign clothes."

Dorothy is at a boarding-school at Hong-Kong, and is 15 years old. She writes very well indeed; in fact, some of my English girl correspondents would have to look out if there were a competition in handwriting and Dorothy were a competitor! She asked for a badge, and wanted to know what she could do to help. "I hope one day I shall be able to pay a visit to England. I have a few friends there who write to me constantly."

Dorothy is a warmly welcomed Companion, and we ask all together, "As many letters as you can send, please."

I overlooked another letter from Nantlle a few minutes ago; *Alice Evans* (aged 10½) joins us there, so that Group is growing also. *Essyllt Prichard* is busy! You will like to hear, by the way, that she has passed her Welsh matric.

Victor L. Mackay (aged 15½) lives in the Dunfermline district:

"I always like to read *THE QUIVER*," he writes, "but especially the H.W.W.C. You have a lot of Companions who write to you, so I would like to be one of them. I hope I will be able to help. I will tell you about our naval base and powder magazine the next time."

Annie L. R. Dobson (aged 8) joins us; her home is at Stranraer:

"I have not yet saved up anything for the children in Canada," she writes, in such clear, nice handwriting. "But I will do my best, and my mother will help me. We are very near Ireland, and can sail there in less than three hours. My grandad sends mother *THE QUIVER* every month, and I am very much interested in the Companionship Pages. We have a very large garden with different kinds of flowers. I hope my letter will be printed, and I will be looking for it."

I am glad to know we have two friends in Stranraer, and think it very kind of Annie's mother to be interested in us.

Cissy Mitchinson (aged 13) is our first member at Thirsk; and *Valentine Mitchinson* (aged 11) joins us there also. There was a tiny note from Valentine with the coupon, but we shall look for letters from both these new-comers before long.

From Alderley Edge comes a letter from *Annie E. Lowndes* (aged 17):

"If you will have me as a member I will help your Corner in every way I can," she writes. "Alderley Edge is a very nice place. The Edge is 500 feet above the Plain of Cheshire. On it there is the Wizard Inn, the copper mines, a 'devil's grave,' and a Holy Well. All these are full of interest. I will send you some views if you care to have them."

I should like to have letters from *William N. Bailey* (aged 11½), who lives at Lisburn:

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

and *Lilian W. Croscup* (aged 15), who sends in a coupon from Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia.

There are still some more letters from Jamaica, by a mail a few days later than those came by to which reference has been made.

Arthur S. Lewis is another Savana la Mar new member. He is 12 years of age, and writes :

"I live at a place that has a cane field, containing 14 acres, and also orange trees and many other fruit trees. Savana la Mar contains the widest street in the Island. We have a lot of sugar estates all about."

And *K. Lilian Segré* says :

"I am asked by my cousin, *Elsie Lewis*, to become a Companion, and I shall be very glad to be one. I am enclosing 6d. subscription and 1s. for my badge. We live in a little seaport town called Savana la Mar. It has one of the finest and broadest streets in the Island, of which we are very proud. There are many large sugar estates in our parish, and the chief industry is sugar. It is most interesting to watch it being made. The cane is first crushed between large iron rollers to squeeze out the juice, which falls into a large tank beneath the rollers and is led into the receivers. Some lime is then thrown in, and it is heated until a scum forms, which is skimmed off. Then the juice is again boiled for some time until it thickens into a syrup, and it is then put into flat pans to cool. As it cools, the syrup forms into small grains, which is sugar."

Hilda G. Hartly says *Gwen Aguilar* has asked her to join our Companionship :

"I am 11½ years old," she writes, "and you will see by my address where I live (Vere). You will see enclosed a postal order for 1s. for a scarf-pin. Every Saturday morning we go for sea baths, which I enjoy very much, and I am learning to swim."

Helena Smith writes from *Kirkcudbright* ; she is 14, and asks if there are any other members there :

"Please tell me if there are. I am going to get as many of my school companions as I can to join, and we shall try to help in any way we can."

It is very jolly for us to have all these new-comers, and I shall be looking for letters

NEW MEMBERS WANTED

So many read these pages month by month, but put off joining our Companionship.

Why not join now—and enter for our new Competitions ?

ALISON.



A Pretty Pointer.

(photo: Elwin Neume.)

from all of them. This month I have an unusually crowded letter-box, and I am not going to talk a lot myself, but give you as many more items from it as we can get into our pages.

Nansi and *Enid Felix* lost their certificates in spring-cleaning time, and wrote asking if they might have new ones ; two were sent off for them. Have any others had a similar fate ? I ask.

Madge Williams and *Margery Webb-Williams*, who gave me a very delightful afternoon in Holyhead last autumn, were taking up geology as a hobby ; I expect they will be sending us stories of adventure and "finds." "It would be lovely," *Madge* notes, "if we could have another little friend in Canada early in the New Year."

Alfred Wilson sent me an interesting letter about "Insectivorous Plants." And another letter from *Perth* brought a gift for our Funds from *Mrs. McCash* and *Charlie*. They also

THE QUIVER

sent me a box of dolls and books, which I passed on to the Invalid Children's Aid Association for distribution among little invalid girls and boys in London. Another Scottish gift I must record was a parcel which came from our Leven Companions. Their secretary, *Nanny McDonald*, put in a note asking me to send three little packets that were in the parcel to our "Three" for Christmas. A gift for each, and a loving note, was sent, and I forwarded them with my own Christmas greeting. Besides these there were some warm gloves and other things, which also went to invalid children in the same way as the Perth gifts. It was a pleasant surprise to find our Leven members had spared time to do this bit of service for others.

"Quiver" Evenings" in Newcastle-on-Tyne

From Jesmond comes the news that the "QUIVER Evenings" have been successful:

"In fact, I am quite surprised," writes *Lily Smith*, "at the interest the girls are all taking in them. The first evening I was awfully worried in case no one should come, so I went round to each house separately and begged of everyone to be sure to come. Well, we had a splendid time. Maud and I and Nellie Laidlaw, another friend of mine, gave a little concert, and the girls enjoyed themselves and were so pleased that we had no more trouble in getting them to come. They now bring their sewing or knitting as the case may be, and we tell funny stories or recite while they are busy. We have explained to them about THE QUIVER and the Companionship, and how we wished to help to support the children in Canada, and I do hope they will all join. Nellie Laidlaw is president of our club, Maud is secretary, and I am treasurer. Alison, it is on the tip of my tongue to tell you how our funds stand, but I think I will wait until the end of our session of evenings before I do so."

Maud writes also, and incidentally says she sold a shilling's worth of toffee at one "evening." I shall watch for the treasurer's letter!

The next letter I pick up is a long and most entertaining one from *Essie Daley*. In it were some specimens of the Flannel Flower of Australia. *Essie* tells me the story of her trip to Switzerland and Scotland. When she was in England she and her people lived at Hampstead. She has recently been taking an infants' class in a Sunday School, and found it interesting.

Irene and *Marjorie Collier* (New Zealand) were busy, when they wrote, with garden interests:

"We are just getting our own gardens ready for seeds," says *Irene*. "I have sunflower, cosmos, and mignonette. I have sunflowers because I have

some chicks, and they like the seed. Daddy has some chicks, and they eat the lettuce wholesale. Our lilac is out nicely now; also the tree lucerne. I think we shall have some apricots this season unless the wind blows them off; there are a great many small ones now. There is one beech tree going in to Greytown, and I look at it most carefully to see if it is coming into leaf; it is just out now. I wish I could see the English beech trees again. I should like a badge, Alison, but I expect we should have to pay duty. If we stay out here I will get one later, and if we go home I will get one then. Please give my love to our Three, and all of the Companions, and keep a great deal for yourself."

Marjorie says:

"I am getting on all right at school now. There is only one in the fourth standard besides myself, and he is a boy. We both try to get in front of each other in arithmetic. I am in front of him just now."

Ian Fraser sends me word that he has left Harris, and is living in Kincardineshire. He is a member of the Scouts. *Tom Cameron* will need to get another (or more than one) new Companion in his neighbourhood now, to keep him company, and I hope some of the Scouts will join Ian.

Marian Hardy kindly sent me a book about the great floods in Norwich last year. She was at Runtun when they happened.

"The gap was nearly washed away, and when we wanted to get down to the beach we had to walk on the side of the cliff. We were afraid we should not be able to get home, but we managed it. . . . We were very fortunate, and only had a few damp walls."

What were the experiences of *Kate* and *Ethel Edwards*, I wonder.

With a gift for our Fund *Molly* and *Margery Wallis* sent nice little letters telling me about their farm home in Oxfordshire.

"My brother has a rabbit," says *Margery*; "it is a brown one, and it is getting quite fat now. Sometimes he lets me have it on the lawn, and it hops about so prettily. I always love reading the Companionship Pages and the letters. We take our dog Spot out nearly every day, but he goes after the ducks and hens, so we have to call him back."

Janet Chessar was another badge buyer and contributor to the Violet Fund:

"I live not far from Maeduff," she writes, "but have never met any of the Maeduff Companions. Had I known of their bazaar I might have helped. However, if I am still at home by next year I will be very pleased to help. I see you visited Gardentown in your holidays. I have been there often, and isn't it a very quaint village? We go there for picnics in the summer time, and also to Cullykan, farther round the coast. Last summer we went for two picnics to Aberdour, farther round the coast still. We went through the village of New Aberdour, then down a steep hill to the sea. We sat down on a grassy slope beside a well called St. Drostan's Well, named after a local saint, and had lunch. We went down to the sea and amused ourselves for some time, then went over the rocks to explore the old ruined Castle of Dundargine. It is surrounded by the sea except by a narrow piece of land where once there had been a drawbridge, but now built up. Once also there had

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

been a double moat, but it is dried up now. The rocks are exceedingly high, and there are ever so many caves and arches. In one cave it is said Lord Pittsligo hid after the battle of Culloden, but it has never been explored. In one of these caves lives an old hermit whom we went to visit. He has a little place built inside the cave, made of mud, where he has a fire and a bunk. He collects all the drift wood and anything else thrown up by the sea which would be of any use to him."

This is only part of a very interesting letter, and I think you will agree that Janet deserves the letter prize this month.

Another Scottish correspondent from whom I was pleased to hear once more is *Effie Forbes*. Effie has left school, and is busy at work now:

"I was at Balmoral again this year," she says, "and saw the Queen several times on her way to the Falls of Muick. Once she drove in a carriage with four grey horses and an outrider, and Princess Mary was driving two grey horses. Prince John was staying at one of the shooting lodges at Lock Muick, *Alt-na-guibhsach* Lodge. I suppose you would need to hear that word spoken before you could understand it. It is a Gaelic word meaning "burn" (stream) of the firs. "Alt" means burn, and "guibhs" means firs. I am sending you 3s. for the children, and Jeanie and Mary join me in wishing *THE QUIVER* every success."

Letter Writers to whom

I say "Thank You"

If I put in any more quotations now there will be no room left for other matters that will interest you. So let me just say "Thank you very much," for either letters or gifts, or both, to *Doris Parker*, *Lucy Kirby*, *Dorothy Adams*, *Dora Stewart*, *Daisy Da Costa*, *Alice Dalgliesh*, *Evelyn Betts*, *Cecil Howarth*, *Olive Southerton*, *Kathleen Burges*, *Frances Boston*, *Robert Murphy*, *Emily Ramsay*, *Inez Aguilar*, *Hilda Otway*, *Tom Cameron*, *Erica Welsh*, *Ivy Slessor*, *Lizzie Grant*, *Eileen and Muriel Nelson*, *Miss Hewett*, *Doris Lamb*, *James F. Brown*, *Ronald McDonald*, *Doris Ferrett*, *Mabel Richardson*, *Laura Jago*, *Vera Eades*, *Irene Reader*, *Joyce Haseler*, *Isabel Dobson*, and *Ida M. Jones*; and everyone else who has helped to fill my letter-box.

Another Prize Letter

This is a special one; you remember I asked for letters written as if to a friend who knew nothing of our Companionship and our Scheme.

Of those sent in *Ida M. Jones's* was a specially good one; but the best of all, I consider, is the one written by *Isabel Hale-Stenton* (Australia), and the prize goes to her. Ida's was almost as well written, but was

hardly so comprehensive as *Isabel's*. The latter has given a word-picture which would help a boy or girl seeing it and our Corner for the first time together to understand what we are attempting; and that is just what I wanted:

DEAR MONICA,—I am writing to tell you about the "How, When and Where Corner" in *THE QUIVER*, a monthly magazine.

About three years ago (or perhaps a little more) the "Corner" was commenced by "Alison," for the purpose of considering the How, When and Where of something or someone. The motto is "By love serve one another." After some consideration a little girl, *Violet Little*, was selected by Alison from Dr. Barnardo's Homes and sent to Canada. The cost of this—£23—was raised by the "Companions."

To raise this money the Companions resorted to all kinds of schemes. Some traded with pennies; some made sweets for sale; some did fancy-work. At one place, where there were a number of Companions, they held a sale of gifts. One girl started a magazine called the "Violet Magazine"—it can be read for a small fee. Others have promised certain sums yearly. There are also collecting-books and cards. The smallest contributions are thankfully received.

Every month a prize is given for the best letter. Often there are competitions for story writing, original puzzles, and other things; there was also a scrap-book competition.

Alison does everything she can to make the Corner interesting, and she succeeds wonderfully. First is a letter from her; then extracts from letters she has received from the different Companions, and, of course, they are very interesting; and also photographs. It is wonderful how *THE QUIVER* travels, as there seems to be Companions from practically all over the world.

About the beginning of last year the Editor handed Alison £27 for our Fund. She chose a little boy, *David Morrison* (9½ years), for another Canadian protégé. Then, later, another girl, *Lena* (10 years), was sent out. These children are boarded out with kind people, who look after them until they are fitted to earn their own living. The Companions have taken upon themselves the cost of maintaining these children until then. £10 is required for the child's outfit and passage to Canada, as well as £13 per annum for his or her keep there. I think it is just splendid to have "the Three" to support in Canada. There are such a number of Companions that perhaps we shall be able to have another child over there soon. Certainly there are plenty of children to send.

Recently badges have been made representing a violet, in honour of our first protégé. The prices are: metal enamelled, 1s.; silver enamelled, 2s. 6d. They are made in pin, pendant, and brooch style.

To become a Companion of this charming Corner all you have to do is to fill in the coupon found in the advertisement pages of *THE QUIVER* and send a penny stamp to Alison for a certificate of membership, which admits to all the competitions.

Age does not count as long as you are young enough to enjoy reading the pages.

If you would care to have my copies of the Corner I will gladly send them for you to read.—Yours with love,
ISABEL.

Animal Stories

There is one other competition result to announce. The Animal Stories were, taken altogether, somewhat disappointing. But the one which interested me most was that

THE QUIVER

sent in by *Daisy Valentine* (Aberdeen), and to her will be forwarded a book prize. How many Scottish ponies are like "Missie" nowadays?

A Religious Horse

An old gentleman friend of ours is very fond of telling a story of the sagacity of a pony which belonged to a farm near his home.

"Missie," the pony of which he tells the story, was used to carry milk into the neighbouring town of X—six days in the week, and, perhaps from force of habit, she would always stop at the right houses and would patiently wait till the milk was delivered and her driver returned to the cart.

Now on Sunday Missie was not used for this purpose, but was harnessed in the same cart to drive the farmer to church. For a short distance the road for the neighbouring town was followed, and then a side road led to the church. Missie seemed always to turn up this road naturally on Sundays. One Sunday her master meant to drive on to the town, and tried to keep the pony's head in the direction of the town. But this was no easy matter. Missie had apparently made up her mind to go to church, and no amount of coaxing or threatening would induce her to take a different road.

We cannot guess how the pony knew that Sunday was different from other days, but we see quite plainly that she had observed some difference in the general appearance of things on this day, and knew what her usual routine was on the "seventh day" as well as on the other six days of the week.

On several occasions people who did not credit this story thought they could easily drive the pony past the church road, but all their efforts failed, and not once could Missie be persuaded to pass that road on Sunday.

DAISY VALENTINE.

A New Competition

As you all know, on the 19th of next month we shall be having celebrations in

honour of the birth of David Livingstone. You will be reading many stories of him and his doings, and lots of you will be reading all through one or another of the "Lives" that have been published, or you may even enjoy those thrilling pages, the diaries that he kept in his African travel days. Well, I want an essay on Livingstone from every one of my Companions who is able to write at all.

You may write 600 words, but not more, please; and please do observe our rules very carefully. Don't copy someone else's thought or sentences, but think out your own thoughts about the man—his life, what made him a great man, his missionary work, as well as his "adventures," and put those thoughts into your own words, the simple, ordinary words such as you would use in telling the tale of your thoughts to mother at tea-time, or to father when you sit with him cosily at night. I am giving rather a longer time than usual for this competition, because I want you to be able to get all the information you can find; but do not be later than March 25th in sending in papers.

Your Companion Friend,

Alison.

RULES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

- (a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.
- (b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- (c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.



FROM STOUTNESS TO SLIMNESS

Marvellous Permanent Fat-reduction.

LOOKING at some exceedingly stout persons—cases of long-neglected obesity—the inexperienced might be excused for saying, "Surely there is nothing on earth that could restore even a semblance of beauty of form after such an enormous overgrowth of fat!" Many, indeed, have a notion that extreme obesity cannot be cured when the sufferer has passed the meridian of life.

These ideas are entirely erroneous. There is no case of over-fatness too pronounced or too obstinate to yield to a consistent course of the marvellous Antipon treatment, now regarded as the standard remedy.

Not long since, *Weldon's Ladies' Journal*, in an eloquent editorial on the subject of Antipon and the treatment and cure of over-fatness, said:—

"Many women, as they near the meridian of life, lose that delightful curve of figure, and in place of firm, solid flesh, flabbiness and a tendency to obesity are apparent. When there is such a specific as Antipon there is no reason why anyone should suffer from an abundance of 'too, too solid flesh,' especially when Antipon is pleasant to take and moderate in price." These are wise words, which it would be well for all our stout readers to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

That Antipon is an admirable tonic, with a specially stimulating effect on the digestive system, still further enhances its value as an obesity-cure; for that the obese are always

the victims of malnutrition is a scientific fact. Indeed, malnutrition is at once one of the causes and one of the results of obesity. Antipon, then, restores that perfect physiological balance which is essential to beauty, health, and vigour. In a word, it eradicates the cause—the abnormal tendency to produce in the body an excess of adipose matter.

One begins to eat with a keen appetite and digest wholesomely within a day or two of starting the Antipon treatment, and that renewed nourishment goes to make healthy muscular fibre free from excess of fatty depositions. Hence the muscles and limbs become firm and shapely and supple, and only in that way are harmonious proportions and a beautiful figure to be restored. It is a splendid transformation.

Antipon is an agreeably tart liquid containing harmless vegetable substances only.


Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world. United States Agents: Messrs. E. Fougere and Co., 90 Beekman Street, New York City.



"Three inches less, my lady!"
"Well, Parber, I must say this Antipon is truly marvellous. Another fortnight's treatment, and I shall be as slender as ever I could wish to be, and how much better I feel, too! It's perfectly delightful!"

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"Beautifully cool & sweet smoking."



YARNS!
AFTER THE ORIGINAL BY THE LATE TOM BROWNIE R.J.

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THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Heart Values

ONE of the most dismal notes anyone can harp upon is, "What might have been." A bright idea has sprung up, has been brooded over, has emerged from the vague into the extremely probable, into the possible, and then has been put aside to a more convenient season; so the years have slipped away till one muggy morning the dreamer finds that his bright idea has been successfully materialised—by someone else. From that day onwards the man is branded, heart and soul, with the letters W.M.H.B.

It was so when James Watt played with the spoon and the steam of the tea-kettle, when the waste products of the gasworks were found to yield the beautiful aniline dyes, when the gummy tears of myriads of trees, unheeded from Adam's day, were discovered capable of being turned into rubber, when scraps of copper and zinc were worked up into voices which could talk in the sea's deeps and over the broadest continents, and when a clerk, earning twenty-five shillings a week, became transmogrified into a millionaire by putting into type the common chit-chat in which most people delight—and thousands of instances besides. Each of these, and most other discoveries, had long floated vaguely through the minds of many, but they had put off and put off till someone else stepped in and took their crown.

The Day of Opportunities

The day of such opportunities is not past—never is past; there are more than ever around us now waiting to be seized. The trouble commonly lies in our dullness at estimating values. We think of the man who has made money, or the one who has achieved fame, and rarely give a thought to the one who has made a *life*. Yet there is more in this than in anything else. Money can be lost, fame can fade, but our life goes with us everywhere and for always. Then it stands to reason that, if it be such a life as continually distils for us comfort and happiness, it is like a sweet and loving companion whose smile and whispers can shorten the longest and dreariest journey; but if it is one which

is perpetually croaking of "might have beens," with a welter of similar discouragements, then the old pagan practice of punishing a malefactor by chaining him to a dead body, to be dragged with him wherever he went, is infinitely to be preferred. The dead body at all events would be silent, but it is different with self-upbraidings and reproachings.

The Managing of Life

Yet a life, like everything else, needs management if we are to make the best of it. It is just here where a due recognition of values comes in if we would make the best of the opportunities that are lying everywhere around us. There are right feelings to be cultivated if we would have sweet music in our souls; there are worthy "bents" and inclinations that must be brought to succulent fruits if we are to have provision for the lean and cold days that come to everyone, and there are reserves of strength that must be laid up in store if we would ever hope to withstand the down-dragging work of our own self-misgivings. For these and other supremely necessitous and helpful ends the world has never found anything better than love, and very specially the love of a child. Who loveth a child is rich, who loveth not is poor indeed. The weakness of a child takes hold of our strength to make it purer and stronger; the trust of a child perpetually rebukes our own want of faith; the dependence of a child keeps the fountains of hope and effort always flowing in ourselves. Yes, who loves a child is rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

And when that child is a weakling, a cripple, or otherwise frail and unfitted for the world's rougher gusts! Is there a single good quality lying latent in us which this does not touch and waken? Yet such weaklings are all round us, needing, waiting, looking, longing for friends, but for want of recognising their true value the tide of life rushes on and the crippled children are passed by. Where are our eyes?—where the understanding of ourselves and our own deepest needs? Yet the

THE QUIVER

Crutch-and-Kindness League brings these opportunities to the door of everyone, no matter where situated, or what age or sex. Postal shopping we know, also Correspondence Classes for teaching everything, why, then, not crown the usefulness of the Post Office by making it a philanthropic Go-between? It is the central work of the Crutch-and-Kindness League; each member writes to his or her little cripple in London once a month at least. The following letter sent me may be quoted here as an example of recognised values:

DEAR SIR,—It was rather with fear and trembling that I undertook to correspond with one cripple, starting a year ago. Being almost entirely invalidated after a severe operation, I was afraid I might fail. However, I feel I must write and tell you, who are so good to the little ones, what a joy it has all been to me, and I do not think I have missed once, but have often written between! My little girlie has only one leg, but is the happiest of little souls. I had the pleasure of meeting her when I was up in London. I was quite unable to go to her, but her father offered to bring her over from Southall to Streatham, and we had a "good time." Her case is *not* one of the saddest, her father being in regular work, but she has no mother. . . . I can only thank you for all, for I feel your help and interest extend beyond the cripples to those who help.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

And while the copying mood is on me, let me give another extract, this time from one of the voluntary lady-visitors of the crippled children:

The parents of the cripples are very pleased with the nice letters their children have received. They have brought sunshine into their homes, making them feel grateful and encouraged because someone has written and encouraged them.

I am not aware that Dickens has ever been credited with being a philosopher. He certainly never used the language of philosophy, but he knew how to handle its facts, and when he wanted to make old Scrooge a better and happier man he turned his heart towards weak and suffering children. He knew what he was doing. The old Greek philosopher gave himself airs because he

coined the phrase, as the sum of all wisdom, "Man, know thyself." As if anybody ever knew himself by himself! It has never been done; we have to camp outside ourselves in order to find ourselves, and begin by loving and caring for some little ailing child before we can handle, and call our own, anything of the riches of life. The Crutch-and-Kindness League is a very angel for stirring the pools of life for the healing and help of everyone who would not only have life, but have it more abundantly.

A stamped envelope will bring from Sir John Kirk all further particulars about this League. There are more than 12,000 poor cripples under his care in London alone. Address: Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Mrs. Atkinson, North Kelsey, Lincoln.
 Fred. S. Barker, Esq., Melbourne, Australia; Miss Marjorie Belch, Harlington, Middlesex.
 Miss Ena Charteris, Avr, N.B.; Miss H. Clark, Tyneworth, Northumberland; Miss Ruby Creamer, Milton, New South Wales; Miss Rhona Cree, Bishop's Down, Tunbridge Wells.
 Mrs. Tudor Davies, Pamban, South India; Miss Doidge, Exmouth, Devon; Miss Muriel Doidge, Tavistock, Devon; Miss Mary Duncan, Athelstaneford, Haddington.
 Miss Dorothy Edwards, Cambridge; Mr. R. Emond, Jun., Selkirk, N.B.
 Mrs. Finch, Thurles, Ireland.
 Miss G. Gillespie, Stirling, N.B.; Miss Elsie Goudry, Canford Cliffs, Dorset.
 Miss Dorothy Malahan, Sutton, Surrey; Mr. W. V. Haslam, Chesterfield, Derbyshire; Mrs. Heather, Bournemouth, Hants; Miss Barbara Howie, Wolverhampton, Staffs.
 Misses Florrie and Saidie Jackson, Roscrea, Ireland.
 Miss Lizzie Macnab, Kilmacolin, Renfrewshire; Mrs. Marriott, Exmouth, Devon; Miss Matthews, Paignton, Devon; Misses Nancy and Ursula McCoy, Waterford, Ireland; Mrs. John Moon, Horsham, Sussex; Erika Mutrasa, Mengo School, Uganda, Africa.
 Miss Oborn, Horsham, Sussex.
 Miss Grace Palmer, Balham, London, S.W.; Miss Hilda Patrick, Outram, Taieri Plain, New Zealand; Miss Ada Partridge, Kersey, Suffolk.
 Miss M. Roberts, Netley, Hants; Mrs. J. Norman Ross, Kalibarbazar, India; Miss Phyllis Rowsell, Exmouth, Devon.
 Miss L. Salisbury, Putney Park, London, S.W.; Miss Thelma Smith, St. Philip, Barbados, B.W.I.; Miss Bertha Stelfox, Knapswell, Cambridge.
 Miss Maggie Thomas, Handsworth, Birmingham; Miss Helen Thorburn, Coddington, N.B.
 Miss Margaret D. Wadman, Wincanton, Somerset; Mr. Lionel Wendt, Slave Island, Ceylon; Miss Bessie West, Shipley, Sussex; Miss Whitworth (for S.S. Class), Whittlesford, Cambridge; Mrs. Wood, Haselton, Gloucester; Miss D. Wright, Ackworth, Yorks.
 Miss Lily Buchanan, Mr. E. Drake, Mr. J. Forrest, Mr. W. Kerr, Mr. N. Little, Mr. W. Moore, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. T. McGregor, Dunedin, New Zealand. (Group 124.)

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AND YOU'VE GOT IT.

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Sweet Spiced—Sweeter and Spicy.*

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Gold Medals, London 1900 and 1906, also Paris.



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Contains all the essentials for bone and flesh-forming in an exceptional degree, assails teething, relieves infantile constipation, and ensures restful nights.

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, etc. etc., writes:—

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants . . . and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

SOLD IN TINS AND 4D. PACKETS.

Useful Booklet "HINTS ABOUT BABY," by a Trained Nurse, sent post free on mentioning "The Quiver."

NEAVE'S MILK FOOD

For those requiring a Milk Food for Baby from Birth, instantly prepared by adding hot water only, and not needing the addition of milk, etc. It is free from Starch, rich in fat, and very closely resembles Mother's Milk in composition.

Mrs. M. A. B. writes: "When diluted with water, yields a preparation almost identical with human milk."

A DOCTOR, Birmingham, writes, 24 April, 1905:—"It is a substitute for a doubtful milk supply."

Sold in 1s. 3d. Tins.

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NEAVE'S HEALTH DIET

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A DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING Milk and Cereal Food for general use. Invaluable in all cases of WEAK DIGESTION and GENERAL DEBILITY, providing full nourishment with little exertion to the digestive organs.

A DOCTOR writes:—"A most efficient preparation for Invalids, Nursing Mothers, and people suffering from weak digestion, being far more nutritious than beef tea."—24 September, 1905.

Sold in Tins, 1s. 3d. and 3s. 6d.

A SAMPLE TIN of any of the above will be sent on receipt of 2d. for postage, mentioning "The Quiver."

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

FEBRUARY 2nd. THE FLOOD

Genesis vi. 9-22; vii. 11-24

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) A vile and corrupt world. (2) God's plan of punishment. (3) When the Flood came.

THE awfulness of sin did not concern the people who lived in the time of Noah; they looked lightly upon evil, but God viewed it with other eyes, and when it became greater than He could bear He sent the Flood.

Dr. Marcus Dods reminds us that though the narrative of the Flood is vivid and forcible, it is entirely wanting in that sort of description which in a modern historian or poet would have occupied the largest space. "We see nothing of the death-struggle; we hear not the cry of despair; we are not called upon to witness the frantic agony of husband and wife, and parent and child, as they fled in terror before the rising waters. Nor is a word said of the sadness of the one righteous man who, safe himself, looked upon the destruction which he could not avert. The Chaldean tradition, which is the most closely allied to the Biblical account, is not so reticent. Tears are shed in heaven over the catastrophe, and even consternation affected its inhabitants, while within the ark itself the Chaldean Noah says: 'When the storm came to an end and the terrible water-spout ceased, I opened the window and the light smote upon my face. I looked at the sea attentively observing, and the whole of humanity had returned to mud; like seaweed the corpses floated. I was seized with sadness; I sat down and wept, and my tears fell upon my face.'"

Cleansing the World

The attitude of Noah's contemporaries reminds us of the story of a Buddhist monastery on the edge of a high cliff. Sometimes, when the sunshine fills the chasm beneath, it gives the impression of a lovely landscape. The Buddhists call it the glory of Buddha, and, fascinated by the mirage, fling themselves into the chasm, only to meet with death on the rocks. The people upon whom the Flood came were fascinated

by sin and, plunging into it, went to their destruction.

The world had become so vile that only by violent measures could it be cleansed. Not far from Geneva the traveller will see the junction of the Rhone and the Arve. One is blue and transparent in its purity, the other is dark and foul. When they meet there is a contest, but the strong Rhone wins the struggle. And when the combined river flows the purity of the Rhone asserts itself, and the Arve's mud is out of sight as the sun shines on the crystal stream.

God sent the Flood to cleanse the stream of human life and to rid it of the impurities that had defied the fair face of His beautiful creation.

FEBRUARY 9th. GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH

Genesis viii. 1 to ix. 17

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) A new beginning for the race. (2) The Divine promise to Noah. (3) New laws and requirements.

Another Chance

A WORKMAN placed a piece of clay on the potter's wheel, which was revolving slowly, and formed, with what seemed great pains, a beautiful vase. As he was giving to it the finishing touches, however, something happened, and the vase was ruined. The workman caught the vase, and in a moment it was reduced to a mass of clay again, as if the work had never been done on it. Then he took the clay once more in his hand, and placing it on the wheel, he proceeded to make another vessel.

That is a parable of what God did with the world. Sin spoiled the finished vessel, but out of the ruin God brought another earth, giving its inhabitants a fresh opportunity of living according to the Divine pattern.

After the Wreck

It is worth noting that the first recorded act of Noah after leaving the ark was the building of an altar, upon which he offered sacrifices to God. That was the offering of a grateful heart.

A newspaper correspondent, writing soon

THE QUIVER

after the appalling disaster of the sinking of the *Titanic*, said that he looked in vain for any recognition from the saved that they owed their lives to God. A meeting of the survivors was called on board the rescue ship, the *Carpathia*, for the purpose of thanking the captain, crew and passengers for saving the lives of the sufferers and ministering to their necessities. It remained for a woman to point out, after the resolutions had been drawn up, that they contained no reference to the all-seeing and merciful God. It needed but her timid suggestion to bring home to them all the truth that God was first in the work of rescue, and this entirely changed the resolution, so that it placed God first.

To remember God is the proof of a thankful heart.

FEBRUARY 16th. THE CALL OF ABRAM

Genesis xii. 1-9

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) A test of faith. (2) Abram's obedience. (3) God's covenant with His servant.

THE Rev. F. B. Meyer says that the supreme inquiry for each of us, when summoned to a new work, is not whether we possess sufficient strength or qualifications for it, but if we have been called to it of God; and when that is so there is no such thing as impossibility, or any cause for anxiety. When God gives a command He gives the enabling power. It was so in the case of Abram, and it is equally true in the case of all who obey in faith.

When a young man, Dr. Talmage was inclined to be rather sceptical. One day, after he had asked an old minister, "Why this, and how that," the aged man said, "Talmage, you must let God Almighty know some things you don't know." He wisely acted on the advice, got out of his sceptical questions, became a Christian, and soon after a minister.

To put God to the test is to discover the height and depth of the Divine resources.

Achievements of Faith

The example of the "Father of the Faithful" has come down the ages like a bright beacon light, pointing men to the One in whom they can always trust, and upon whose word they can rely with confidence. Abram left his home depending entirely upon the Divine word, and since that far-off day he has had many successors.

Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, died strong in the faith that that country would become Christian. Yet he laboured there for twenty-seven years, fighting against hatred, opposition and persecution, and won by his own efforts but two conversions. "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him," wrote Gardner upon a rock on the coast of Tierra del Fuego, just before death by starvation. Hudson Taylor went out to China at the call of God, not knowing whither he went, and he laboured on in faith, even when he had nothing upon which to lean but the promises of God. These, however, did not fail him.

The old word is true, that those who trust in the Lord shall never be put to confusion.

FEBRUARY 23rd. ABRAM AND LOT

Genesis xiii.

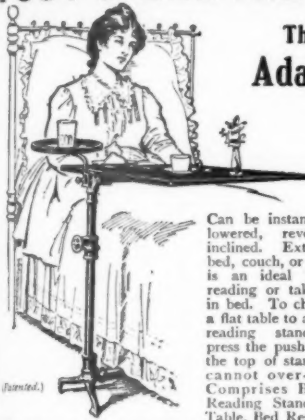
POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) A prosperous family. (2) Jealousy and strife. (3) At the parting of the ways.

BISHOP BURNET was once visiting a poor woman whose poverty was obvious in her clothing and the lack of furniture in her one room. "What have you?" asked the Bishop. The woman pointed to a crust of bread on the table and said, "This, and Christ Jesus." She had mastered the secret of contentment—a secret which Lot did not know. Had he possessed that secret much of the misery of his life would have been averted.

Never Satisfied

Lot might easily have continued to live in happiness with Abram, but he could not be satisfied. He was always striving after something which he did not possess. It has been well said that "a man is never satisfied until he has a little more than he has," and that phrase sums up Lot's state of mind. A newspaper not long ago published an interview with Miss Rockefeller, the daughter of the famous American millionaire. "Now tell me," asked the interviewer, "as you no doubt belong to the class of the most envied of all women, whether I may presume that you are happy?" "Happy!" she replied; "can anyone buy happiness with money? Are there not many things to make us unhappy which money cannot change? No, I am not happy, and you may tell it to all and sundry who envy me."

FOOT'S BED-TABLE.



The
Adapta

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. To change from a flat table to an inclined reading stand, simply press the push button at the top of standard. It cannot over-balance. Comprises Bed-Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing

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Battered and bent,
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To mend the rent.

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The paste flux that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

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DOMES OF SILENCE

are the greatest savers of wear and tear, of labour and expense, ever invented for the Home.

THEY double the life of carpets and linoleums by shielding them from the wear and tear of the sharp edges of furniture, bamboo, and wicker chairs.

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They obviate the expense of castor replacements and repairing strained furniture legs, for "domes" make furniture GLIDE over the carpet instead of plough its way through.

But, they are not only an economy, they also add materially to your comfort.

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Sixpence for four, and they are everlasting—just try one set. You can get them at any Ironmonger's. If they don't bear out the above statements, return them to us and we will refund your sixpence and postage.

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Of all Ironmongers, Furnishers, and Stores, 6d. for 4. All sizes.
Just try one set.

Domes of Silence, Ltd., 5 Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HAIR?

A famous specialist—of old-established reputation—offers to answer this question for you.

THERE comes a time in the life of every man and almost every woman when skilful advice and prompt treatment of the hair and scalp are essential for the prevention of premature baldness or serious impoverishment of the hair.

The true skin and scalp specialist, with a reputation to maintain, has hitherto kept almost entirely in the background, confident that clients willing to pay a high price for first-class advice will seek him out and cheerfully accede to his terms.

Such an arrangement—though satisfactory to the few—is detrimental to the interests of the many; and it is little to be wondered at that the vendors of useless and harmful astringent lotions, washes, restorers, and dyes have flourished upon the revenues yielded them by average middle-class folk who could not possibly afford to pay the exclusive price of the first-class specialist.

Taking these matters fully into account, and bearing in mind the very large number of letters I receive from would-be clients who cannot make it convenient to visit my establishment in Princes Street, Edinburgh, in order to obtain reliable first-hand advice as to the treatment of disease of the hair and scalp, I have decided to inaugurate a complete system of Free Expert Advice by post, and thus to place my wide and varied experience entirely at the disposal of everyone who cares to avail himself or herself of such service.

No matter what may be the nature of the "illness" which is affecting your hair or scalp, I can diagnose that illness, and can certainly advise you as to the best, safest, easiest, and most inexpensive form of treatment.

I claim to have been a pioneer in all modern treatments of the hair, skin, and scalp. Very many thousands of cases have passed through my hands during the past twenty-five years, and in no one case has my treatment been pronounced unsuccessful.

Any reader of this magazine who desires prompt personal advice can have it quite free by filling in the attached form and posting it to me, together with a small sample of hair.

I will subject the hair to microscopical examination, and will guarantee an absolutely accurate diagnosis of the trouble.

The treatment which I shall recommend will be *personal*—that is to say, I shall take each case on its own merits, and shall recommend the identical treatment suitable for the individual case.

I may also repeat that all my treatments are inexpensive, and I desire, further, to append a guarantee that—should you adopt the treatment recommended by me—and should find no real and lasting benefit accruing therefrom after a three-months' trial, I will, upon your own application, cheerfully and freely return to you the money you have spent with me.

By availing yourself of the opportunity thus offered you will receive the very best advice that money can buy, will be saved all the expense and trouble of a journey to Edinburgh, and will be in possession of my personal guarantee that if I fail to be of real service to you—I, and not you, will bear the loss.

The form, when filled up, should be sent, together with a sample of your hair, to Madame Tenseldt, 122 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

The particular Disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of Dandruff Cures and Hair Tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your Disease, is like taking Medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure.

FREE EXAMINATION

Is your Hair dry?	
Is your Hair greasy?	
Is your Hair scurfy?	
Is the Scalp firm or loose?	
Is the Scalp irritable?	
Which part of the Scalp is losing Hair?	
When did it begin falling out?	
If the Hair is Grey state since when?	

Please fill up above questions and forward with sample of your hair for microscopic examination.

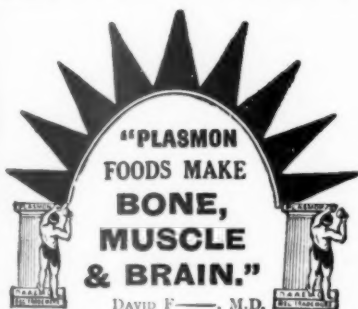
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with Illustrated Cookery Book, and Book, "Diet and Exercise for Training," by C. B. Fry, will be sent for 1s. post free by PLASMON, Ltd. (Dept. 222), Farringdon Street, London.

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No other emollients do so much to keep the skin clear and healthy, hair live and glossy, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Their use thus tends to prevent pore-clogging, pimples, black-heads, redness, roughness, dandruff and falling hair.



Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. Sample of each with 32-p. book free from nearest depot: Newbery, 25, Charterhouse Sq., London; H. Towne & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter D. & C. Corp., sole props., Boston, U.S.A. Tender-faced men shave in comfort with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Sample free.

THE ROYAL PRIMROSE ATLAS

WE have received from Messrs. John Knight, Limited, copy of a very well got up Atlas, Desk Companion, and Blotter, containing a series of up-to-date maps and a mass of most interesting and useful information, which renders the book a most suitable present from an educational point of view for boys and girls, while many of their seniors will no doubt appreciate a record of the great alterations that have taken place within recent years, not only in the trade routes of the world, but in the new productions thereby opened up.

The Atlas can be obtained from grocers, stores, etc., at the published price, viz., 1s., or direct from Messrs. John Knight, Limited, The Royal Primrose Soap Works, Silvertown, London, post paid for 1s. 3d. per copy.

PREPARED FOR THE WEATHER

GET your underwear right—get Pesco Underwear—and you may laugh at damp, chilly mornings, "nippy," freezing days, and icy evenings. There's that in Pesco Underwear that keeps your blood at the right temperature—there's protection; Pesco Underwear is made of nothing less than two-fold pure wool—it "stands" to you on the coldest, rawest winter day. Pesco Underwear is the underwear for men, women, and children. Every garment is comfortable, and every garment is the best possible of its kind, made only from pure wool, and absolutely unshrinkable. Any Pesco garment that shrinks is replaced free.

Pesco Underwear is, indeed, the realisation of the ideal in woollens. Its excellence does not concern only its material, nor does it relate exclusively to the perfection of its manufacture, but it is equally evident in the dignity and convenience of Pesco designs, and the glove-like fit of all its sizes. Nor do the Pesco merits end there, for countless little improvements are introduced from time to time to make even more emphatic the advantages of Pesco, and even more marked its already remarkable superiority.

The aristocracy wear Pesco because of its quality—the healthy wear Pesco on account of its comfort—the delicate wear Pesco because it protects. You can wear Pesco on the grounds of your own good sense, and on the strength of a satisfaction no other woollens can conscientiously promise.

Pesco is obtainable from all good drapers and hosiers everywhere. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, write direct to the makers, Peter Scott and Co., Hawick, Scotland.

WHEN PENS GREW ON GEES

IN the old days—the days of the inkhorn—if one of our forefathers wanted a pen, he just took his penknife and cut one out of a goose quill. All writing materials were primitive in those days: letters were blotted with sand and sealed with wafers.

For centuries the quill held sway—until the steel pen was introduced. Afterwards came the gold-nibbed fountain pen to challenge the supremacy of the steel pen.

The ordinary fountain pen, however, is still imperfect—still incomplete without various acces-

sories, such as glass fillers and rubber squirts—and it tends to leak.

These imperfections have now been obviated by the invention of the Onoto Pen, which fills itself from any supply of ink. This British-made pen is self-contained, needing no filler or apparatus whatsoever. A real Safety Pen, it can be carried upside down without fear of leakage. The manufacturers of this useful article, Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co., Limited, 290 Bunhill Row, London, E.C., have prepared a booklet showing the various styles in which it is made, and which they are willing to send free to applicants; or the Onoto Pen can be obtained from all stationers, jewellers, and stores from 10s. 6d. upwards.

NEW PEAS ALL THE YEAR ROUND!

THE housekeeper who has read the repeated announcements of Messrs. J. Farrow & Co., Ltd., of Peterboro', is no longer in a dilemma as to what to provide for an appetising "extra" vegetable. New green peas all the year round is *un fait accompli*, thanks to Farrow's "patent net" peas. Only early green peas, gathered at the beginning of the season, when peas are sweetest, most tender, and delicious, are "put up" in these nets; and the packet of mint-flavoured preparation enclosed in each furnishes just that finishing touch so that they cannot be detected from green garden peas. In each net, sold at 3jd., there are sufficient peas for eight persons. It is claimed, and not without reason, that the peas are not only as nice in colour and flavour, but actually cheaper than peas fresh gathered from the garden. By the way, it is also said that, with perhaps the possible exception of lentils, peas are richer in nutriment and flesh-forming properties than any other food supplied by Mother Earth. The universal popularity of these peas is abundantly demonstrated by the fact that they possess an all-the-year-round sale, and Messrs. Farrow & Co., Ltd., ship them all over the world, wherever the English language is spoken.

THE TRANSVAAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB SPEED TEST

THE annual speed test of the Transvaal Automobile Club was held on Saturday, September 7, in the vicinity of the Modder B Gold Mining Company. The mile, which had been carefully measured, was straight, but there was a dip and a slight gradient which had to be negotiated. The conditions provided for a flying start and finish, and the cars were handicapped according to horse-power. The fastest time prize was won by Mr. C. Hoare on a 15-horse-power Talbot. The mile was covered in exactly one minute. In the annual Transvaal Automobile Club hill-climbing competition, held on September 29, the best time, that of Mr. C. Hoare on a 15-horse-power Talbot, was a record for the course, some 1,400 yards, which was covered in 1 minute 49½ seconds. This hill climb was conducted on one of the steepest hills in the Transvaal. Mr. C. G. Saker was second on a 12-horse-power Talbot. In addition to winning the event, Mr. C. Hoare, on a 15-horse-power Talbot, secured the prize for fastest time; and as there were only three prizes altogether, Talbots can again be credited with doing the hat-trick.

MISTAKEN PEOPLE I HAVE MET

IV.—The Man who is Never Sure

THE most remarkable case of indecision that has ever come my way was exemplified quite recently in the case of a particularly stout gentleman of fifty or thereabouts who was staying in the same boarding-house as myself at Buxton.

He confided to me one day that he had tried no end of compulsion cures, but had received no benefit.

"Ever tried Antipon?" I asked.

"Well, no," said he, "but I have heard a lot about it, and would take it from to-day, only I am not sure that, on top of all the other things, it wouldn't do me harm."

"Antipon has never done harm to a living creature," I assured him, "and thousands of bottles of it are taken annually by intelligent people who are absolutely sure that it has done them nothing but good."

"Put it that way," said he, "and I start taking Antipon to-night."

He did so—and continued for a week. By that time I induced him to try his weight. He was some pounds lighter.

"What have you to say for Antipon now?" I asked. He looked puzzled.

"Seems as if I have lost a lot of weight," he admitted, "and if Antipon has done it, it is wonderful. But how can I be sure?"

"Go on taking Antipon for another three weeks," said I, relentlessly. This extension of the treatment won my friend of indecision and of obesity, too; and Antipon, as a tonic and weight-reducer combined, has now no warmer advocate.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists and Stores, or may be had (on sending remittance), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

WHAT IT IS MADE OF

THERE is, one may well suppose, no single food of modern use which creates so much wonder and interest as Grape-Nuts. What is it made of? why is it so nutritious? and wherein lies the secret of its amazing popularity?

These are questions which all of us have put at one time and another, and have not had answered to our complete satisfaction.

The delightful little booklet "Wellville Cookery" has been published for the express purpose of answering all these questions and supplying the willing cook, who is always on the look-out for new ideas, with a large number of fully tested recipes for making most delicious soups, entrées, savouries, and sweets with the aid of Grape-Nuts. The "Wellville Cookery Book," which is to be had post free on application to Grape-Nuts Company, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1, will prove a most welcome addition to the housewife's kitchen shelf.

A PORTABLE PIANO THAT REQUIRES NO TUNING

A DELIGHTFUL gift for musical folk who take especial pride in getting up garden entertainments is known as the Dulcitone. This novel little instrument, which weighs only 30 lbs., has a compass of $3\frac{1}{2}$, 4, or 5 octaves, and its keys and touch are exactly like those of a good piano. The tone, though not loud, has exceptional sweetness and great carrying power. The price is from £12 net. The sole makers are Messrs. Thomas Machell and

Sons, 53 Great Western Road, Glasgow, who will be pleased to send a new illustrated prospectus on request.

A WELCOME CUP

A MOST delicious and highly sustaining pick-me-up for the middle of the morning or for the late evening is a cup of real turtle soup, made from one of Freeman's highly concentrated tablets.

The method of preparation is so simple that it can be carried out in office or counting-house; nothing is required except the necessary tablet, a breakfast cup, a teaspoon, and a half-pint of boiling water; and the results are certainly most delicious. The tablet is fully seasoned, and there is no stickiness about the soup. It should also be noticed that the flavour is most delicate, so that the soup can, with the greatest advantage, be given to an invalid, who naturally desires nourishment that is both light and appetising.

Freeman's Real Turtle Soup is obtainable from all the leading stores. Sixpenny boxes contain three tablets; shilling boxes contain six. Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring the soup, the proprietors, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard, 12 Henry Street, Bloomsbury, London, will send supplies direct and carriage paid upon receipt of remittance.

THE WORK OF THE WIZARD

IN the Middle Ages the work of the wizard was generally regarded as malevolent, and those who practised witchcraft were burned alive or suffered grievous treatment.

Now, the work of the "Wizard" is looked upon as wholly good, if only the "Wizard" itself is one of those manufactured by the Wizard Dust Extractor Company, Limited, of Frankfort Street, Birmingham.

For the small home, the little "Wizard," costing only 63s., is the most suitable. It is a powerful lever machine, fitted with separate nozzles for cleaning carpets and upholstery.

The Standard No. 2 model is a larger machine than the little "Wizard," and has four bellows. It is fitted with ball bearings, and the suction is continuous.

Special mention should be made of the Electric Turbine Wizard, which weighs only 42 lbs. This extractor has double the efficiency of any other machine of its size.

The Wizard Dust Extractor Company have just issued an attractive booklet, giving full prices and particulars of the numerous "Wizard" machines, which range in price from 42s. to £37 10s. A copy of this catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request. Mention should be made of this magazine when writing.

ANOTHER NEW IDEA

QUITE the most novel idea that has recently come to our notice is the Spring Roller Blotter, one of the recent inventions of Third Hand Patents, Limited, of 361 City Road, London. There are two different makes—one at 3s. 6d., which has an extended base to slip under the blotting pad, and one of much heavier make at 7s. 6d., which stands alone. Either of these useful inventions would prove invaluable to the business man who loves to have his writing-table thoroughly well equipped with modern time-saving appliances.

Rexine

THE IDEAL FURNITURE COVERING



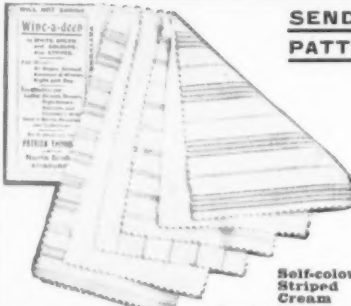
The point to remember about **REXINE** is not merely that it is a leather substitute; it is more, it is an improvement upon leather.

Rexine can be had in the same grains and colourings as leather, is indeed indistinguishable from leather, but it wears better. Moreover it is sanitary and "washable," and proof against stains or grease marks.

And Rexine only costs one-quarter the price of leather.

Any Furnishing House will supply you with patterns.

X11 The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Hyde, nr. Manchester.



SEND FOR A BUNCH OF PATTERNS TO-DAY.

WING-A-DEEN

is Scotch Wincey—genuine old-fashioned Scotch Wincey. The Wincey of your great-grandmother's days—but better. You can boil it when you wash it. You can almost scorch it when you dry it (it's not a bit like flannelette that way). The colours are fast and fadeless. It is supple in the finish and drapes like the softest of French voile.

It is good for underwear, children's wear, or slumber wear. It is good for gentlemen's shirts or pyjamas; but, above all and beyond all, Winc-a-deen wears, and wears, and wears.

Self-coloured Winc-a-deen	41 inches wide	Price 1 11/- the yard
Striped	30	Price 1 4/- the yard
Cream	30 to 40	Prices from 1/- the yard

Only obtainable from **PATRICK THOMSON, Ltd., EDINBURGH.**

COUPON.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

Name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) _____

Address _____

A Coupon must be sent with every entry.

Address: The Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Vapo-Cresolene

"Used while you sleep."

Asthma, Catarrh, Whooping Cough,

Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds.

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapour, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective, and antiseptic. Of your chemist or direct, post free, 9d. per box.

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Beautiful Teeth

Eugol

Oxygen-Antiseptic
Dentifrices

**Clean and Keep
the Teeth in
Perfect Order.**

Powder—Paste—Liquid
6d. 1/- 6d. 1/- 1/6 2/6

All Chemists and Stores, or
post free from

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Sample Set Eugol Preparations
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**Kills all nits and
vermin in the hair.**

Of all Chemists.

3d., 6d. and 1/-

RANKIN & CO.,
Kilmarnock.



Established over 100 years



Jacksons'



**SAVE YOU MONEY.
READ HOW!**

It is the extras—the unnecessary extras—men spend on clothes that eat into their savings.

You might as well once and for all cut out those extras when buying Hats, Boots, and Raincoats.

Jacksons' are all-one-price specialists; every customer knows that a Hat bought from Jacksons' costs no more, no less, than 3/9, a pair of Boots 10/6, a Mac. 21/-, and a Raincoat 30/-

More quality means more business;

Jacksons' Hats, Boots, Macs., and Raincoats not only have an enormous sale in England, but are to-day famous the world over.

Jacksons' can afford to offer you the "just-better" quality because the enormous trade done at their branches everywhere gives them a purchasing power strong enough to obtain the finest value the world can offer. That's why every Hat, pair of Boots, or Raincoat lives right up to its reputation—ask the man who wears one—he knows.

JACKSONS' LTD.

Branches in all large towns.

HATS all one price 3/9
BOOTS " " 10/6
MACS. " " 21/-
RAINCOATS " 30/-

Ladies' styles in Boots, Shoes, Macs, and Raincoats.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Branches in all large towns. If you cannot visit, send for Illustrated Style Book, and your order will be sent direct. Fit and style guaranteed.

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A New Novel by THE EDITOR
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Universally acknowledged to be the Most Valuable Medicine
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**DR. J. COLLIS
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**The ORIGINAL
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ONLY GENUINE.**

See the name on the
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Of all Chemists,
1/1, 2/3,
and
4/6.

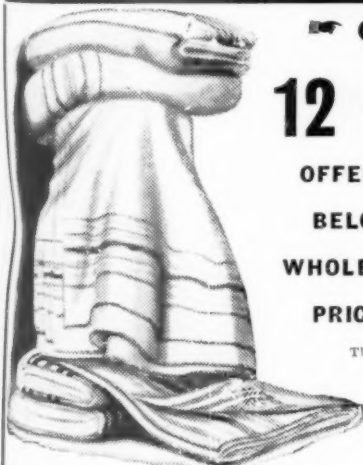
**The Best and Surest Remedy
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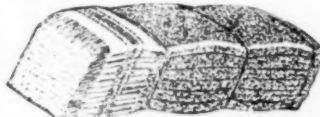


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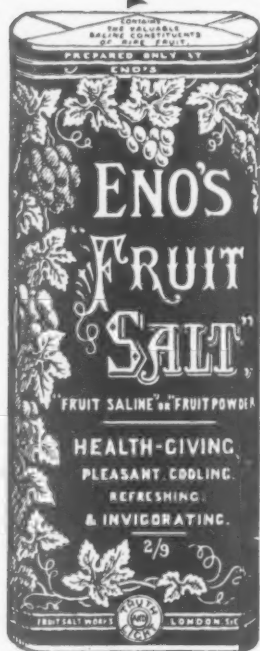
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